THE

STRAND MAGAZINE

An Illustrated Monthly

EDITED BY

GEORGE NEWNES

Vol. IV.

JULY TO DECEMBER

London:

GEORGE NEWNES, LTD., 8, 9, 10, & 11, SOUTHAMPTON STREET,
AND EXETER STREET, STRAND

1892

"SHE DISCOURSED SWEET MUSIC."

(ANTONELLO, THE GONDOLIER.)

FROM THE GERMAN OF FREIHERR GAUDY.

IT is just half a century since I closed the eyes of my good father—the best of comrades, the fondest of husbands, the most honest Venetian of his time. Ah, if you had known my father, you would have acknowledged him the hardiest, boldest fellow in the Republic, the cleverest mandolin-player, the best singer of Tasso, the smartest gondolier whose oars ever lashed to foam the waters of the Canalazzo. All this must be my excuse for rescuing from the oblivion of the fleeting years the fragment of his life I now relate.

My father felt his end approaching. With closed eyes he lay on a couch stuffed with maize-straw, a rosary in his wrinkled hands, and his pale lips moving in silent prayer. A death-like stillness filled the room, broken only by the sobs of wife and children. The rays of the evening sun burst through the vine-espalier that grew round our home; and over the face of the dying passed now patches of rosy light, and now the shadows of the broad leaves. Presently he opened the large, black, deeply-sunken eyes once more, looked slowly round as if to make sure that we were all there, and then began wearily and with difficulty to speak.

"For years, now," he said, "I have been wanting to make you the confidants of a strange, almost incredible, event which happened to me in my youth. I put it off from day to day, for one reason or another—but I put it off too long. Now, I know not whether the time that is left me suffices for the telling of this long-guarded secret. Listen, however—but first swear on this dying hand that no word of the secret shall pass your lips till fifty years have gone. The heir of a great and powerful family has been involved in the destiny of so humble a man as myself—and the Tribunal of the Inquisition was compelled to intervene. An unguarded word may expose you to the vengeance of an undisciplined and powerful nobility, or to the severity of the legal authorities. Swear, therefore, a silence of fifty years!"

We obeyed the last command of our father; we laid our hands in his, and pronounced the binding oath. We have kept it faithfully—my mother and sisters till their death; I, the last surviving, till the period assigned has expired, and the time arrived when I have to fear neither the vengeance of the nobles nor the tyranny of the Council of Ten; but to the point.

"It was at three o'clock on a sultry summer afternoon"—began my father—"that I sat myself down at the base of the granite pillar which supports the saintly Teodoro, and stretched my lazy limbs on the stone slabs below it. I fell to counting, with sleepy eyes, the pillars of the Doge's Palace, up and down, then down and up; miscounted them,

"ALL THE WORLD WAS HAVING ITS SIESTA."

and tried again—feeling my eyelids becoming heavier with each number I told The footsteps of the guard holding watch under the colonnade fell ever duller and fainter on my ears. Now and then one of the pigeons from the Place of St. Mark whirred past over my head, hastening to seek refuge from the glowing heat under the eaves of the church. It was so still, that I could hear the little wavelets as they broke against the bows of the gondolas. All the world was having its siesta, and I was in a good way to follow suit, when the shout, 'Hi! Antonello, up there! A league's row on the canal!' startled me out of my doze.

"The shout proceeded from Count Orazio Memmo—the most amiable good-for-nothing in all Venice. Three-and-twenty years old, tall and slim, a well-cut pale face, with the blackest and most brilliant eyes in the world; as clever as daring, as rich as generous, a bold gamester, a passionate worshipper of women—such was my patron.

"Mistrustful of the gondoliers of his uncle, the Councillor, in whom, not without ground, he suspected spies on his goings and comings, the young gallant needed on his adventures a quick-witted, fearless fellow, a silent, perfectly reliable assistant—and in me he had found his man. Ah, when I think of those old wild times, those brilliant Carnivals, those nightly revelries and serenades, those mysterious rendezvous in the gardens of the Giudecca! Fathers and lovers cursed Orazio Memmo worse than the Grand Turk, and many a handful of silver coin has poured into my cap when my swift gondola has distanced the enraged pursuer, and I have landed the happy lover, undiscovered, on the marble steps of the Casa Memmo.

"Quick as thought did I spring to my legs at the sound of the well-known voice, then loosed the chain from the stake, and when his Excellency had seated himself on the luxurious cushions, pushed off vigorously from the land.

"The boat may have been gliding gently over the water for about a half-hour. Inaudibly fell the oar into the green waves—but there was no hurry, and my patron had no aim but to dream away an hour in *dolce far niente*. Presently, however, a foreign gondola rushed up with hasty strokes of the oars behind us, and then shot quickly past. The deck was covered with a silver carpet streaked in red, and the heavy silk tassels that hung from the gunwales trailed along the surface of the water. The two rowers were clothed in a rich stuff of the same design. In front of the cabin sat on a brocaded cushion a Moorish boy, with a broad golden neck-band, a dagger hanging from glittering chains by his side, and balanc-

"WITH A SKILFUL THROW, SHE CAST A LILY INTO OUR CABIN."

ing on his fist a shrill, rainbow-coloured parrot. The Venetian blinds were drawn up on both sides, and the eye could penetrate into the interior of the boat as she flew past.

"On the cushions reclined a divinely beautiful woman. A closely-fitting, gold-embroidered over-garment enveloped her dainty figure, and wide, open pantaloons of Eastern cut fell over her little slippers prettily worked in flowers. The long golden hair descended from the snowy whiteness of the brow, and fell in curly waves upon the shoulders and bosom. But how can I describe to you the sorcery of that lovely countenance, the moist glance of those black eyes, the smile that played around those pomegranate lips? As the foreign boat floated past our own, the lady put down the long-necked guitar, on whose golden strings her fingers had been dallying, and, with a skilful throw, cast a lily into our cabin, calling out at the same time a few foreign-sounding words. The rowers at once began to ply their oars lustily, and in the twinkling of an eye were a hundred yards in front.

"'Follow, follow, Antonello!' cried the patrician—'twenty sequins are thine if we overtake her, if we discover the home of this angelic stranger.'

"'You may rely upon me, Excellenza; so long as the oar does not break, and my arm retains its strength, the beautiful heathen shall not escape us.'

"And now to keep my word—to maintain my hard-won fame. Swift as the flight of doves fled the stranger before us, and like a bloodthirsty falcon we followed up behind. On the left they turned into one of the side streets, and there seemed to slacken their speed as if to make sure that we had not lost their track, as if they *wished* to be followed—and then once more started in wild haste through large and small canals—right and left, and then straight forward—past San Nicolo—till at last both the gondolas were rocking on the waters of the lagoon that lies on the road to Fusina.

"Still onwards fled the enchanting boat. Sometimes it was as if a shooting star was before us, so gloriously did the sun stream down on the glittering deck, and I was obliged to close my eyes to shut out the glare, and cease for a moment to row. Then the Count would urge me on to still greater efforts, and I would fall on my knee, and drive the oar deep into the water till the foam swirled high to the iron-comb of the figure-head.

"From out of the pursued gondola sounded now and then the sharp cry of the parrot, and then again the notes of a lute, to which the Moorish boy answered with the rattle of the tambourine, and at intervals the bewitching, enticing voice of the Eastern. She sang:—

Where arcades of oleander,
Purple in the gloaming show,
Where in founts marmorean wander,
Fish that gold and silvern glow;
Where nightingales
Sigh out their wails,
To love-sick maidens murm'ring low—
There, there,
Shalt thou with me my secret share.

Where the darts from Phœbus' quiver
Never pierce the myrtle groves,
Where by many a lonely river
Birds trill out their happy loves;
Where the gushing
Streamlet rushing
Through the starlit dingle roves—
There, there,
Shalt thou with me my secret share.

Orazio Memmo, one of the cleverest improvisers of his time, seized my zither, and answered at once:—

Where thou leadest I will follow,
Sweet enigma, after thee;
Heed I not if joy or sorrow
The guerdon of my quest shall be—
Yet on the strand,
Enchantress, land,
And if thy heart incline to me—
There, there,
Shall I with thee thy secret share.

"We were approaching nearer and nearer to the strange gondola. Our bow cut anew the waves before the track of theirs had disappeared on the water, and the foam that followed her was like a silver cord which she had thrown out to drag us, like prisoners, behind her. Thus we ran into the Brenta Canal, flew past the sumptuous villas and pleasure houses of the rich Venetians, and stopped before a high marble portal, through the gilt bars of which we could look into a spacious garden laid out with princely magnificence.

"The stranger stepped out. By San Marco! a queenly form with witching grace in every movement. Slowly she turned her face, lighted with the sweetest smile, once more toward my master; from the soft, black, gazelle-like eyes gleamed on him a friendly light, and then she moved forward from the spot. The little Moor, holding a gaudy sunshade over the head of his mistress, and the chattering bird on his fist, followed close at her heels. The gates flew open, shut clashing behind them; the pair then slowly approached the castle through a lane formed of laurels and myrtles, and vanished.

"'Beautiful as a dream!' cried Signor Memmo, rousing himself from his bewilderment; 'and to whom does the garden, the castle, belong?'

"'I do not know at all, Excellenza; I see them to-day for the first time; and yet this is the Brenta Canal—a thousand times have I rowed over it; I know every gate, every villa, every bush—but, by San Antonio, never have I seen a stone of this castle before. Ah, Illustrissimo, take my word for it, all is not as it should be here! It is the delusion of the devil, nothing more. Utter but one "paternoster," and the whole phantasm will vanish like a streak of mist. Have you not heard of vampires? You have only to ask the Grecian and Illyrian boatmen, and they will tell you how the wraiths of these child-murderers appear as young and beautiful women, and fill with love the brains of the young men, and suck out their hearts' blood as they slumber. And such a vampire is the Eastern princess there — I will take the sacrament to it! Take my advice, Excellenza. Let us return, and that as quickly as possible. Here we stand on unholy ground.'

"I looked round now for the strange gondola; she had vanished completely, as though swallowed by the Brenta. I pointed this

"SLOWLY SHE TURNED HER FACE."

out to my master; he called me superstitious and a simpleton. I began to repeat an 'ave,' but the castle refused to vanish, and remained before my eyes a substantial and obstinate fact. Black cypresses looked with elongated necks over the wall, and fig-trees stretched gnarled branches like fingers towards us, as if to beckon us in. Glittering lizards crept up the parapets and looked at us with sparkling, spiteful eyes. On the cornices stood hideous figures in marble of the most repulsive ugliness—goat-footed satyrs that made faces at us, little hunch-backed creatures with three-cornered hats, crinolined dames with horses' heads, dragons, griffins, monsters with grins and leers and distortions that only *diabolus* could invent. Among the hateful masks walked a peacock with a long trailing tail, its blue neck shimmering in the sun.

"'How to get into the garden?' murmured Count Orazio, staring dreamily before him. 'The gate might be scaled—a bold spring, and——'

"'What are you thinking of, Excellentissimo?' said I, warningly. 'For the Madonna's sake, give up the thought. Your body and soul are alike at stake. Believe me, the devil walketh about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour.'

"My warning sounded in deaf ears. He had already sprung from the gondola, when a wicket opened, and an old Moor stepped before him with a deep curtsey; he brought a request from his mistress, the Signora Smeralda, for the honour of a visit in her garden. In vain did I hold back the blinded and intoxicated patrician by his black silk mantle; in vain did I try to excuse myself from following him; he rushed through the gate, dragging me with him, while the old slave remained to guard our gondola.

"Strange flowers, never seen before, such as can only be supposed to grow in the pleasure-gardens of the Great Mogul himself, nodded drowsily to us as we passed. Rainbow-coloured birds flew from branch to branch, twittering, singing, shouting with almost human voice, like a chorus of happy, chattering maidens. Once an ugly, long-tailed monkey swung himself down from a tree before us, holding on with his tail to a branch; grinned spitefully at us, and then hurried off once more into the wilderness of foliage. From one of the side alleys stepped a purple-coloured stork, as gravely as a major-domo, before us, swayed his long neck hither and thither, as if bowing to us, and then walked forward as our guide, ever and anon looking round to see if we followed. For my part, I followed as in a dream, resisting, and yet drawn forward as by some inexplicable magic.

"Presently we stood before an immense, strange-looking tree, with broad shining leaves hung thick with silvery bell-shaped blossoms. In the shade of its branches lay costly Persian carpets and cushions of crimson velvet embroidered in pearls, and on them the heathen Princess, surrounded by a bevy of beauteous maidens, was reclining with the utmost grace. The little Moor stood at her head, fanning her with a broad fan of bright peacock's feathers. The red stork, which had hitherto walked before us, now stood still, opened wide his legs, drove his long beak into the earth, and so, slightly raising its wings for cushions, formed a three-legged easy chair on which Count Orazio, at a sign from the lady, sat down.

"Lost in gazing at the fair Smeralda, the Count had sat down speechless before her, while she, calling for her lute, discoursed sweet music; I had stood beside his tripodal chair torn by many feelings, when the young Moor with a cunningly-worked golden goblet full of a dark-red foaming wine stepped up to my master. 'Drink not of this brew of hell, Signor!' I whispered, and at the same time felt myself embraced by the white arm of a lovely little witch who offered me a similar draught.

"My first instinct was to spurn from me the beautiful little elf, to dash away the magic draught—but the wine gave out so sweet an aroma, sparkled so enticingly, so brightly, within the golden walls! The eyes of the elf glanced so entreatingly at me, her arms wound themselves so tenderly about me—ah, the spirit truly was willing, but the flesh was weak!

"Only one sip, thought I, only the wetting of the tip of my tongue—that will hardly cost me my neck. And then I sipped, I tasted, I sucked, I gulped down the liquid to the very last drop—then I fell on the neck of the pretty temptress, and on looking round saw my master on his knees before the seductive Smeralda. I touched with my own the lips of my charmer—my senses whirled in a transport of delight—when, breathless from out the bushes rushed the negro boy, crying: 'Fly! Fly! All is lost! Porporinazzo, our gracious master, is coming! He raves in his rage!'

"Ah, the warning voice had come too late; scarcely had it sounded when a short, globular creature, of the form and colour

of a dark-red apple, rolled up to Smeralda and her *inamorato*. On close observation there might certainly be discovered some indications, at the extremities of the creature, of the existence of limbs, which you might or might not take to be head, arms, and legs; but of the depressions and bumps at the north pole of this globe, to construct in fancy eyes, nose, and mouth, required a quite special faculty of which I was not the master.

"'Is this the thanks, serpent, for the trust reposed in you?' shrieked Porporinazzo to the pale Smeralda. 'Is this the reward of my true and constant love? You stoop to this unbelieving dog; and me, me, Don Porporinazzo, the Grand Master of the Wardrobe of the Sultan, thou desertest! Ha, by Mahomet's sacred cat, this cries aloud for bloody vengeance! Slaves, approach!'

"Six negroes, with diabolical physiognomies, with arms and sabres bare, started from the hedges, seized Orazio and myself, and tied our hands behind our backs. In vain did the Count plead his inviolability as a Venetian noble; in vain did he threaten with the wrath of the Doge and of the Senate. The little Grand Master made a sign with his little arm—a flash, a sabre-stroke—and our two heads were rolling on the ground!

"My fair one had long ago fled behind the myrtle hedge, and Signora Smeralda had taken the stereotype step of ladies in desperate circumstances—she had fainted. The tyrant Porporinazzo, proud of his bloody deed, had now retired once more into the palace. I could see all, for my head was lying on the ground, with its nose turned skywards. Once or twice I made convulsive efforts with my arms to catch it, and fix it on my trunk again—but my hands clutched only empty air, and sank, nerveless, down. No words can describe my condition; only those who have found themselves in a like position, and felt their heads at so unreasonable a distance from their bodies, can at all appreciate my emotions at that moment.

"The spherical Grand Master of the Wardrobe had scarcely turned his back, when Smeralda awoke out of her faint, burst into a flood of tears, and despairingly wrung her hands. At the same moment my fugitive loved one emerged from her hiding place, but lost no time in meaningless commonplaces, urging on her mistress to make the best of the precious moments.

"'For heaven's sake, Signora,' she said, 'send for a doctor, the cleverest there is to be had. Quick! With every second the blood grows colder and colder. In five minutes it will be too late. The magic doctor, Bartolinetto, of Padua, would be just the man—only quick, quick! Send Don Flamingo to Padua—for on his activity and fidelity we can safely rely.'

"'Happy thought, Libella,' answered the Princess; 'call the Don.'

"She clapped her hands thrice. The great red stork strode quickly up, and at a few whispered words from the elf, nodded as if in assent, and flew crowing into the air.

"Four pairs of eyes gazed now with anxious expectancy towards heaven. A horrid pause, during which the fair ladies dared not, and the Count and I could not, breathe, ensued. But before you could say a 'paternoster' there was once more a rushing noise high in the air, and the mighty bird stormed down, holding Doctor Bartolinetto, like a halfpenny doll, in his beak, and placed him, a little thin brown man, neat and well dressed, though a little out of breath, upon the ground.

"A glance sufficed to make the learned man acquainted with the state of affairs. He felt our pulse, then drew from his pocket the famous Perlimpimpino powder, his own infallible discovery, and turned up his coat sleeves. He was grumbling all the time at the indelicacy of his being interrupted in the middle of a lecture and dragged forcibly out of his college, to the scandal of his audience, and loudly bemoaned the derangement of his powdered wig, which had somewhat suffered in his aerial journey; then he seized my head by the nose, sprinkled some of the Perlimpimpino powder on the neck, dabbed it on to the defective part, took Orazio's head, did the same with that—we sneezed three times with some emphasis, sprang blithely up, shook ourselves, sneezed once more—the cure was complete!

"The fair ones flew joyfully to our arms; on my cheek burned the kiss of the beautiful Smeralda, while Libella hugged the Count—but to kiss, to tear away from the embrace, to utter a startled cry, was the work of an instant. Dreadful mistake! The doctor in his hurry had stuck my head on Orazio's shoulders, and that of the noble on the trunk of the poor gondolier!

"On recovering from the first shock at the discovery we turned to vent our wrath on the doctor. The nobleman promised him a hundred lashes, and I threatened still worse things, unless he restored to each his own.

Poor Bartolinetto shrugged his shoulders till they reached his ears, made the most profuse apologies, and sought to pacify us with the soon hopelessly confused, and ended by advising us to return to Venice and lay our case before the magistrates.

"AFTER ALL, A HEAD WAS A HEAD."

sophism that 'after all, a head was a head.' But everyone felt the hollowness of the plea; Smeralda called him a 'wretched old quack,' Libella threatened to make for his eyes. His reproaches of ingratitude were unheeded, his suggestion of a fee was rejected with scornful laughter. At a sign from Libella, he was again seized by the stork, and carried back thus ignominiously to Padua.

"We now directed our rage against each other. Our imprecations and threats would soon have developed into actual violence, had not each feared to do a part of himself some injury while belabouring his antagonist. Which was now Orazio, which Antonello? Which noble man, and which gondolier? My old head pleaded its new and noble body as the most important half, maintaining that the hull of a ship alone determined its class, the flag which might happen to be hoisted at its stern being a mere secondary detail. My opponent, on the other hand, compared himself to a column in which the capital is the sole feature determining to what order it is to belong. The two fair ladies tried to settle our dispute—but they were themselves

"Coldly we bid them farewell and departed. Antonello-Orazio, or the peasant head on the noble trunk, threw himself in a lazy and distinguished way on the cushions, and haughtily commanded Orazio-Antonello to row back. The latter was compelled to obey, for his plebeian arms alone could ply the oars and guide the helm—but he gnashed his teeth, and swore to take dreadful vengeance for this insult; and so we rowed back—the grandee with the coarse red gondolier's cap sitting on the cushions, and laughing to scorn the proud peasant in the bows with his feathered hat and faultlessly dainty wig.

"We landed at the *piazzetta*. Negligently I drew out the purse which I found in my new clothes, and tossed the rower a coin.

"'Give me back my money!' he cried; 'give me my rings, my watch, my head!'

"'Silence, wretched slave,' I cried; 'darest thou lay hands on my inviolate person? Help, help, against this crack-brained gondolier!'

"'Help, help,' he exclaimed, 'against this insolent boatman!"

"A crowd had by this time assembled, some taking my part and some his. The Doge, who was just then walking up and down the

"SILENCE, WRETCHED SLAVE."

colonnade of his palace, heard the scandal, and ordered us to be placed in the inner dungeon of the Inquisition, and brought up for trial the same evening.

"The Public Prosecutor accused us, not only of the black art itself, but of being disturbers of the public peace and conspirators against the safety of the State. 'What have we come to,' he declaimed, 'when our senators and patricians begin to change their heads as often as their wigs? To lose the head is human. The history of the illustrious Republic is not poor in examples of senators and generals, aye, and Doges too, who have suffered this misfortune — but an exchange of heads, that is, indeed, an unparalleled proceeding! What endless upheavals of the Constitution may not be expected when noble and common blood begins to mingle in the same body? What endless confusion of aristocratic and democratic principles in the same man! A shortsighted leniency in this matter may mean the disruption of the State, the crumbling into atoms of the Republic. I decree therefore the death by beheadal of both the criminals."

"The Secretary of the Inquisition informed us of our doom; at midnight we were to pay the penalty of the little doctor's mistake. Ah, what mortal has ever met a fate like ours? Who is there can boast of being, like us, beheaded twice within the space of four-and-twenty hours?

"The keeper of the prison was, as it happened, an old friend of mine, and a second cousin. The unspeakable pickle I was in moved him even to tears, and he tried to comfort me by the assurance that the pain of beheadal was nothing to speak of—a short electric shock—a tickling sensation made piquant with a dash of pain—that was all! But I shook my head sadly, and wept. Of all this I already knew somewhat more than he could tell me. Suddenly a glorious thought struck me. After our miraculous cure, as I now remembered, my fingers, guided either by the directing brain of Orazio or by the

"HE TRIED TO COMFORT ME."

old instinct of Antonello, had picked up the remnants of the Perlimpimpino powder left by the doctor. 'Cousin!' I now exclaimed, 'you can save me yet; you can save the Count! Hasten to his cell, remind him of the remains of the powder in his pocket, and learn from him the way to use it, and all will yet be well!' He shook his head incredulously, pressed my hand, and went.

"Sadly passed the minutes away. The horrid doubt oppressed me, whether the powder would exercise its wondrous efficacy in the absence of the doctor; whether the mystic sentences he spoke over it had not everything to do with its power; whether the gaoler could exercise the necessary quickness and accuracy in its use. The lamp that half lit up my low vault burnt darkly and sadly, as if impatiently waiting my departure, so that it, too, might go to sleep. In despair I threw myself on the marble bench and shut my eyes, but the glitter of the dreadful axe shone through my fast-closed eyelids. Then a knock at the door sounded in my ears, and the words: 'Wake up, Antonello, the priest is waiting; take thy beheading, cousin, and afterwards thou mayest sleep till the trump of doom!'

"The memory of what followed—of confession and absolution, of the executioner's block—has completely vanished from my brain. I only know that I sneezed violently, opened my eyes, and found myself once more in my usual dress, lying at the foot of the column under the shadow of the holy Teodoro; that I saw standing at my feet the patrician Orazio Memmo, and that I heard him calling: 'Hi, wake up, Antonello! A league's row on the canal!'

"'Excellenza!' I cried, 'and you will go again to the enchanted garden of Proporinazzo? And we are both really alive and free, and the confusion with our heads is now happily disposed of?'

"He measured me with his eye, shook his head as if at a loss to understand me, and asked if I was still dreaming, or if the cheap Vincentin wine was muddling my brain. Dejected and silent I loosed the chain and rowed the nobleman up and down. No trace of any strange red and silver gondola could be seen, far or near. Count Orazio dozed away the hour on the water with a composure that seemed inexplicable to me. When we landed, I implored him at least to tell me whether we had no further consequences to fear on the part of the Tribunal; whether he had not saved a pinch or two of the Perlimpimpino powder for future contingencies. But he persisted in pretending surprise and called me a fool; and I then concluded that a stony silence had been imposed on him by the Inquisition, and that he pretended ignorance with design.

"Since that day I have not breathed a word of the incident to any human being; and you, my children, are the first to whom, under the seal of an oath, I entrust it. Had I not, since that day, suffered from a peculiar twitching sensation in the neck, at the place where the double wound was made — especially when the weather changes—I might have taken the whole for a dreadful dream. As it is, however, the plain facts remain, burned in, in vivid colours, on my brain."

With these words my father closed his story, the telling of which had used up all his remaining strength. We sent at once for the priest of San Moise. He came with the holy Viaticum, and anointed the forehead of my father, who soon after breathed out his last sigh. Peace be with the soul of the honest man!

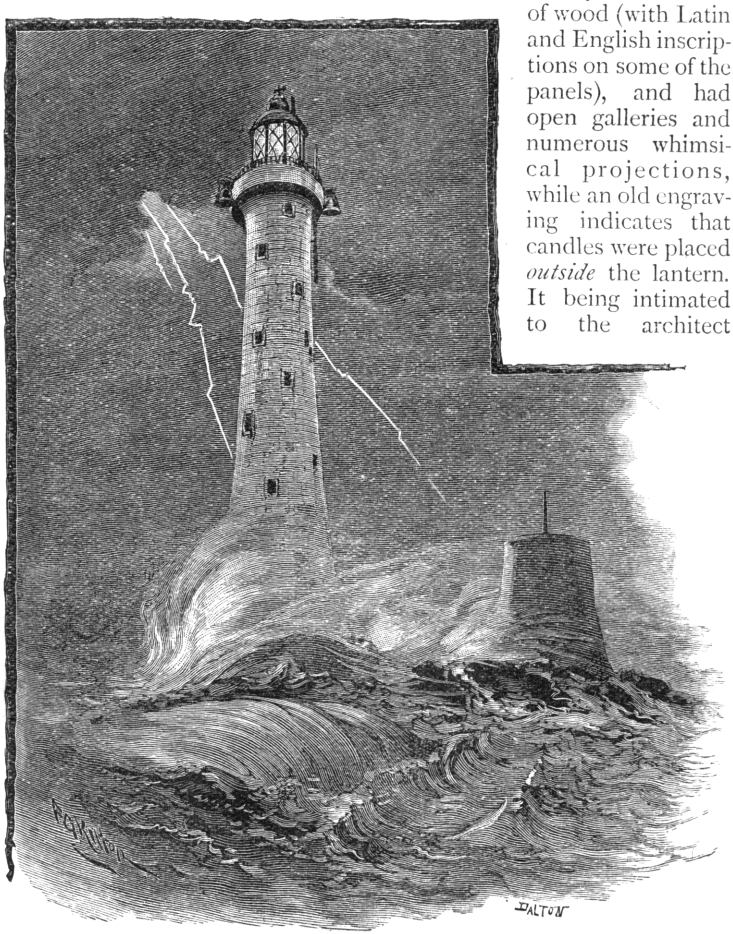
A Visit to the Eddystone Lighthouse.

By F. G. Kitton.

Of all lighthouses that surround our coast the most familiar is the noble structure which proudly rears its head above the dangerous Eddystone rock. The story of that interesting building and its predecessors on this extensive reef is enhanced by a touch of romance which makes it worth the telling, and is deserving of record if only as an illustration of man's perseverance, and of his determination to overcome almost insuperable difficulties. Everyone knows that the present lighthouse was preceded by those to which I shall briefly allude, but it is not common knowledge that the earliest intimation (to be found in contemporary records) of a lighthouse on the Eddystone dates back as far as 1664, when (says a writer in the *Morning Post*) the proposal was made by Sir John Coryton and Henry Brunker, but nothing further has transpired regarding the scheme.

The first lighthouse was built by Henry Winstanley, an Essex gentleman, whose eccentricities were combined with great mechanical ingenuity, who began his difficult task in 1696, and completed it four years later. It was a wooden structure of the most fantastic kind, entrance to the various rooms being obtained by means of external ladders. Beneath the lantern (which was surmounted by a huge vane, supported by ornamental scroll work) was a dome or cupola resting on an open arcade with a gallery, and under the latter were the living and store rooms. This quaint design is preserved in the form of a large silver model of contemporary workmanship, which once formed part of the well-known Morgan collection of family plate; it was intended to serve as a table ornament, or for use as a salt-cellar and spice-box, and is curious as being probably the only accurate model in silver of a structure of any kind.

Soon after Winstanley completed this lighthouse he discovered that it was not substantial enough to withstand violent storms and the fury of the waves, and he therefore altered it considerably, the second design being much more ornate in character; the tower was partly circular and partly polygonal, was mainly constructed of wood (with Latin and English inscriptions on some of the panels), and had open galleries and numerous whimsical projections, while an old engraving indicates that candles were placed *outside* the lantern. It being intimated to the architect



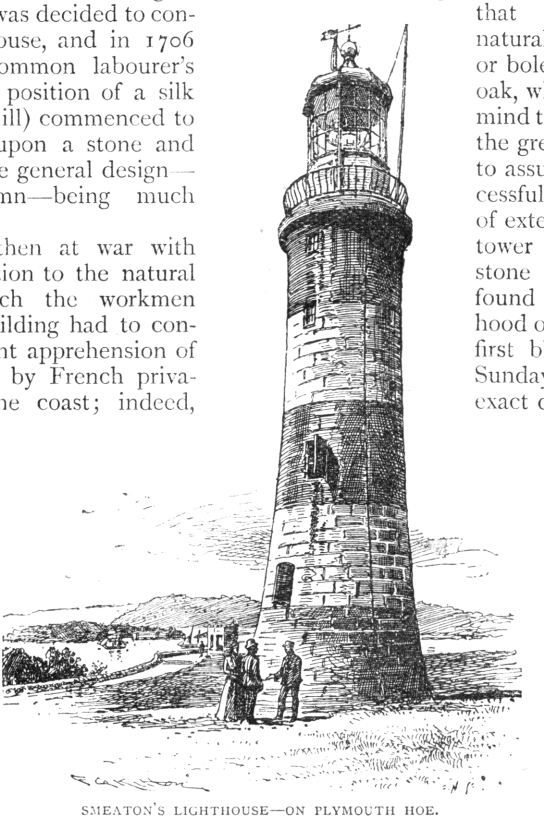
THE EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE—STORM.

(one day during the progress of the alterations) that the lighthouse would certainly be overset, he (feeling so well assured of its stability) replied that he should only wish to be there in the greatest storm that ever blew, in order to see its effect upon the structure. His wish was gratified, for a dreadful tempest raged in 1703, while he and his workmen and lightkeepers were in the building, which carried away the lighthouse and its inmates, and all perished in the sea, the only sign remaining being the larger irons whereby the work was fixed to the rock. It is very remarkable that at the same time this catastrophe happened the model of the lighthouse at Winstanley's residence in Essex fell down and was broken to pieces.

It being absolutely necessary, as navigation increased, that a guiding light should be maintained upon this reef so fraught with danger to mariners, it was decided to construct a second lighthouse, and in 1706 John Rudyerd (a common labourer's son, who rose to the position of a silk mercer on Ludgate Hill) commenced to build one of wood upon a stone and timber foundation, the general design—a cone-shaped column—being much more appropriate.

Louis XIV. was then at war with England, and in addition to the natural difficulties with which the workmen engaged upon the building had to contend, was the constant apprehension of being taken prisoners by French privateers who infested the coast; indeed, some of the men employed by Winstanley were thus carried off to France, but immediately released by order of the French King, because the work they were executing was one for universal good, his Majesty explaining that "he was at war with England, and not with humanity." Rudyerd's lighthouse successfully resisted the elements for more than forty years, but in 1755 it was burned down, the fire originating in the lantern. In connection with this unfortunate disaster a strange incident is recorded and duly authenticated. During the conflagration one of the men, on looking upward to watch the effect of the water thrown upon the flames, received upon his person a copious shower of lead, some of which entered his throat; but, curious to relate, he survived the painful experience many years, and when he died a solid piece of lead weighing over seven ounces was found in his body!

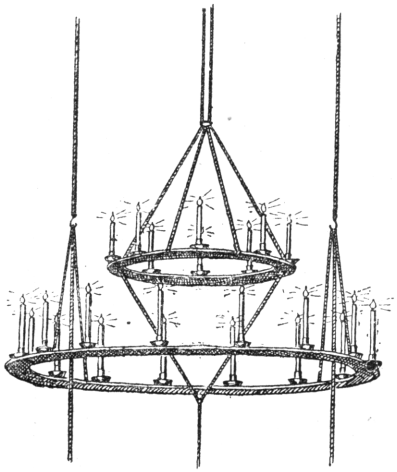
With the third Eddystone lighthouse is associated the more familiar name of John Smeaton, who, in 1759, completed a tower entirely of stone, which was considered at the time as one of the wonders of the world. This famous engineer's description of the building of his lighthouse (contained in a large folio volume, published in 1791, and dedicated to the King) is most circumstantial, and with the aid of the illustrations the reader may easily comprehend the enormous difficulty of the undertaking. The form he adopted was that presented by the natural figure of the waist or bole of a large spreading oak, which suggested to his mind the shape a column of the greatest stability ought to assume in order to successfully resist the action of external violence. The tower was built of moorstone (the true granite), found in the neighbourhood of Plymouth, and the first block was laid on a Sunday in June, 1757, the exact date being deeply incised in the stone itself; and after four years' labour upon the rock, hindered by innumerable obstacles and dangers, the lighthouse was satisfactorily completed, without any loss of life or limb, or accident by which the work could be said to be materially retarded. Every stone was ingeniously dovetailed to its neighbour, and so substantial was the whole structure that the most violent storms had no effect upon it, although the waves would frequently enwrap the tower like a sheet, rising at times to double its height, and totally hiding it from view. In 1762 there raged a



SMEATON'S LIGHTHOUSE—ON PLYMOUTH HOE.

tempest so severe that those who had ventured to predict the downfall of Smeaton's tower were heard to say, when the storm ceased, that "if the Eddystone Lighthouse is now standing, it will stand to the Day of Judgment."

Smeaton himself, although conscious of the strength of his great work, was sometimes anxious for its safety, and often he might have been seen in the early grey of the morning, standing on Plymouth Hoe, gazing with his telescope in the direction of the rock—his sole thought being of his lighthouse. Smeaton's tower would be marking the reef to-day but for the fact that the sea had gradually undermined the rock upon which it stood, to such an extent that the oscillation of the building became so alarming as to render it unsafe. It was accordingly abandoned, and in 1877 it was decided to erect a new lighthouse, more commodious and comfortable than the old one, the result being the present structure, designed by Mr. James (afterwards Sir James) N. Douglass, engineer-in-chief of the Trinity House.



SMEATON'S CHANDELIER, 1759.

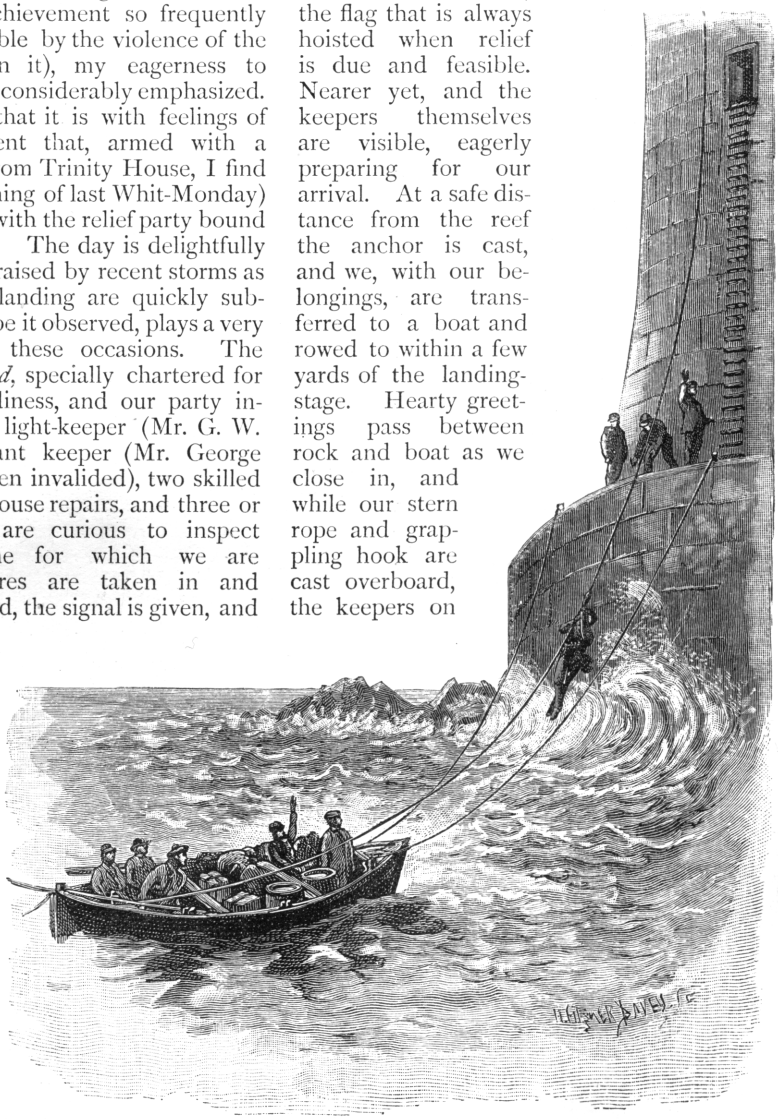
Before relinquishing the subject of Smeaton's lighthouse it is desirable to explain that, after the completion of the new one, it was taken down to the level of the first room and re-erected on Plymouth Hoe, as a memorial to the great engineer, on the site formerly occupied for about two centuries by the Trinity Landmark; the lower portion still remaining intact on the rock, as a distinguishing mark, an iron pole being fixed in its centre. The old tower is now a showplace, so that visitors can inspect the interior of the historic edifice, as well as some portraits and relics of its founder, including a copy of his famous narrative, carefully preserved in a glass case. In the lantern hangs the original chandelier as used in 1759—two circular frames (a large one suspended beneath a smaller) carrying twenty-four wax candles of six to the pound—a method of illumination which, although decidedly primitive in these days, was a great improvement on the old system (fires blazing in open grates and, later, candles shaded by horn or glass) that had hitherto prevailed.

The present Eddystone Lighthouse, opened in 1882, was completed in three-and-a-half years, and is founded on the actual body of the reef at a distance of forty yards from its predecessor. Sir James Douglass greatly improved upon Smeaton's design in adopting a cylindrical base instead of the curved shaft commencing at the foundation—this base not only preventing the heavy seas from breaking upon the structure, but affording a convenient landing platform—a convenience much appreciated by the keepers. Operations in connection with the Douglass lighthouse were begun in July, 1878, the men during the early stage being compelled to work below the level of low water; and about twelve months later the foundation stone was laid by the Duke of Edinburgh, Master of the Trinity House, who, two years subsequently, also placed in position the top stone of the tower. The work (says Mr. E. Price Edwards, in his concisely-written volume on the subject) was executed more rapidly in proportion to dimensions than any rock lighthouse previously undertaken, this owing chiefly to superior mechanical contrivances; and it is satisfactory to learn that no loss of life or limb resulted therefrom, although a strange and nearly fatal accident happened to the son of Sir James Douglass, who, while superintending the demolition of the Smeaton tower, was standing at a height of 70ft. above the sea when a portion of the chain guys of the shears gave way, and, striking him, hurled him to the rocks below. All his colleagues thought he was killed, but at the critical moment a wave rose over the rock, and he fell into the water and was carried by the receding wave out of danger. A great deal of interesting information respecting the present lighthouse may be gathered from Mr. Price Edwards's little book, from whence we learn that the stones are of granite, dovetailed together, and up to a height of 25ft. above high-water level the tower is solid, with the exception of a large water tank let into it. From the same level to the centre of the lantern is

130ft., that is, nearly double the height of Smeaton's tower. It contains nine compartments, as compared with four in Smeaton's, and all the rooms have domed ceilings, their height from floor to apex being 9ft. 9in., and the diameter 14ft., with the exception of the two oil-rooms, which are somewhat smaller.

On learning that no journalist, intent on describing the Eddystone Lighthouse, had hitherto succeeded in landing on this most difficult rock (an achievement so frequently rendered impracticable by the violence of the waves beating upon it), my eagerness to attempt the feat was considerably emphasized. It will be imagined that it is with feelings of suppressed excitement that, armed with a special "permit" from Trinity House, I find myself (on the morning of last Whit-Monday) at Plymouth Dock, with the relief party bound for the Eddystone. The day is delightfully fine, and all doubts raised by recent storms as to the possibility of landing are quickly subdued—for weather, be it observed, plays a very important part on these occasions. The steam-tug *Deerhound*, specially chartered for the relief, is in readiness, and our party includes the principal light-keeper (Mr. G. W. Cooper), an assistant keeper (Mr. George Norton, who has been invalided), two skilled mechanics for lighthouse repairs, and three or four visitors who are curious to inspect the lonely sea-home for which we are bound. When stores are taken in and everybody is on board, the signal is given, and off we start in a southerly direction. Although the waves have not yet subsided after recent disturbance, there is every prospect of a successful voyage, and we feel exhilarated by the fresh breeze and the beauty of the constantly changing scene. In passing the Breakwater Light we hail the keepers, who give us a parting cheer; while further on our right we see Ram Head (the point of land nearest to the Eddystone), with the signal-station recently established by a telephone company for the purpose of signalling any vessels entering the port, or passing up or down the Channel. Our trip will take about an hour and a half, but long before that time expires we endeavour to catch a glimpse of the lighthouse.

Presently, "There she is!" becomes the cry, as soon as the keen-sighted members of our party can discern its slim proportions on the distant horizon, six or seven miles away. A nearer approach enables us to perceive, close to the lantern, the flag that is always hoisted when relief is due and feasible. Nearer yet, and the keepers themselves are visible, eagerly preparing for our arrival. At a safe distance from the reef the anchor is cast, and we, with our belongings, are transferred to a boat and rowed to within a few yards of the landing-stage. Hearty greetings pass between rock and boat as we close in, and while our stern rope and grappling hook are cast overboard, the keepers on the "set-off" (as the landing-stage is generally called) dexterously throw a couple of lines to be fastened to the prow, so that the boat may



LANDING.

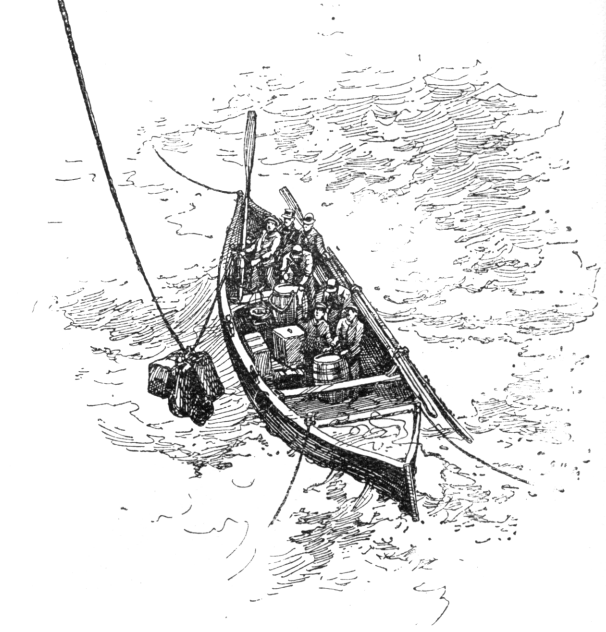
be thus held in position while effecting the relief.

A strong rope, controlled by a winch, is then let down from a projecting crane half-way up the tower, the lower end being firmly held by one of the boatmen giving it a turn round a wooden pin at the stern. This satisfactorily accomplished we prepare to land, and to a novice the process is somewhat exciting. The principal keeper leads the way, and this is his method of procedure. He first grasps the rope tightly, then puts his foot in a loop attached thereto, and with a "Heave away!" the men at the winch steadily wind up the rope until the suspended figure is near enough for the man on the "set-off" to seize him and put him on his feet. Presently it is my turn to be hoisted, and with the boat tossing about it is difficult for a beginner to make a start; but I am soon in a position to realize the thrilling sensation of hanging on a rope in mid-air, jerking and swaying over the boiling surf, with the salt spray dashing around. However, it is quickly over, and we are all safely landed at last, with the exception of two visitors, whose courage gives way at the critical moment. From the "set-off" the entrance is approached by a ladder, formed by a series of gun-metal rungs let into the stonework, and on gaining the summit of this perpendicular climb of 20ft. I watch the men landing the stores, and make a rough sketch of the operation, at the conclusion of which (after much shouting and gesticulation) those bound for the shore are slung back into the boat, anchor is raised, and the released keepers give vent to their joyous feelings by lustily singing the refrain of a certain familiar song from which, in this benighted spot, one might reasonably have hoped to escape.

After our recent exertions we make for the kitchen and enjoy a plain substantial meal, followed by a smoke and a chat; then, escorted by Mr. Tom Cutting (third light-keeper), I make a détour of the building. Beginning at the entrance—the most conspicuous objects are life-belts and buoys, coils of rope on the walls, fishing-rods, and a home-made lobster pot; under foot is the water-tank, capable of holding 3,500 gallons, the walls are 9ft. thick at this point, and the gun-metal doors weigh a ton, thus massively constructed in order to withstand the shock of heavy seas.

Thence, by a flight of sixteen steep iron steps (a similar flight connects each room), we proceed to the next compartment, where, as well as in that above it, is kept the main-stay of the light. In these two oil-rooms the mineral oil is stored, each of the huge cisterns being capable of containing 140 gallons, a quantity which will not be much more than enough to last nine months. The second oil-room is also used for storing gun-cotton charges and detonators for working sound signals in foggy weather, and rockets for signalling purposes.

In the next compartment—the winch-room—are two doors (one directly over each landing-place) for receiving stores from the boat by means of a sliding crane working through a porthole over either door, as well as for landing and embarking in rough weather. Besides the winch, there are lockers for coal and paint. Room No. 5—the store-room—contains the crane and a provision cupboard for each man—note the string of herrings hanging outside the window.



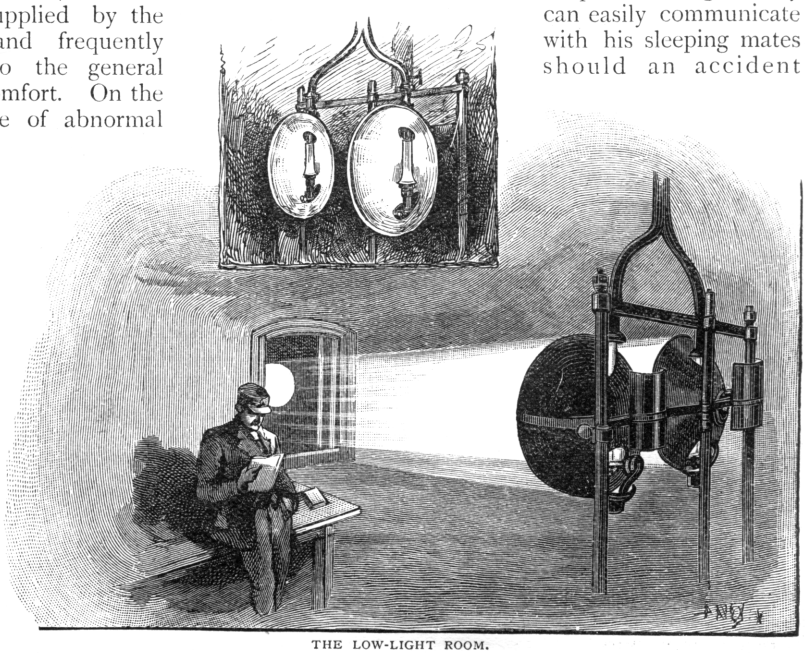
TAKING IN STORES—A SKETCH FROM THE ENTRANCE.

Then comes the kitchen or living-room, where the small party of three cook and eat their meals and enjoy their leisure moments

AN AFTER-DINNER CHAT.

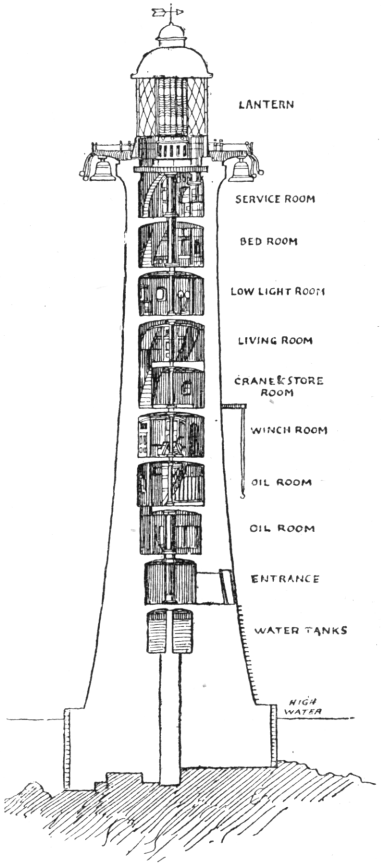
—decidedly cosy and scrupulously clean, with a specially made cooking-range and every domestic convenience. Although the granite walls are exposed (as in every room), their bareness is relieved by shelves and a dresser, containing pots, pans and dishes; while a bookcase filled with readable volumes (supplied by the Trinity House, and frequently changed) adds to the general appearance of comfort. On the hob stands a kettle of abnormal dimensions, and a window is converted for the nonce into a meat safe, the suspended legs of mutton kept fresh by exposure to the cool air. Here I am shown some interesting relics of the Smeaton lighthouse, viz., a tea-canister (probably a century old, and still in use) and some tools of little utility.

Still ascending, we reach the low-light room, devoted mainly to an apparatus for giving a white fixed subsidiary light, the rays from two powerful argand burners with reflectors being sent through the opposite window at night, to mark some dangerous rocks known as the Hand Deeps about three and a half miles distant. The medicine chest also finds a place here. The eighth compartment is the bedroom, having five berths (two above and three below) with cretonne curtains, and below are cupboards for clothes; the two speaking-tubes fixed on the wall are connected with the lantern and low-light room respectively, so that the keeper on night duty can easily communicate with his sleeping mates should an accident



THE LOW-LIGHT ROOM.

happen and assistance be required. The room over the bedroom is called the watch or service room, and may be properly



SECTION OF EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.

regarded as the office of the establishment, for it contains official books and papers (in bookcases and on shelves), electric machines, galvanometers, and barometer, as well as spare burners and spare glass for lantern, lamp cylinders, and various diagrams on the walls; around the room, deeply incised in the course of the ceiling, is the text from Psalm cxxvii., adopted by Smeaton for his tower: "Except the Lord build the house they labour in vain that build it." Considerable space is here devoted to the two pressure pumps for supplying oil to the lamps by means of weighted rams, which, being first raised by a pumping lever, descend gradually into the oil, forcing it up the pipes into the lamps. The chief work performed in the service room is at night, when the light is going and a keeper is on duty.

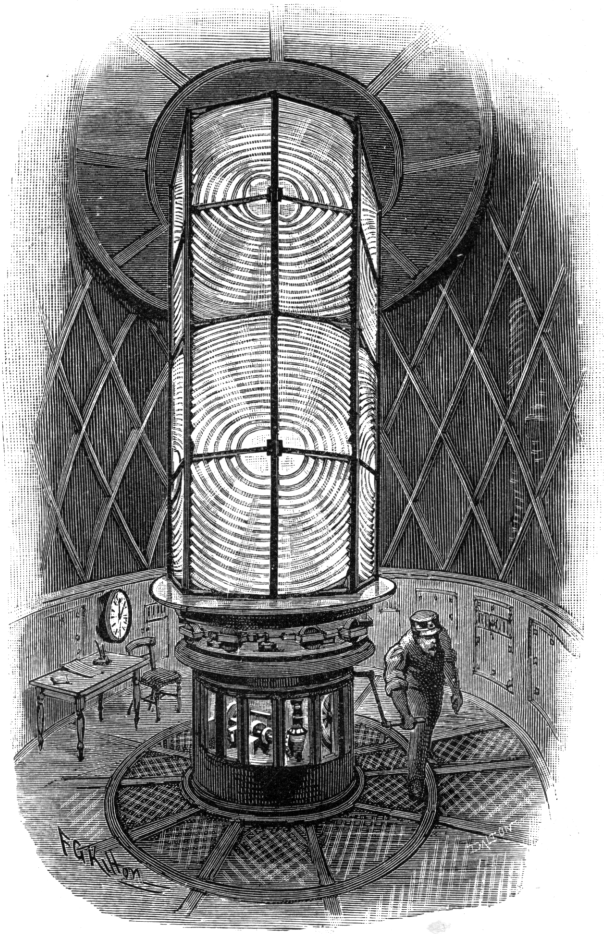
Surmounting the last flight of stairs we enter the most interesting compartment of all, namely, the lantern. It is 16ft. high, 14ft. in diameter, and cylindrical in form. The framings are made of steel, covered externally with gun-metal, and there is a very careful arrangement for thorough ventilation, having regard to the great heat thrown off by the lamps. But the lighting apparatus is clearly the most important feature, the present system being the outcome of many costly experiments in optical science. The special kind of lamp in use is known as a Douglass improved six-wick burner, that is, one having six tubes of wick of varying sizes, the larger encircling the smaller, which, when burning, produce a solid flame equal to the intensity of 722 standard sperm candles. Two such burners are fitted, one above the other, within the revolving drums (now to be described), so that in bad weather flashes of enormous intensity are sent forth, the combined illuminating power being equivalent to a quarter of a million candles, or about six thousand

PRESSURE PUMP FOR SUPPLYING OIL TO LAMPS.

times that of the original candle light of Smeaton's time !

The glass apparatus, by which the effect of each burner is augmented and economized, consists of two twelve-sided drums, each 6ft. in height, and each side or panel of which is formed by a central lens or bull's-eye, and surrounded by concentric rings of larger bull's-eyes, so that the same effect is obtained as though a portion of one huge lens were employed. The two bull's-eyes of adjoining panels (as Mr. Price Edwards clearly explains) are brought close together, much resembling two eyes squinting; and on the rotation of the drums, with the inside central light burning, each bull's-eye and its surrounding rings carry round a concentrated beam of light, which becomes visible to the outside observer as soon as the focus of the bull's-eye falls upon him. A very short interval occurs between the flash of the first bull's-eye and that of the second, and after two such flashes nearly half a minute elapses before another pair of squinting eyes comes round and discharges the two flashes; and thus is obtained the distinctive light of the Eddystone. The two drums are superimposed, with a lamp in each, so that, in foggy weather, when both act together, a double lighting power is procurable. During the day crimson curtains are suspended inside the lantern, to match the colour of the paint outside, when the whole exterior of the lantern appears red, to serve as a day-mark for mariners.

It is one of the duties of the keeper on watch to record on a printed form, night by night, particulars as to the state of the lamps, height of flame, temperature, climatic conditions, etc., etc., such reports being forwarded to the Trinity House every month. An iron door in the lower part of the lantern communicates with the outside gallery of the tower, and from this breezy position an extensive view is obtained, the Devonshire coast-line being faintly discernible. During holiday time there are cheap excursions from Plymouth to the lighthouse by large steamers, and one of them is now nearing us, crowded in every part with its living freight. When it comes within a hundred yards of the rock, we on the gallery signal to it by dropping the clapper of one of the two large fog-bells, which is responded to by a vigorous waving of handkerchiefs on deck. The bells just referred to (which hang under either side of the gallery) were used in foggy weather until last October, when the more effectual method of exploding small charges of gun-cotton by electricity was substituted. It so happens that during my visit a sea-fog suddenly comes on, and this signalling apparatus is brought into action, there being one explosion every five minutes. The



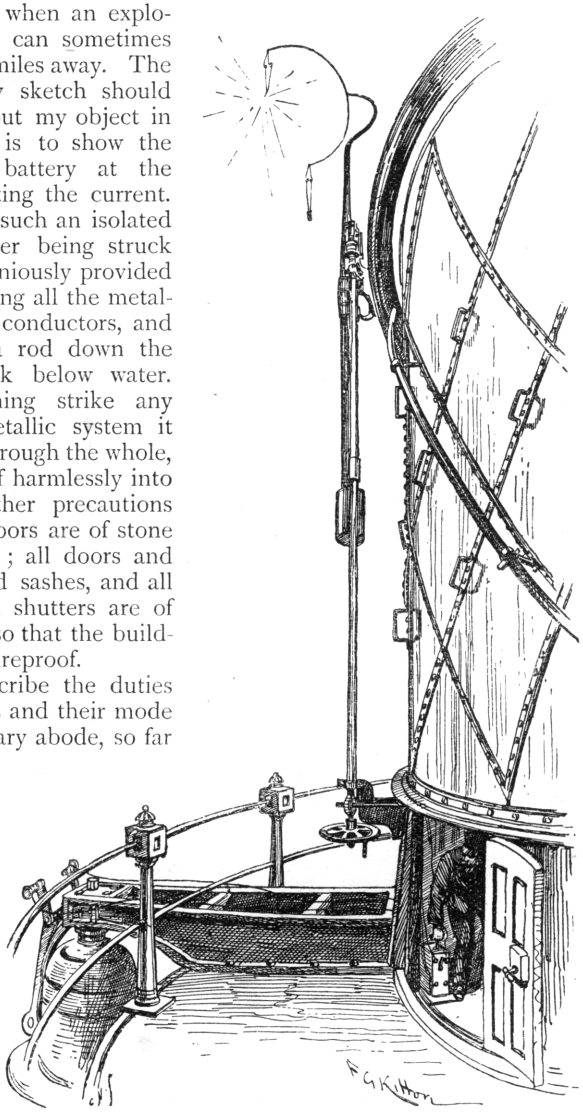
IN THE LANTERN—WINDING UP REVOLVING GEAR.

jib of the crane (placed vertically outside the lantern) is first lowered, detonators are securely fixed to the charges and connected with the battery, and then placed at either end of the semi-circular bar at the top of the jib. The latter is then raised and the current set in motion, when an explosion ensues which can sometimes be heard eighteen miles away. The open door in my sketch should really be closed, but my object in so representing it is to show the working of the battery at the moment of connecting the current.

The liability of such an isolated object as the tower being struck by lightning is ingeniously provided against by connecting all the metal-work with copper conductors, and ultimately fixing a rod down the tower to the rock below water. Should the lightning strike any portion of the metallic system it will probably go through the whole, and discharge itself harmlessly into the sea. As further precautions against fire, the floors are of stone covered with slate; all doors and window frames and sashes, and all external doors and shutters are of iron or gun-metal, so that the building is completely fireproof.

Now let me describe the duties of the light-keepers and their mode of life in this solitary abode, so far removed from busy humanity. To this lighthouse, as to all other rock stations on the coast, four keepers are attached, the principal (G. W. Cooper) and three assistants (T. Cutting, G. Norton, and W. Davies); but three only are on duty at one time. Each keeper has three months on the rock, followed by a month ashore, a much longer period in each case than was customary when the lighthouse was first opened.

If the authorities could be persuaded to reduce such a long spell of duty by one-third, thus making it two months—a consummation devoutly desired by the men—it would be a generous act, and the kind consideration would be keenly appreciated, for it seems that such a monotonous round of duties, carried on day by day so far away from their fellow men, invariably induces, after the first month, acute depression of spirits, the attack lasting from twelve to twenty hours, and, work being temporarily impossible, the sufferer remains in his berth until the sickness moderates, his mates kindly fulfilling his duties meanwhile. Every month (weather permitting) a relieving vessel goes out to the lighthouse, taking with her the man who has had his month ashore, and returning with the keeper who has completed his three months; but it frequently happens that the weather upsets their calculations, when communication by signals alone can be effected. In fine weather each man is on duty four hours and eight hours off, but when the atmosphere is thick there is double duty to perform, two men being on watch at the same time.



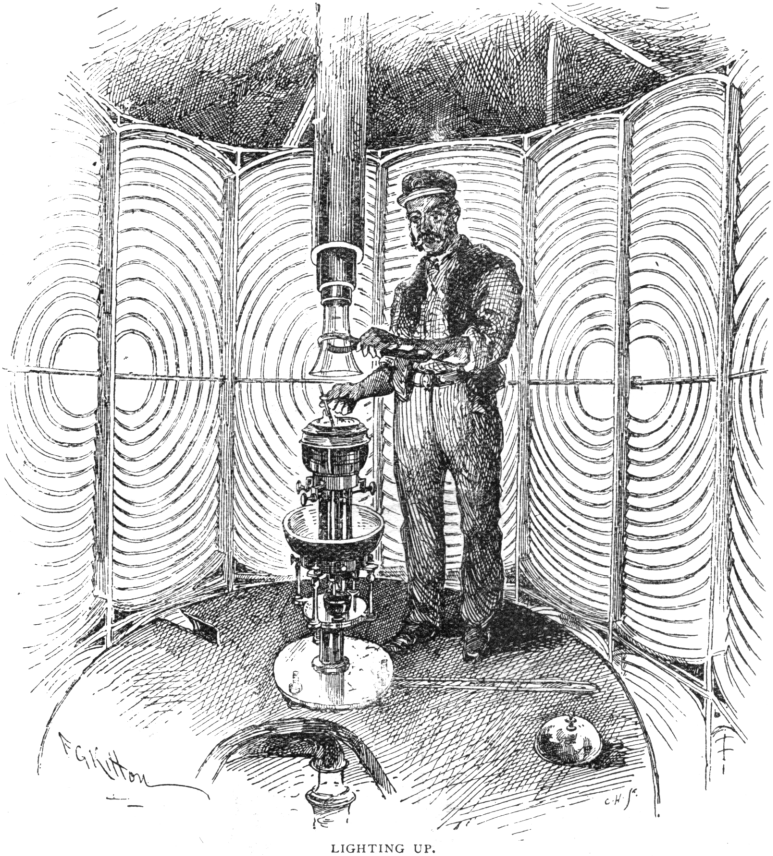
FIRING FOG-SIGNAL.

In the day-time there is work of another kind to be done. Besides keeping in order the lighting apparatus and polishing metal-work throughout the building, the men take it in turns to carry out domestic arrangements, such as scrubbing floors and tables, for the whole place is kept absolutely free from dirt. The cooking and preparation of meals must, of

course, be attended to, and every Saturday night the *chef* appointed for the week concocts a plain but wholesome plum-pudding, which has become a regular institution. Light-keepers, nowadays, are not reduced to the necessity of *eating the candles*, as they occasionally were in Smeaton's time, for a large supply of tinned meats and biscuits, provided by the Trinity House, is always kept ready for emergencies.

At the hour of dusk the lamp is lighted, so I accompany the keeper (who now begins his watch) into the interior of the glass drum, and observe how, with a spring grip, he raises the lamp-chimney and ignites the wicks; but, being still daylight, the illumination is not brilliant, although it increases in brightness as night comes on. The next proceeding is to wind up the gear which rotates the drums, and as the weight to be lifted is equal to a ton, and the operation lasts about an hour, it is somewhat fatiguing. The weight is contained in that portion of the column situated in the two lower rooms, which hollow iron column, running centrally through the whole length of the lighthouse, was constructed to hold both weight and chain for working the machinery which rotates the drums. Now, as the beams of light flash out seaward, I leave our friend to his solitary task for a chat with his mates in the snug kitchen below.

I find the light-keepers quiet and intelligent, having a full sense of their responsibility, although they do not take kindly to their occupation.



LIGHTING UP.

Even here, however, they are able to enjoy a modicum of pleasure, for fishing is practicable all the year round—in summer from the "set-off," with rod and line, in winter from the lantern gallery, because then the fish, being shy, keep away from the rocks and can only be caught by means of a long line with a bladder attached, which is blown by the wind in the direction required, the fish thus captured including bass, pollock, bream, horse mackerel, and congers. The bladder-line is also used for transferring letters to pilot-boats, when they

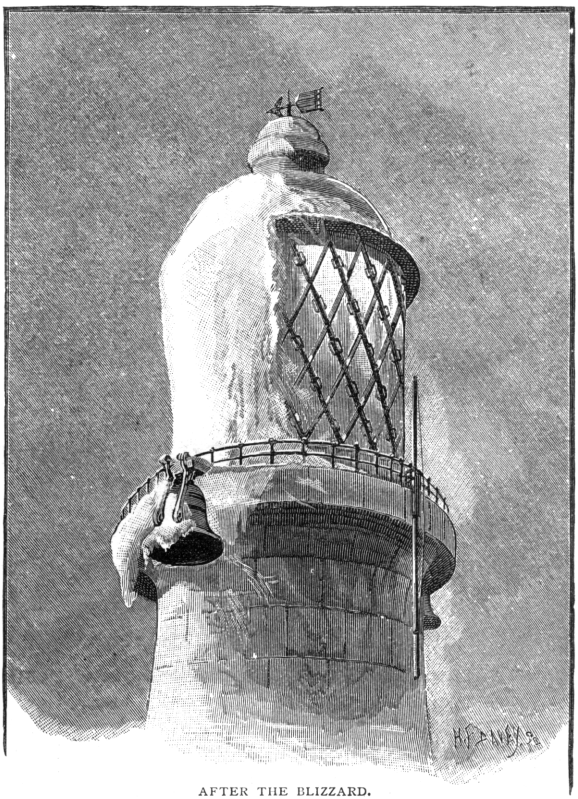
come sufficiently near the rocks, and the presence of these boats is especially welcome in bad weather, as the only means of communication with the shore. During the season when birds migrate, the keeper who comes off duty at night often catches a number of them about the lantern, being attracted by the glare. At midnight last Christmas Eve, no

FISHING FROM THE LANTERN GALLERY.

fewer than three hundred lapwings, with a few larks, thrushes, and plovers, were secured in the course of a few hours. In winter months the men are fond of reading; but cards, draughts, bagatelle, and such hobbies as fretwork and picture-frame making offer superior attractions.

On a fine summer's day it is delightfully quiet in the lantern, the gentle lashing of the waves and subdued humming of the wind being the only sounds that reach the ear. But there are times, as the fury of the tempest beats upon the massive tower and the blinding flash of lightning permeates every apartment, when the men in their solitude cannot fail to be impressed by the mighty power and majesty of Nature's forces; 'tis then that the roaring sea rises mountains high, dashing with thundering roar upon the surrounding reef, the huge waves sometimes leaping up the tower to break with great force under the lantern gallery. It was a terrible experience, ever to be remembered by the light-keepers, when, on the night of the blizzard in March, 1891, the lantern was partly embedded in snow, entirely obscuring the light on one side, and effectually blocking up the exit. The storm was of such severity that nothing could be done to clear away the obstruction till the next morning, when the tempest had abated.

At midnight I turn into one of the berths, but my attempt to sleep begins as a failure, owing principally to the periodical clanking of the winding gear, and partly, no doubt, to the novelty of the situation; on the second night, however, I am more successful. Although busy during my stay with sketching and observations, I soon begin to feel that life in a lighthouse has its disadvantages, not the least of these being the sensation of extreme

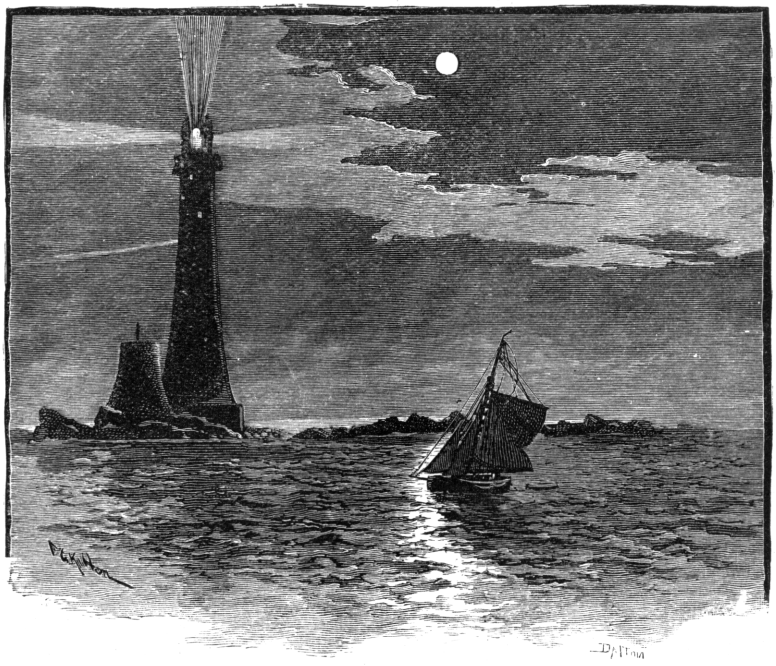


AFTER THE BLIZZARD.

loneliness and isolation. After breakfast on the third day of my visit it is considered desirable to keep a look-out for a vessel that can take me ashore, but it is not until evening that we are able to attract the attention of some fishermen and make them understand what is required of them. The reply comes that they will send the row-boat to the rock at 10 o'clock, so we spend the interval in chatting and a game of whist. Accordingly, at the appointed hour, the boat awaits me, and, with a hearty farewell and a cheerful "good-bye" from all, I drop into the boat and am taken on board the fishing-craft, when, somewhat to my chagrin, I learn that we must wait about three hours for the turn of the tide. While rocking about on the waves I can admire the stately and dignified tower of the Eddystone pointing defiantly upward, and am fascinated by the effect of the bright rays from the lantern flashing across the sky, the beauty of the scene being enhanced by the light of the silvery moon reflected in the sea.

At last, with a favourable tide and a fair wind, we set sail in the early morn for Plymouth. Now the day is dawning, and, as we proceed, the lighthouse gradually becomes invisible, but the occulting light, glowing like a star of exceptional brilliancy, may be seen long after the tower itself is lost to view.

> Steadfast, serene, immovable, the same
> Year after year, through all the silent night,
> Burns on for evermore that quenchless flame,
> Shines on that inextinguishable light!

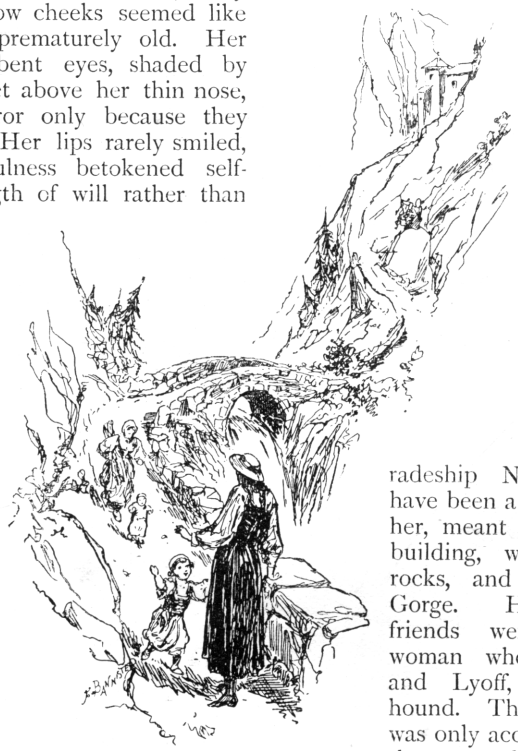


THE EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE—A CALM EVENING.

At Eagle's Gorge.

By E. M. Hewitt.

NASHA was painfully ugly. The Moon and Saturn were her dominating astrological influences, and the planet of fatality had written all his signatures upon her. She was tall, thin, high-shouldered, and pale; her arms were long and bony, her movements slow and awkward. She had none of the roundness or grace of youth, and her sallow skin, rusty black hair, and hollow cheeks seemed like those of a woman prematurely old. Her dark, strangely lambent eyes, shaded by heavy brows that met above her thin nose, failed to inspire terror only because they were infinitely sad. Her lips rarely smiled, but their want of fulness betokened self-repression and strength of will rather than coldness or egotism. Silent and sensitive, the girl appeared weighed down by the consciousness of her entire lack of beauty. She walked listlessly, with downcast eyes, and she loved solitude.



"LITTLE CHILDREN WOULD RUN TO HER."

Thoughtless people, afraid to scorn her ugly face, sometimes spoke of her as a witch; but Nasha had a soul so beautiful that it attached to her all things innocent and sweet. Love of the beautiful was a passion with her, and this was the secret of the power which drew to her all that might otherwise have been repelled by her unlovely face. She seemed to possess a subtle influence that made the flowers hasten to bud and blossom under her hand, so that her garden in the wild mountain pass was a marvel of colour from early spring to late autumn.

Dogs would show an almost human joy at the sound of her voice, and little children would leave their mothers' skirts to run to her. All women who were sad or suffering hailed her coming with delight; but no one could have told you exactly why they loved her, for they were wiser than they themselves knew. They discerned the true Nasha behind the mask of her ugliness—that mean outer garb which was but the matrix that contained the gem.

The real woman was the pure, heroic soul, the faithful, mysterious, invisible being who walked the mountains, who pondered in loneliness, who was thrilled by the music of Nature's thousand voices and the breath of Nature's thousand perfumes. It was for a glimpse of this beneficent mystery that the children clung to her gown, the sorrowful women sought her, and the dumb creatures were glad in her presence; and but for this comradeship Nasha's must indeed have been a sorry life. Home, to her, meant simply the grim, grey building, wedged between great rocks, and called the Eagle's Gorge. Her only ostensible friends were Getha, the old woman who waited upon her, and Lyoff, her Russian wolf-hound. The great complex world was only accessible to her through the crowded bookshelves of the library, in the blue-ceilinged chapel, with its tawdry altar and its shabby *prie-dieu*, and in the mountains round her home. The castle belonged to Nasha, not because the mother, who left it her, bore her any special affection, but because the articles of the loveless marriage from which Nasha sprang stipulated that the little estate in the mountains should descend to female children, while the husband, out of his own resources, should provide for his sons. As it happened, one daughter and one son were the only offspring of the union,

and they became orphans when the boy was ten and the girl five years old. Nasha had, since the death of her parents, remained for nine months out of every year alone at the castle, her brother's life being led elsewhere.

Winter at Eagle's Gorge was a time of siege, against which provisions were laid in and logs stored up. The kennel was brought indoors, and Nasha, Getha, and Lyoff would sit around the fire, listening to the storms howling through the pass, conscious that the pure, refulgent snow was piling itself up around their fastness, drifting high against doors and windows, filling every cranny with its gentle flakes, and clothing the ravines in delicate splendour. With the spring came Volmer, who was not always as welcome to Nasha as the soft days that brought him. But she remembered he was her only brother, the head of her house, and she gave him the best greeting in her power, recollecting his favourite dishes, his tastes, and even his whims. He made but a poor return for her generous hospitality, lounging about the rooms, grumbling at their shabby appointments, and sneering at the primitive customs of the household at Eagle's Gorge.

It was not astonishing he should hate it; the contrast it presented to Paris, his usual dwelling-place, was so great. The brother and sister had no interests or sympathies in common; nothing, in fact, but their name united them. A beautiful woman might have been of use to the worldling Volmer; she might have given a reflected brilliancy to his career; she might even have lured gold into his pockets; but Nasha was worse than useless, and Volmer consequently, considering himself aggrieved, never looked at her without cursing his bad luck. Nasha, whose tranquillity concealed her painful thoughts, realized with pangs of a half-passionate despair the effect of her ugliness upon her fate. She, whose existence lay in such a sombre groove, dreamed often of the life that might have been. She had not bored over the library treasures in vain; from them she knew something of the world beyond her mountains, and she learned to believe that in the whole wide range of human life there is no magic like a woman's beauty.

Beauty could procure all the heart's desires—love, gold, pomp, power, the homage of genius, the devotion of kings—but the woman without beauty was passed by or frowned upon; men did not want her; women held her in contempt. Nasha thought of these things with poor attempts at self-consolation, but she seldom succeeded in even soothing her restless spirit; the aching would not be cured; the old longing would reassert its protest against Fate, but the futile wishes which sprang from it were never put into words.

Few guests came to the castle, as it lay far out of the beaten track, and Volmer always seemed to leave the memory of his Paris life behind him when he crossed its threshold. Nasha had never even heard the name of any of his friends. She was not curious; Paris and her brother's life were mere shadows to her. She knew enough of Volmer's character to be sure that, excepting while he was at Eagle's Gorge, she had no place in his thoughts. She kept on her way uncomplainingly, incuriously, giving him a gracious, if not very hearty, welcome when he appeared, and speeding his departure without regrets; but at last Volmer made his coming eventful.

One evening, as they sat at supper, he flung a portrait across the table to her, as though to challenge an opinion. Nasha looked long at it and returned it without a word.

"What do you think of him?" asked Volmer.

"He is very handsome."

"He is. All the women in Paris are mad over him."

Nasha made no response.

"You are not curious?" exclaimed Volmer, interrogatively. "Why don't you ask questions?"

"As you say, I am not curious. There is nothing I want to know. It is late—I am tired——" She moved towards the door.

"Nasha!" said her brother.

"Well?"

"Come here."

"What is it?"

"Will you marry this man?"

"You have never made sport of me before, Volmer," she replied, glancing at his animated face, and swiftly dropping her eyes.

"I say, will you have this man for a lover?"

"You are mad! Let me go. He is a king among men. He must marry a beautiful woman."

"He shall marry you."

"Volmer, be silent!"

"He is coming here," said Volmer, sardonically.

"I will not see him."

"But he shall marry you!"

"Not with his eyes open."

"Probably not."

"I thought you were merciful enough not to taunt me," said the girl, with an accent of bitter pain in her voice.

"I HAVE NO WISH TO UNDERSTAND."

"I am not taunting you. I am in earnest. Wait. This time next year you will thank me as the best of brothers for the boon I am giving you."

"I do not understand. I have no wish to understand," said Nasha, almost passionately. "This only will I say, that while I am mistress of Eagle's Gorge, no friend of yours shall cross its threshold!"

She controlled all further expression of feeling and walked away, leaving Volmer laughing. The next day he went back to Paris, and life at the sombre castle fell again into its quiet routine. But on the eve of his departure there had swept over Nasha's existence a great wave of excitement, which, all unawares to her, was to prevent her world ever looking the same again. She tried to live in her round of duties, and to banish the troops of thoughts that would invade her mind; she sought to put down the passionate longings that rose and swelled in her breast; she resolutely turned from sudden visions of a husband; of a sweet, helpless, thankless thing that should lie in her arms and nestle to her breast; of glad-faced, bright-haired children who should call her mother, and whose young voices should make music of the echoes around Eagle's Gorge. She strove to stifle the overpowering heart-hunger of her awakened womanhood, to drown it in bitter draughts of recollection and of realization of the actual, but she strove in vain. Her day-dreams became more frequent, longer, and ever more fascinating. The vague Prince of her childish and girlish imaginings irrevocably assumed the likeness of a living man—the man of Volmer's scheme. There were no mirrors in the inhabited part of Nasha's home; they had all been banished to the disused room which was her mother's bridal chamber, where the tell-tale faces were turned to the wall, and their backs whitened with the dust of years.

It was thought better for the young mistress of Eagle's Gorge to be spared their painful testimony to her ugliness; but she knew their resting-place as well as she knew the reason of their withdrawal, and now that the strange and awful longing for the "life of which her nerves were scant" had come upon her in all its force, she remembered the heart-shaped mirror framed in silver, which had reflected her mother's sad eyes, and she was impelled, in her agony of longing, to mount to the tower-room and consult its truthful face.

"Am I indeed so very ugly?" groaned the girl, as, trembling, she lifted the heavy glass. And the cold, smooth surface seemed to mock her with the answer:—

"You know it!"

She carried the thing to her own room, where she polished the delicate silver so that it grew beautiful again, and she locked it away, for fear of Getha's sharp eyes, among

her mother's yellowing laces. Many times a day would she ask it the same question, till the mirror, like a sentient thing, seemed to sympathize with her desire, and gave her back the strange reply :—

"Love is a great beautifier!"

After that Nasha never consulted the mirror again; it had pained and tormented her more even than her brother.

The summer wore away, and winter dragged through its slow months to February, which brought a reminder of Volmer's return. Never had the thought of his presence been more unwelcome. His letters, which had grown more frequent than usual since his last visit, were filled with hints that frightened Nasha, and whispers had also reached her concerning the nature of his life in Paris. Ruin seemed the doom of all the men whose friendship he acquired. More than one noble name had been dragged, through him, in the mire; more than one princely fortune had been gambled into his hands—to leave them again quickly. His insolent triumphs were beginning to be ascribed to no common means. Men sometimes spoke of him on the boulevards and in the cafés as in league with the devil, as a votary of the black art, as an accomplished sorcerer. These things came to his sister's ears, and a sinister warning, personal to herself, seemed to underlie them.

"LOVE IS A GREAT BEAUTIFIER."

The date Volmer fixed for his return was earlier this spring than Nasha had ever known it to be. He also spoke of a prolonged stay, and hinted at a service Nasha was to render him. Partly because of this, and partly because of a presentiment of evil, the girl was less willing than ever to welcome him to her house. He was to reach Eagle's Gorge about sunset, and Nasha went out on the terrace with Lyoff to watch for the carriage, not because she was eager for its advent, but to master herself in the realization of Volmer's approach, in order that when he met her he should detect no trace of fear or suspicion in her face or voice. She saw the carriage at last, a speck on the white road below, and she sat down on a ledge of rock to watch its tedious upward journey. While she sat there pondering, more than half repining and quite excited, the conviction seized her that Volmer was not alone, and that the companion he was bringing to the castle would be, somehow, the victim of his reckless egotism.

By-and-by the wolfhound growled. It was his welcome to the travellers, whose steps, as they mounted the last part of the ascent on foot, now sounded on his quick ears. Volmer came first upon the terrace. He was a bold-looking man, with somewhat shifty eyes and a charming smile, beneath which a keen observer might have detected the possibility of relentless cruelty. After him came the impersonation of all Nasha's ideals—alas! alas! the original of the portrait she had looked on once and not forgotten. It had not lied; he was supremely handsome, he was beautiful. The portrait had said as much as that, but what it had not told, what no portrait could ever reveal, was the perfect blending of delicacy and manliness in the smooth, fair skin, the dimpled chin, the sensitive nostrils, the laughing brown eyes, and the throat like a column of ivory, upon which Nasha's gaze was fastened. The man's splendid proportions, combining strength with the utmost elegance, forbade the insinuation that his beauty was too feminine in its refinement, and he stood before his friend's sister an all but perfect type of masculine humanity.

The shame of her own dearth of attractions rushed upon Nasha in the presence of so

much wealth, and she crimsoned with mingled sadness and resentment. Then a bitter pain filled her heart, and she felt she could not forgive her brother this moment of torture. He was speaking, but she did not hear his words. He presented *her* to the stranger, reversing the rightful order of the ceremony, but in her suffering she did not note the slight. Her hand was cold as death when she laid it in the stranger's, but then there came a surprise which sent the blood coursing quickly through her veins. She dared to look into his face, but she vainly sought the expression of pity or scorn which she expected to see there. She could almost have thought he found her beautiful, so earnestly were his brown eyes fixed upon her, so entirely did they seem to appeal to that inner self which she felt to be independent of the ugly envelope enshrining it.

Perhaps her costume pleased him also, for she perceived his glance travel over its details, and a bright smile light up his expressive features. She was wearing her usual dress, that of the peasants of the district; a laced scarlet bodice over a white chemisette, a short black skirt, strong shoes, and her hair plaited with ribbons. Her appearance seemed to fascinate the stranger, and his pleasure in it, though entirely well bred, was very manifest; but Nasha rapidly grew uneasy under the novel sense of receiving admiration. She was almost terrified by so complete a reversal of her previous experience, and she thankfully responded to old Getha, who, calling to her from the castle, enabled her to escape from the surprising presence of her brother's guest.

No preparations had been made for company, and the accommodation at Eagle's Gorge was of a scanty description; but the hostess and her old adherent did the best their ingenuity suggested, and in spite of all their visitor expressed himself more than content. When Nasha spoke of the dulness of life at the rock-bound castle, he laughed; and when the brother and sister wondered how he could endure its monotony, he looked at Nasha and declared that he had never known happiness before. The significance of his tone, and his persistent seeking of her society, filled his hostess with a weird dread which soon mastered all the passionate delight his presence kindled within her. She went one day to her brother, and said, with an effort to which she had braced herself:—

"This is witchcraft! I will have nothing to do with it."

Volmer took her slender wrists into his strong hands, and forced her to look at him.

"Then you are the witch," he said, ignoring the latter half of her speech. "Nasha, when this man asks you to be his wife——"

"When! Yes?"

"He will ask you. Do not refuse him; he loves you."

"Are you not trying to carry a trick too far?"

"And if it were a trick—would you find it difficult to forgive me? Would that be a great sin in your eyes which gave you the man you worship? No, do not struggle; you must hear me out. You will do me a service in marrying Ivo, and in return I give you, as I said before, his love."

"You have bewitched him! I will tell him the truth!"

"You may do as you please; but I swear to you that if you go down on your knees and solemnly vow by your patron saint, he will not believe you—he will only believe what I corroborate."

"HER APPEARANCE SEEMED TO FASCINATE THE STRANGER."

"Then he only thinks as you command—you have made him believe me beautiful!" cried the girl.

"I see you already forgive me," said Volmer, quietly.

"I cannot!" she exclaimed. "Ah! Volmer, let him go. Take him away again. Take him back to Paris. His life must not be ruined!"

"Wild horses would not drag him away from you," said Volmer, sardonically. "And you do not consider me at all. Unless you marry this man, Nasha, I am lost! Marry him, and I promise to turn over a new leaf."

"Is this the truth?" asked the girl, regarding him fixedly. He returned her gaze with an earnest look of his strange, inscrutable eyes, which seemed to her to dilate, and in some horrible manner to lay hold upon her.

"Yes," said Volmer, and the monosyllable dropped into her consciousness like a plummet breaking through weak, intervening barriers, and seemed to lie, a dead weight, in the bottom of her mind. Her heart was assailed by a great temptation, and she could not, try as she would, rally the forces of her intellect and her scruples against it. In her brother's eyes, which did not leave her face, she seemed to read all the marvellous transformation that might come over her existence. Ivo made, by some strange power, to see her as she longed to be, loving her as she yearned to be loved, and taking eagerly all the wealth of love which she had to give him!

She, the sad, lonely, hungry woman to whom Nature had been so cruel, could be his honoured, cherished wife, the mother of his children, the companion of his bright and of his cloudy days. She could have the right, as she knew she had within her the power, to entrance, to soothe, to sustain him; to live for him as he would live for her, his twin soul, his needed half, and together they would grow into a perfect being. Nasha was a mystic; her heart's cravings had taught her some truths which are only revealed by the two great teachers, Pain and Joy. Pain had hitherto schooled her; but now, in this supreme moment of temptation, she felt the presence of neither pain nor joy; she was only conscious of a mighty power within her, responding to a mighty power outside of her, of an impetuous rush of her will to a decision, and she accepted the life which Fate, through her brother, proffered.

She drew a long, quivering breath after those moments of tension, during which her heart had scarcely seemed to beat.

"If he ever learns the truth he will kill you," she said quietly, as she turned away.

"No," laughed Volmer, "he will kill you."

Her courage did not fail. There were moments, out of Ivo's presence, when conscience stirred within her. There were moments when, after the passionate delight in gazing at his beloved face with all the wild but secret worship of a soul ardent for self-sacrifice, a terrible fear dominated her, and conscience stabbed her cruelly. At such times she would fling herself on her knees before the altar in the little chapel, and lie in mute supplication, or she would walk half-way down the mountain to confess to the old curé in the village; but she always turned back before she reached him. She could not bring herself to speak of the love that filled her. Not to a creature apart from Ivo could she utter a word of the sacred marvel, the secret and the crown of life which she and he had discovered together. So she allowed the moments of torment to pass in silence, and her heart grew stronger till she almost forgot that Ivo was deceived. After all, was that a fraud which revealed her true self to him?

For some sinister purpose of his own Volmer hurried on the marriage, which was solemnized in the ugly little chapel, the bride wearing the peasant's dress in which her lover had first seen her, and which had charmed his artist eyes. Volmer and Getha were the only witnesses of the ceremony, and after it was over the former left the wedded pair to their honeymoon; but he returned, like a bird of ill-omen, after a brief three weeks' absence.

"I could almost believe I had hypnotised myself," he told Nasha an hour after his arrival, as he watched her supervise the preparations for his supper; "you have come wonderfully near to being beautiful!"

Ivo's wife made a movement of impatience, and did not immediately respond; then, in a low voice, and with downcast eyes, she answered him with a question:—

"How long is this to last?"

"What? Are you tiring of your idyll already? It will last, if you must know, just so long as I live."

"Then—should you die——"

"Your dream will be over. Make the most of it. Not that I intend to die yet, but one never knows."

"It was not for my sake at all that you worked this spell?" said Nasha.

"No. It was partly to test my powers,

and partly to keep his money in the family."

"You are the devil's self!" she exclaimed.

"VOLMER AND GETHA WERE THE ONLY WITNESSES."

"But you shall not ruin him as you have ruined others. He shall know——"

"What? That he has been trapped into marrying a scarecrow whom he believes to be a Venus? How do you think he would bear the knowledge? Be sensible, Nasha, and keep a still tongue. Thank the saints you have so skilful a brother. One word from me, and you lose Ivo for ever!"

Launching this shaft Volmer left the room, laughing softly and glancing at his sister with a certain furtive expression, which was very feline. Nasha sat plunged in thought. At first she had accepted the deception for her own sake, but very quickly her longing and desire had become intensified by the realization that Ivo would gain more than she could by the love that united them. Before he met her wealth had been degrading him, and he was beginning to feel not only enervated, but disgusted by life. The old enthusiasms which illumined his days of poverty and obscurity had flared out fruitlessly in the early days of his sudden prosperity. He had unexpectedly inherited a large fortune, and in the indulgence of every fancy and of every generous impulse he had lost his hold upon himself, and become the easy prey of those who make life an ignoble chase after sensuous satisfaction — miscalled happiness. Nasha knew that she had recalled him to his better self; knew that her love had rekindled the high thoughts and aims of the days before he became a mere votary of pleasure; knew that if he learnt the truth he would, in losing faith in her, lose faith in everything human and divine, sink into a deepening despondency, and end a despairing sceptic. Could she, dared she, risk this? No! Her first wrong had given her future wrong the guise of "the only practicable right."

Volmer heard no more from his sister on the subject of Ivo's illusion, and when he announced his intention of returning to Paris, and taking Ivo with him, Nasha made no sign. But alone with her husband, a wild desire came upon her to test Volmer's influence over him, to pit her power against her brother's. Surely, love like hers was stronger than any mesmeric spell. She put her arm round Ivo's neck, and turned his face towards her own:—

"Must you go to Paris, love? I shall be so lonely without you!"

"It is Volmer's wish; I must go, my darling!"

"Ah! I see how it is. You are growing weary of this life—of me."

"Nasha! I implore you! Have I not told you a thousand times my happiness is here with you—that I never knew what it was to be truly happy till I loved you?"

"Then why leave me?"

"Because Volmer has asked me to go to Paris with him. It will only be for a few weeks."

"Take me with you."

"Impossible, dearest; we are going on business. Volmer——"

"Volmer, Volmer! It is always Volmer! Are you a child to be led like this? One would think you had no will but his."

Ivo's sensitive mouth trembled, his eyes grew dim and troubled, the sunshine seemed suddenly to die out of his beautiful face. He laid his head upon his wife's shoulder, wearily, like a tired child, and clung to her strong hand.

"No will but his! Sometimes I think so."

Nasha's heart sank within her. Her punishment had begun. The deceit by which she had won him was beginning to work out its own retribution, and he, the innocent, must suffer with her, the guilty. For his sake, she would make a last effort.

"Dear Ivo, do you love me?"

He raised his eyes to her face, then gently released himself from her arm, and holding her from him said, speaking low and gravely:—

"Have I given you cause to doubt me, Nasha?"

"No, oh, no! I am only too much afraid of believing my own heart. I like to hear you say what it tells me; then I feel sure."

"My love, my dear love!"

"If I am that, stay with me!" pleaded Nasha; "let Volmer go to Paris alone."

"You ask an impossibility. I cannot take back my word, dearest. I am bound."

Nasha kept silence. He did not know how true his words were. Bound? Yes! And she, who loved him better than her life, had consented to and riveted that bondage. Her love was powerless to save him; he would have to go the fatal way of all her brother's victims, while she stood by, watching, but impotent. This would be her awful punishment.

"I AM BOUND."

The following week the two men went back to Paris. Old Getha shook her head as their carriage passed out of sight. She had always known how it would be! No good ever came of hurried bridals; of course, the handsome gentleman had wearied of his wife, and no wonder! The Countess Nasha was as good as gold, and much more clever than most men; but gay young fellows only cared for pretty faces, and the chances were the Countess would never see her husband again. Beauty should mate with beauty.

For a long time similar thoughts filled Nasha's sad heart, and a thousand wild ideas, a thousand schemes, came into her head during her sleepless nights. She would go to Paris and bring him back—she would ask him at Volmer's hands, and then—but, no! She had done him a great wrong, and, now that he was free, she would not stir a finger to bring him back to captivity. His rightful place was in the world, where he could do so much good. Or, again, she would give way to her intense desire for his presence, and nurse the thought that he would return in the summer or the early autumn. But autumn brought nothing, save a hope that should have drawn him closer to her. Getha shook her head more mournfully than ever, but she was soon absorbed by her usual preparations for the winter, and by the time the frosts had come and the snow had put the household in a state of siege, all seemed as it had been in the years gone by, save for the ring on Nasha's finger and the unwonted fabrication of little garments which occupied her hands.

By the mercy of the saints the snow began

to melt in January, and the first emissary to Eagle's Gorge from the outside world was the postman with a telegram for Nasha.

"Volmer has died suddenly. I am coming back to you.—Ivo."

Coming back alone! Coming back to what? To a loving wife whose face was hideous, whose long figure was lean and ungainly, who lacked all the grace and attraction he had been bewitched into attributing to her. He was coming back to shocking disenchantment—perhaps to such disgust and loathing that he would make her bitter grief more bitter by cursing and forswearing her and her unborn child. Even so: she loved him well enough to bear all in silence, to let him go, renounce, forget her, and to wear out her own heart in the solitary wilds of Eagle's Gorge, where none would intrude upon her desolation or remark her pain. Volmer was dead! Doubtless his life had flashed out in some swift disaster of his own occasioning, and there had been no time to set things right for her, so that her peace, her joy, her dream of continued happiness had vanished with him. The second effect of Ivo's message was to appal and stupefy her; but she soon reawakened to the full

"GETHA FOUND HER SENSELESS."

significance of the fatal words. She understood all they meant, and all the years to come would mean, and she was driven near to frenzy.

"Oh, God! let me keep him! Let me be always beautiful in his eyes! Let him never know me other than what he believes me to be. Let me die rather than he should know the truth. He must not know! He shall not know! I would sooner have him blind!—blind! . . ."

Ah, God! what was she saying? What was she praying for? Where was her terror driving her? It was her husband, the father of her child, upon whom she was invoking calamity. The thought of the helpless being who was not wholly hers nor wholly his, but belonging to both, seemed to stem the torrent of her remorseful passion, and to partly calm the storm in her heart. She instinctively turned towards the chapel, and throwing herself at the foot of her bridal altar she silently sought help and guidance from the long-suffering God whose name is so often taken in vain.

There, several hours later, Getha found her senseless, Ivo's telegram clutched in her hand. The old woman read it by the flickering light of the lamp she carried, and she thought she comprehended the situation. Her one fear was lest the long-absent husband might return too late.

When Nasha awoke to consciousness the year was two months old. She remembered everything perfectly. She asked for a calendar, and counted the days since the fatal news had been brought her. Probably in the interval he had come, seen her, and gone, but she dared ask no questions. She lay mute and white for awhile, feeling more than thinking; then she bent over the baby face sleeping beside her, and carefully scrutinized its tender lineaments. Thank God! Some, at least, of her strenuous prayers had been answered: her infant did not resemble her.

Love, the mysterious artificer, working unseen, had moulded the little creature in the image of its father; the bud contained the promise of as rich a beauty; it would

blossom by-and-by into as fine and sweet a flower. "Enfant de l'amour ressemble toujours au père." Nasha lay long pondering on the sweet phase of her life which was for ever passed, and letting one of her sensitive hands stray over the precious little hostage she had given to fortune, while her other hand and arm held it fast. The room was darkened, but her eyes, accustomed to the gloom, saw that the place where her attendant had been sitting was vacant, and that she was alone.

By-and-by someone fumbled at the latch of the door. Evidently the person was a stranger, unacquainted with the old-fashioned fastening; yet surely there was light in the corridor, and they could see the way to lift it. Was this still a part of the wearying, confused dream through which she had been so long struggling, and which had just now seemed dispelled? The thought—the dread of Ivo rushed upon her, and her delirium threatened to return. Her arm tightened round her child, and every combative instinct within her became suddenly on the alert. He should not take this treasure from her—all else, his love, himself, his name, she deserved to lose, for she had cruelly deceived him; but the child should not be torn from her while she lived. How softly and uncertainly he was moving now that he had got into the room. She watched him from under her half-closed lids—watched him intently, her heart nearly standing still in the stress of her agonizing suspense. He approached her with outstretched arms. She saw that he wore his travelling cloak, and that it was thrown open, showing his firm white throat. Oh, how dear he was to her! What fate could be worse than losing him? Could she survive another parting? She clasped the child and trembled; the bitterness of death was in that moment.

His step was unsteady, and he seemed afraid of knocking something down. Perhaps the outside sunshine still dazzled his eyes, and he could not perceive the objects in that darkened room; but presently he reached the carved bedpost and grasped it with an eager gesture; then he began feeling along the edge of the coverlet towards where she lay. She thought she understood the action; he fancied she was asleep. She could not speak, her throat seemed parched; terror of the moment when he would see her and know the truth, paralyzed her. He seemed to be groping by the side of the bed—it was a strange and ugly word, but she could find no other to express his peculiar movements; then she felt his hand upon her, and her soul seemed to rush out to him, while a convulsive movement agitated her whole being, but no sound came from her parted lips, though she strove to speak his name. Then he stooped, and she felt his lips on hers in such a kiss as they had known but once before.

"Nasha!"

His voice was full of love, and of a new tenderness. She looked into his face, and saw that he was gazing fixedly at her, but there was no horror, no surprise in his eyes. She must have shown the eager astonishment in her, but Ivo did not appear to notice it. She could not immediately reply to his fond greeting—she could not obey the impulse to raise her unoccupied hand and touch his dear head, for the dread lest he did not yet understand, and lest he would still repudiate her, weighed down her heart. Had Volmer lived long enough to make all right for her? He had been wild, and she had thought him heartless, but perhaps he had loved her, and had remembered, if there had been time——

"Nasha!"

Ivo was clinging to the hand which lay outside the bedclothes. He was bending over her until she could feel his heart beat, and she found him searching for her face as though his eyes were in his fingers. Ah! he loved her still. Volmer's spell was yet upon him, but now he would love the child, and if the child outlived the spell she would form a new and powerful link between them that would make all further spell needless.

"Do you see the child?" she asked, following out her thoughts; "she is so beautiful!"

"How could it be otherwise, Nasha, when her mother is so beautiful?"

She grew paler than ever against the white pillows.

"But you must look at her. See, Ivo!"

He felt for the baby's face as he had felt for hers.

"Is she not beautiful?" asked Nasha.

"You tell me so, love!"

Something in the intonation of his voice, or in his manner, struck a chill into her. She looked keenly at him, forgetting everything in the world beside him; she struggled into a sitting posture, letting the child slip from her arm, and stretched out her strong, supple white hands—those hands he had so justly admired in the early days of their love—to draw him to her. She sought to scrutinize his face, but he lowered his head from her

keen eyes; yet in the rapid glance she realized anew that the baby was very like him. The tender thoughts and hopes which had been her sole consolation during the long months of his absence had fulfilled themselves in her infant daughter.

"Let me look at you, Ivo," she entreated, gently turning up his reluctant chin. Then she saw, as she gazed upon him, gaining courage from his undaunted calm, many things she had never noted in his face before; first, great weariness, then a terrible pallor, then—ah! surely she was dreaming—she feared to resolve her doubt.

"You have been ill!" she cried.

"Yes. It was that which kept me from you."

"There is something the matter with your eyes!"

His answer sounded more like a sob than a sigh.

"You are blind?" questioned Nasha, faltering.

"Totally," said Ivo, with a gesture of unutterable weariness.

"Can you not see the child?"

"No," he responded, drawing a deep breath that expressed a sort of heart-broken resignation.

"Nor—me?"

"No, my beloved; but I can remember your face. I shall never forget."

Nasha was silent; the tumult in her heart was too great for speech. She clasped him close, and caressed his tired head, kissing the eyes that were so pathetically unaware of all her outward deficiencies. Blind? Could it indeed be true? Would he nevermore behold the light? What was the impious prayer which had been upon her lips when darkness overtook her, and she was stricken down at the foot of her bridal altar? "Come what may, let me keep his love! Let him never know——" But she had not meant *this!* No, no; *this* was not an answer to her prayer. She writhed under the thought, though she repelled it so quickly. She had only prayed to retain his love; she had not asked God to hide her from him; and, with her, his child, and all the beautiful earth, the flowers, the trees, the sunshine he had so rejoiced in! No, no; this was too cruel! Gradually, while her arms were twined about him, the full extent of his calamity became clear to her mind, and with the realization a faintness overcame her. She released her husband, and lay back among the pillows, with difficulty repressing a groan of mingled terror and remorse. He sat patiently upon the bed, listening keenly to her movements, and fondling the child, which his hands had discovered.

After a while Nasha spoke:—

"How was it?"

"There was a fire at the hotel. Volmer had come into my room. I tried to save him."

"You lost your sight trying to save *Volmer's* life?"

"My darling, he was your brother."

"He was your worst enemy—and mine!"

"Hush, Nasha! He is dead!"

"And he deserved to die! But you—you—oh! to have this death in life close down upon you! It is my sin, my sin that has brought it about! But you shall know the truth, and then ——"

"I TRIED TO SAVE HIM."

"Nasha, dear love, be calm! You are overwrought. Let me call Getha."

"No, no! Stay here. I must tell you I am nothing that you believe me to be, Ivo. You have thought me beautiful. I am hideous! Now—go!"

"Nasha, Nasha, I entreat you! It is not you who speak. You are beside yourself!"

"Not now—I have been—and you, too,

have been made mad. You have been fooled, tricked, duped, trapped, made the subject of experiment. But now I am sane I am going to cure you. Volmer hypnotised you for his own devilish ends, and made you believe that I was beautiful. It is a lie! It has all been a lie! Go! go!"

"Do you send me from you, Nasha? I loved you, and I love you—but, alas! I am not only a blind man now, I am poor, helpless, ruined!"

"Ruined? By whom? Is that Volmer's work, too?"

"He is dead, Nasha!"

"Dead! He deserved death! Forger, thief, gambler, sorcerer!"

"Dearest, for my sake, forgive him. I forgave."

"He did not deserve your forgiveness! I do not deserve it! I am his sister."

"You are my wife, Nasha, my beloved, my——"

"You do not believe what I have told you. You think me raving! But it is true."

"I must believe because *you* say it. But if it be true, what matter? I loved you for a beauty which you tell me is an illusion of my senses, but I also loved you for the soul within. I cannot cease to love you till you persuade me that you have ceased to be what I have proved you—pure, noble, generous, and brave. You are none the less the Nasha of my heart for this strange story—my Nasha, whom I yearned anew for when this darkness came upon me. How I craved for you! How I longed for the sound of your voice, the touch of your hand! All my life I had been seeking you, until the happy day when Volmer brought me here. And now—oh, my darling, I will not fetter you—you shall be freed! I am a poor, helpless creature, not the man you married. You do not deserve to have such a burden thrust upon you——"

"Ivo, Ivo, you are more precious to me than anything in the world but this!" cried Nasha, raising herself and pressing the baby's waxen fingers to his face; "and this is only so precious because it is yours, too."

"But a helpless beggar, Nasha! Think of the shadow on your life, and how it will spoil it."

"Not so, dear love, not so. You are my sun, my world, my all. Thank God, you have no home but this! Now, indeed, I truly feel that you are mine, my own twin soul, and nought can come between us."

She drew the blind man down until his brown head rested on her bosom beside their child's, and both were encircled in her passionate embrace. Instead of taking up a load, she was conscious in that moment of losing a heavy weight of care and trouble. What Ivo called a burden was indeed a burden of joy. Love, satisfied, content, sent a new strength coursing through her pulses, and Duty, wearing the aspect of an angel, whispered the words retribution, expiation, which fell like music on her ear. Joyfully her glad soul re-echoed the soft accents, and never, since the world began, did penance prove so easy, nor expiation so sweet.

"SHE DREW THE BLIND MAN DOWN."

Infinite Love.

Dedicated to my friend, HARRY PLUNKET GREENE.

Words by
DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

Music by
MAUD VALÉRIE WHITE.

Andante ma non troppo.

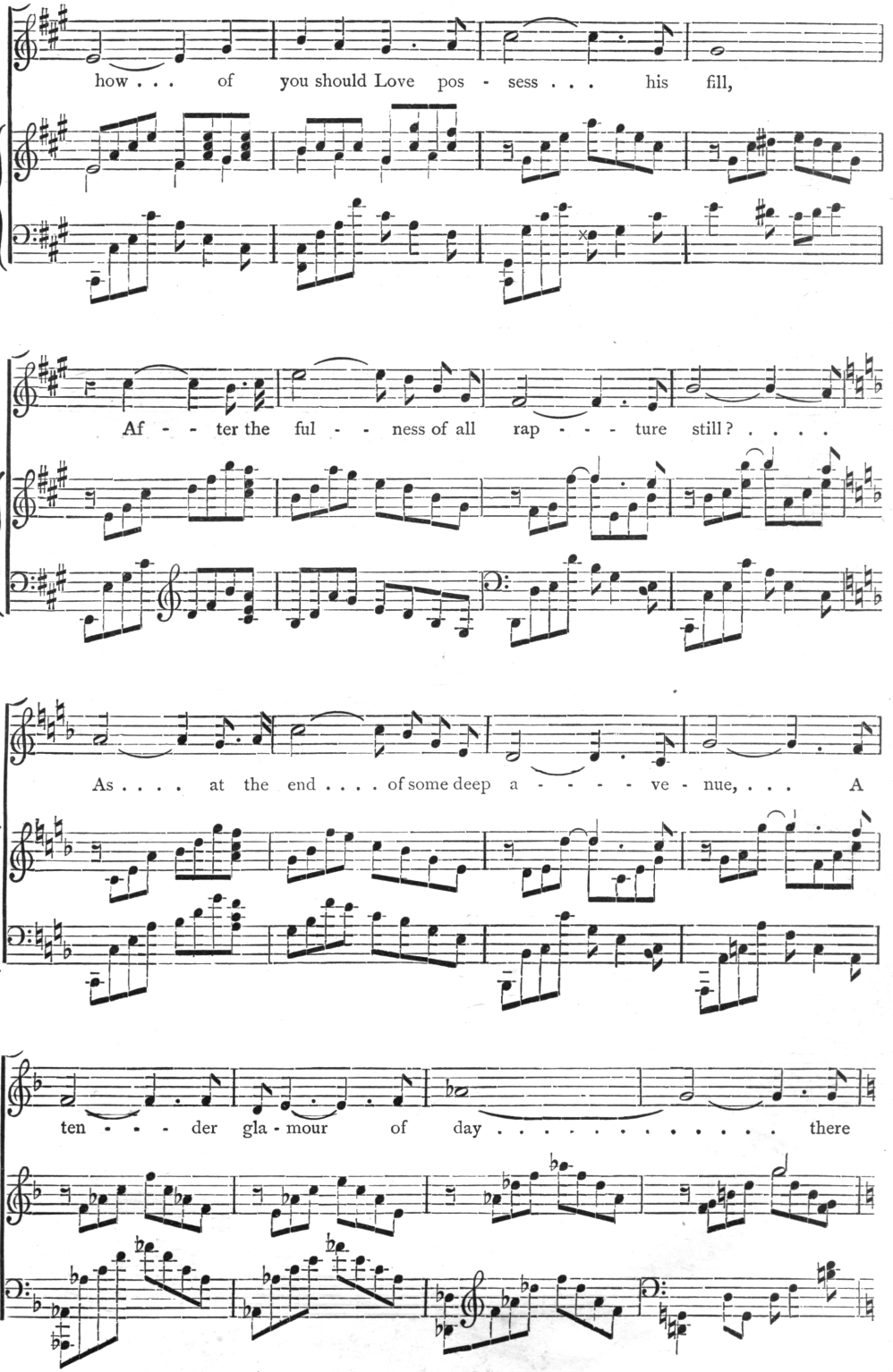
p

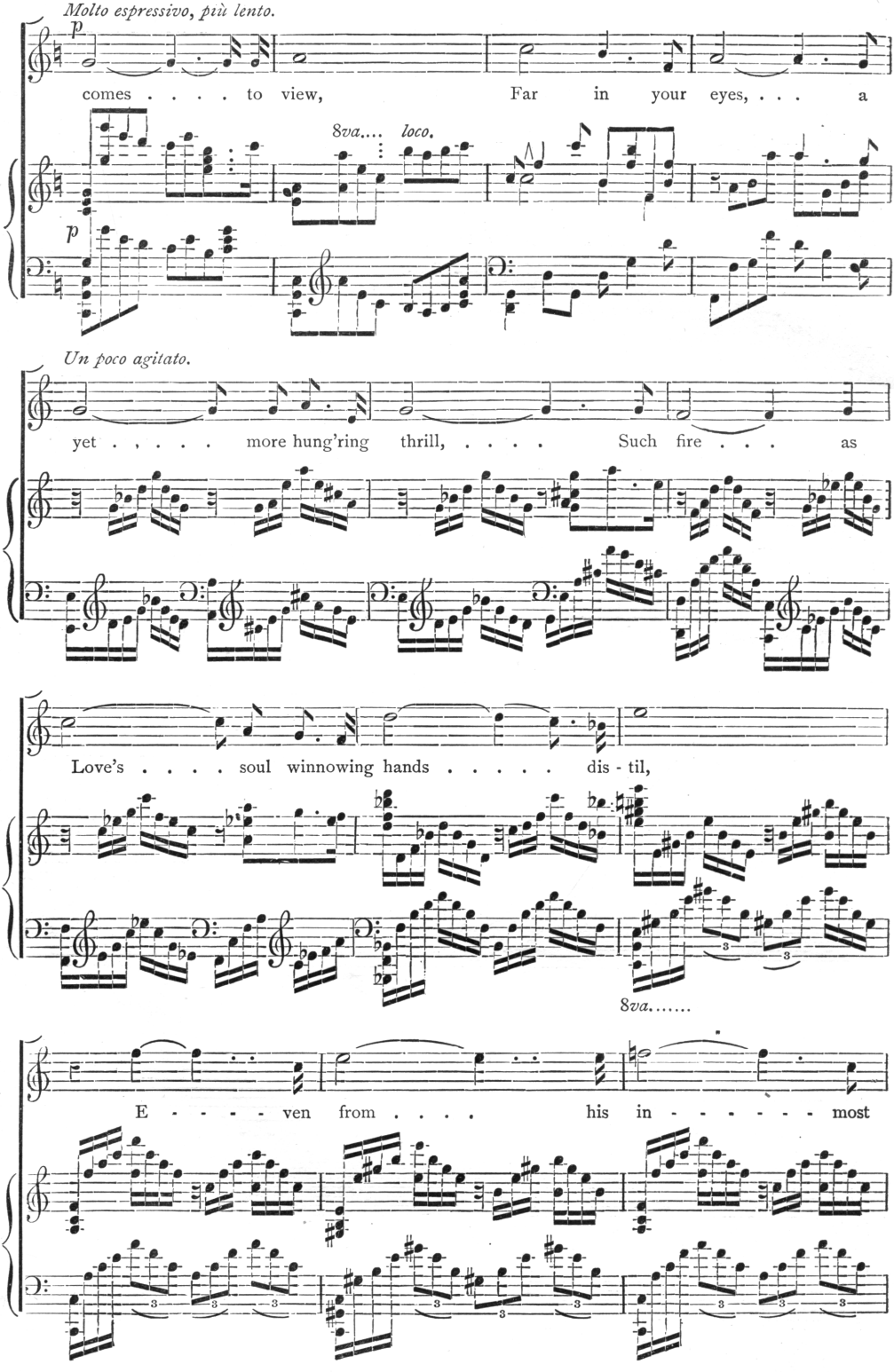
Espressivo.

p

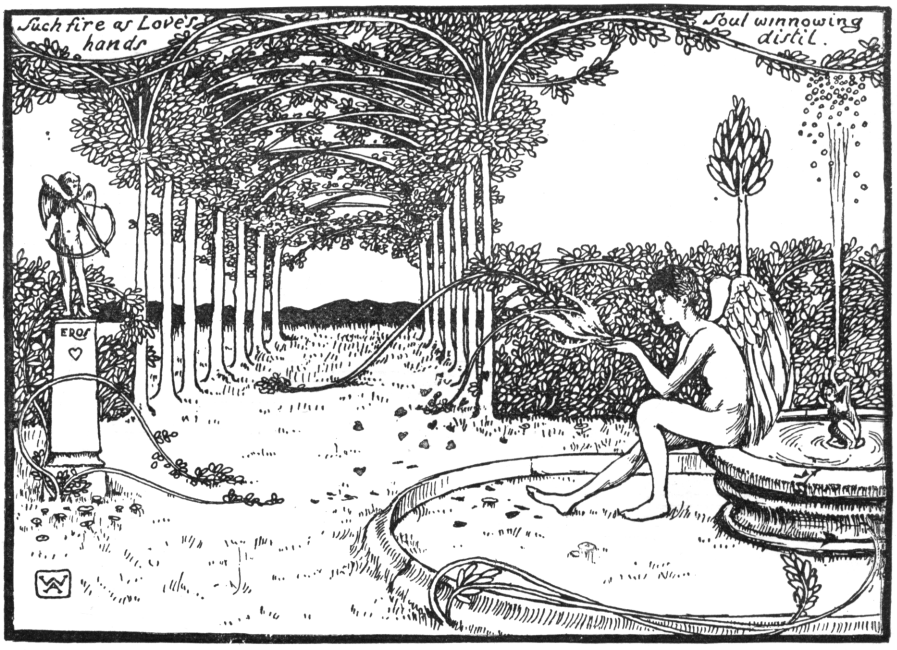
What o - - ther woman could be loved . . like you? . . . Or

This song will be published in different keys by ROBERT COCKS & Co.


how . . . of you should Love pos - sess . . . his fill,
Af - - ter the ful - - ness of all rap - - - - ture still? . . . .
As . . . . at the end . . . . of some deep a - - - - - ve - nue, . . . A
ten - - - - der gla - mour of day . . . . . there


Molto espressivo, più lento.
p
comes . . . . to view, Far in your eyes, . . . a
8va.... loco.
p
Un poco agitato.
yet . . . . . more hung'ring thrill, ... Such fire . . . as
Love's . . . . soul winnowing hands . . . . . dis - til,
8va.....
E - - - - ven from . . . . his in - - - - - - most

love . . . . . of light . . . . . .

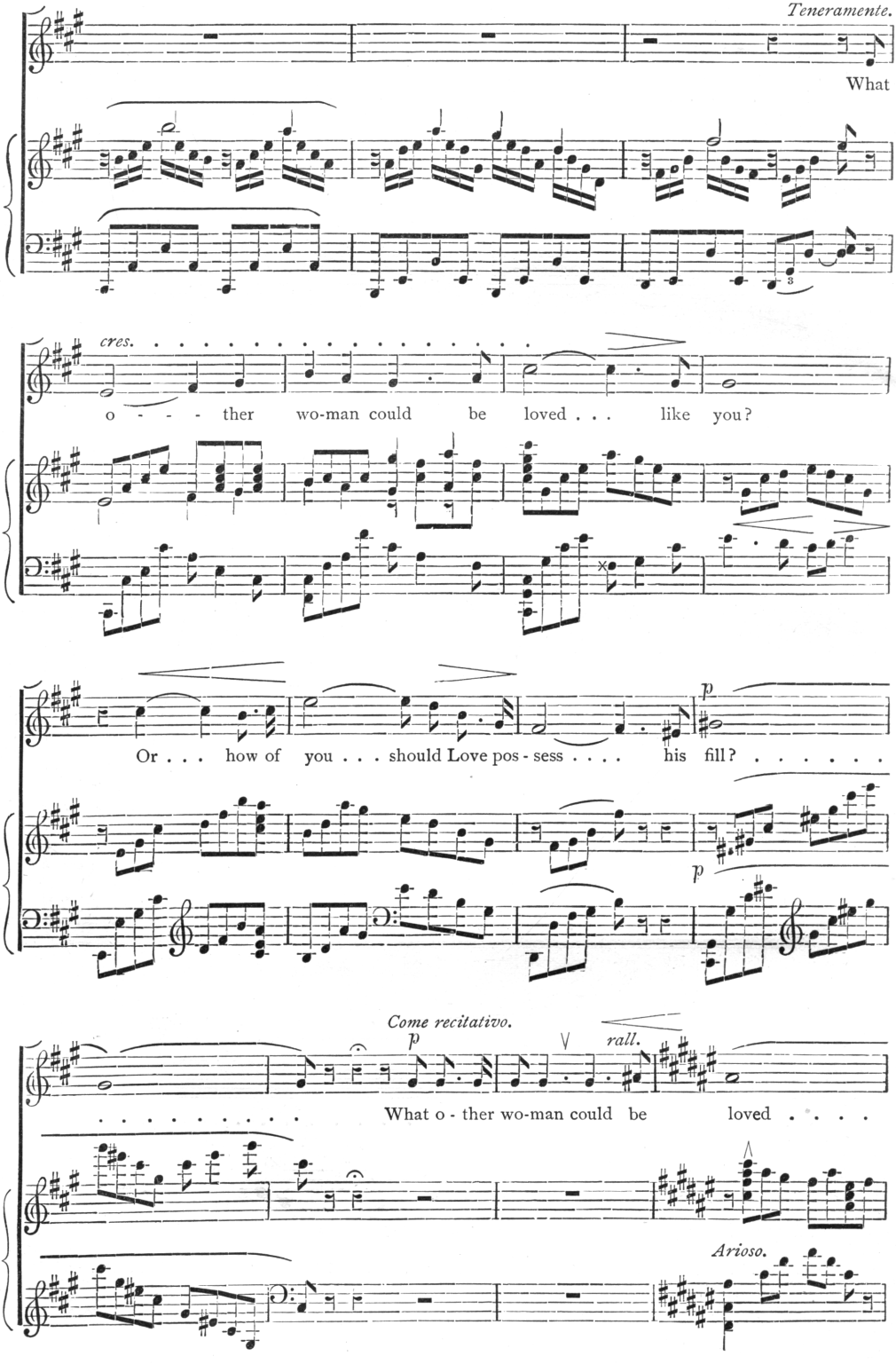


Tempo primo.

p

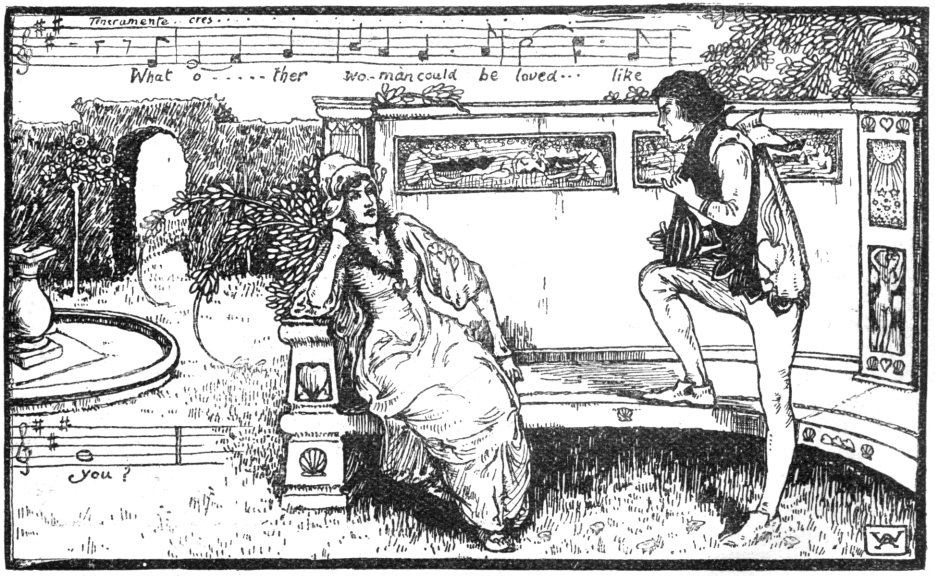
. . . . . and dew. . . . . .

Allargando.


Teneramente.
What
cres.
o - - - ther wo-man could be loved . . . like you?
p
Or . . . how of you . . . should Love pos - sess . . . . his fill? . . . . . .
p
Come recitativo.
p
rall.
. . . . . What o - ther wo-man could be loved . . . .
Arioso.

like you?

pp



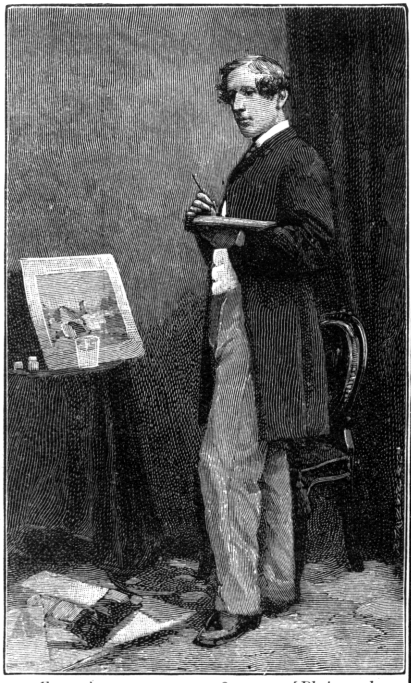
From a Photo. by] AGE 9. *[E. Lange, Heidelberg.*

From a] AGE 19. *[Photograph.*

MISS MAUD VALÉRIE WHITE.

MISS MAUD VALÉRIE WHITE was born at Dieppe during a visit of her parents to Europe from Valparaiso. Her progenitors, however, were English; her grandfather on the mother's side being a naval officer, who had the distinction of serving with Nelson on board the *Victory*, at Trafalgar, in which engagement he was wounded. When in her teens, Miss White took up her residence in England, and received her first instruction in music from Mr. W. S. Rockstro and from Mr. Oliver May. In 1876 she entered the Royal Academy of Music as a student, studying for composition under the late Sir G. A. Macfarren. In 1879 she gained the Mendelssohn Scholarship, the committee of which decided that she should continue her studies at the Academy. But it was Mr. Charles Santley who first revealed to the public her very remarkable talents, for, having one day been prevailed upon to look at a setting of her's in the Academy, he was so impressed with the beauty and originality of it, that he sang it in public, and made of it a splendid success. The name of this song was "Montrose's Love Song." Mr. Santley also brought the musical public in contact with two of her most effective and successful efforts, viz., "The Devout Lover" and "Absent Yet Present." Miss White is a highly accomplished linguist, and hers is a familiar face, as an accompanist, at important concerts. Her latest song, written especially for this Magazine, will be found in the preceding pages.

From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Alice Hughes, Gower St., W.C.*



From a] AGE 18. *[Photograph.*

DR. LENNOX BROWNE, F.R.C.S.

BORN 1841.

DR. LENNOX BROWNE, who has stepped into the shoes of Sir Morell Mackenzie as an authority on diseases of the throat, was at the age of twenty-five Sir Morell's chief clinical assistant. His artistic gifts, which are well known, and which, as may be judged from our first portrait, received an early training, have been of considerable use to him in his profession, as he executed the whole of the illustrations for Sir Morell Mackenzie's great work on "Growths of the Larynx," and also for his own celebrated book, "The Throat and its Diseases." He was mainly instrumental in founding the Central London Throat and Ear Hospital, of which he is the senior surgeon; he is consulting surgeon to several other hospitals. He enjoys an especially large practice among actors, singers, and clergymen, who are particularly liable to lose their voices in the exercise of their vocations.

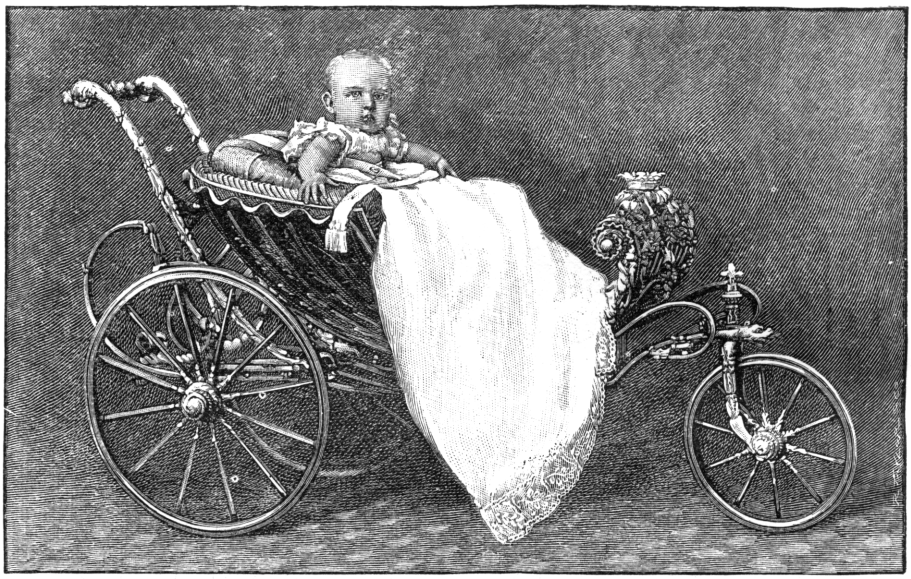
From a Photo. by] AGE 26. *[Moira & Haigh.*

AGE 41.

From a Painting by Seymour Lucas, A.R.A.

PRESENT DAY.

From a Photograph by Lambert Weston & Son.



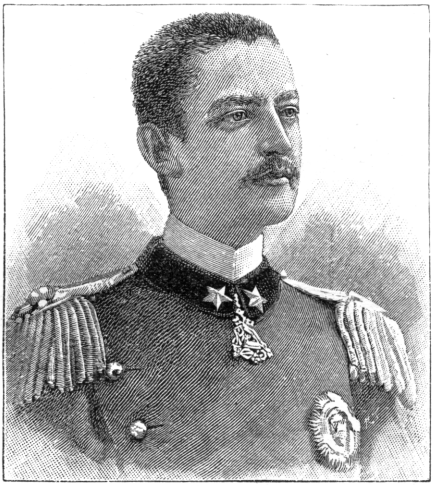
From a] AGE 12 MONTHS. [*Photograph.*

THE DUC D'AOSTA.

BORN 1869.

THE DUC D'AOSTA, who has recently been visiting this country, has, although but a young man, experienced many changes and vicissitudes of fortune. He is the nephew of the King of Italy, and stands next to his cousin, the Prince of Naples, in the order of succession to the throne. His father was the late Prince Amadeus, King Humbert's brother, and his mother the beautiful Princess Maria. His own name is Emmanuel, after his grandfather. At the age of two he was taken to Madrid, on the election of Prince Amadeus, his father, as King of Spain; but the Duc de Pouilles, which was then the baby's title, occupied the position of Heir Apparent to the Spanish throne only two years, until the abdication of his father in 1873. Prince Emmanuel is a captain of Artillery and an officer of the highest promise.

From a] AGE 4. [*Photograph.*



From a] AGE 23 [*Photograph.*

From a Photo. by AGE 18. [*Lehmann, Berlin.*

THE LATE MADAME TREBELLI-BETTINI.

BORN 1838.

MLLE. ZÈLIE THERESE CAROLINE GILLEBERT DE BEAULIEU was born at Paris, her family belonging to the oldest nobility of France. She was taught the piano at the age of six, and, on the discovery that she possessed a remarkable contralto voice, was trained for the lyric stage by Herr Wastel. She made her first appearance at Madrid in "Norma," at the age of twenty-one, and as it was at that time indispensable to have an Italian name in order to succeed in Italian opera, Mademoiselle Gillebert formed the name by which she was known to the public by leaving out the G of her own name and spelling the remainder backwards. From the first there was no doubt of her right to stand in the very foremost rank of great singers. In 1862 she first appeared in London, and soon afterwards married Signor Bettini. In private life she was loved and respected by all who knew her, and her recent unexpected death occasioned wide-spread regret.

AGE 36.
From a Photo. by Krziwanek, Vienna.

AGE 50.
From a Photo. by Debenham & Gould, Bournemouth.

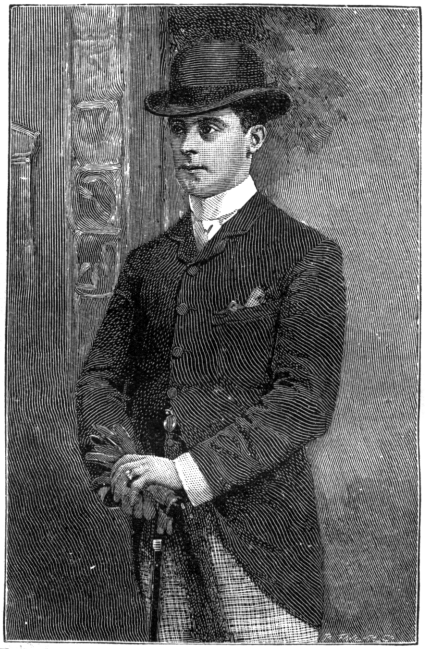
ARTHUR ROBERTS.

BORN 1850.

ARTHUR ROBERTS, "the funniest man in London," was born at Kentish Town, and started life, at about the age at which our first portrait represents him, in a solicitor's office, where one of his principal duties was to serve writs; but his salary not being equal to his ambition, he decided, with a lawyer's shrewdness, to eke it out by fulfilling any theatrical engagements—which were chiefly at smoking-concerts—he could obtain after dark. A

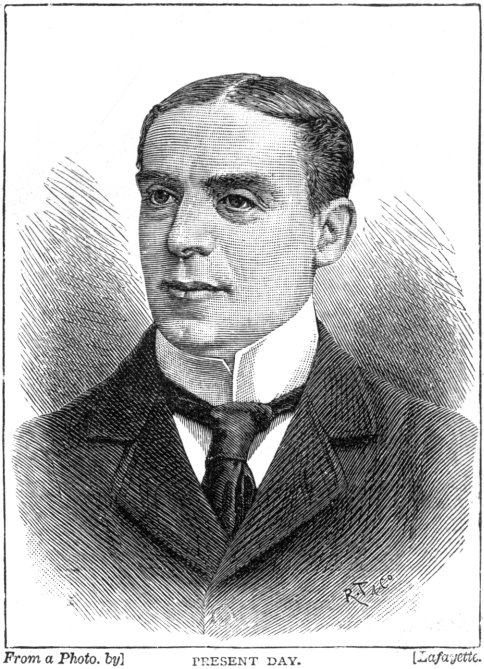
From a] AGE 15. *[Photograph.*

lawyer by day, and an entertainer by night, he continued to be for eight years, until, at the age of twenty-five, he finally adopted the stage as a profession. Since that time he has played with enormous success, at first in music-halls and afterwards in theatres, creating a succession of characters which caused his audiences to scream with laughter. His most notable triumphs have been, perhaps, in "Madame Favart," "The Old Guard," "Nadgy," "Lancelot The Lovely," and "Joan of Arc." Mr. Roberts, who is, if possible, a funnier man off the stage than he is on it, lives in a large corner house at Maida Vale with his wife, son, and daughter. He is devotedly fond of cricket, and when on tour always organizes an eleven among his company, which is too strong for most oppc-

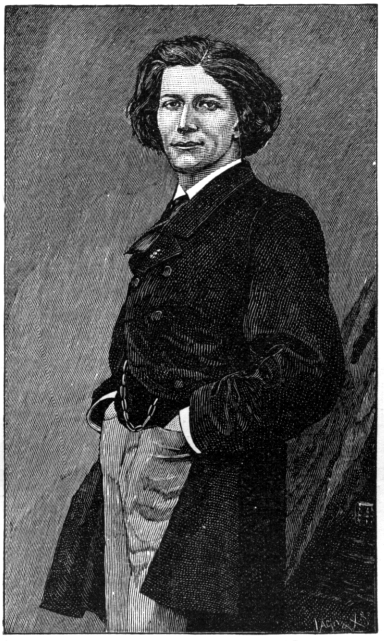


From a Photo. by] AGE 23. *[Fry, Brighton.*

nents. He is also extremely fond of yachting, and is a lover of horses, of which he generally keeps four or five. No biography of Mr. Roberts, however brief, can omit to mention that he is the inventor of the immortal game of "Spoof."



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Lafayette.*

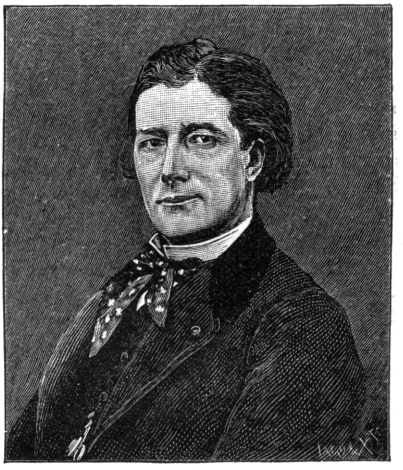


From a Photo. by] AGE 29. *[Petit, Paris.*

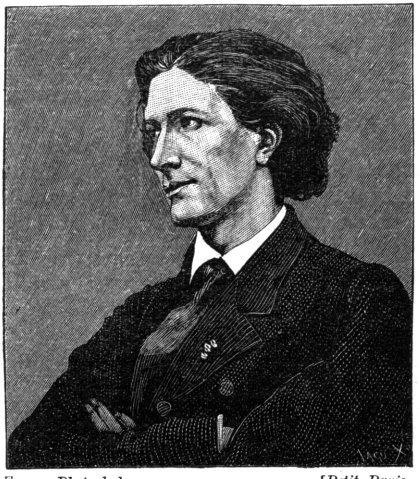
VICTORIEN SARDOU.

BORN 1831.

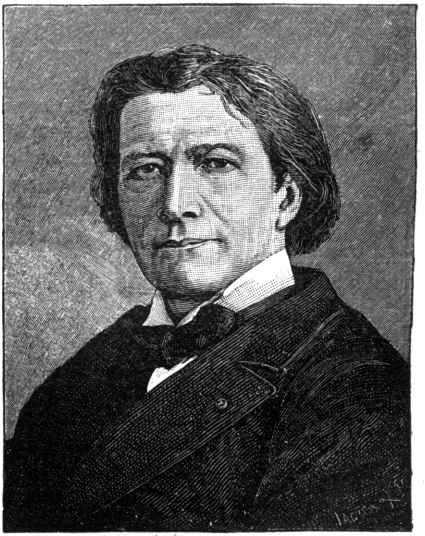
MONS. VICTORIEN SARDOU, the son of a professor in Paris, began life as a medical student, but was forced by want of means to give lessons in mathematics and to write a little for the reviews. His first play was produced at the age at which our first portrait represents him, but proved a complete failure, and three years later he was living, or rather dying, in a garret, miserably poor and struck down by typhoid fever. A neighbour, Mademoiselle de Brécourt, nursed him with tender care, and on his recovery he married her. Then, undeterred by his former failure, he turned again to writing plays, with such phenomenal success that before the age at which he is depicted in our second portrait he was master of a princely fortune and a world-wide reputation. He is best known in England by "Fédora" and "Théodora," which he wrote for Sarah Bernhardt. His reception into the French Academy took place in 1878.



From a Photo. by] AGE 50. *[Mulnier, Paris.*



From a Photo. by] AGE 37. *[Petit, Paris.*



From a] PRESENT DAY. *[Photograph.*

The Great Ruby Robbery: a Detective Story.

By Grant Allen.

I.

PERSIS REMANET was an American heiress. As she justly remarked, this was a commonplace profession for a young woman nowadays; for almost everybody of late years has been an American and an heiress. A poor Californian, indeed, would be a charming novelty in London society. But London society, so far, has had to go without one.

Persis Remanet was on her way back from the Wilcoxes' ball. She was stopping, of course, with Sir Everard and Lady Maclure at their house at Hampstead. I say "of course" advisedly; because if you or I go to see New York, we have to put up at our own expense (five dollars a day, without wine or extras) at the Windsor or the Fifth Avenue; but when the pretty American comes to London (and every American girl is *ex officio* pretty, in Europe at least; I suppose they keep their ugly ones at home for domestic consumption) she is invariably the guest either of a dowager duchess or of a Royal Academician, like Sir Everard, of the first distinction. Yankees visit Europe, in fact, to see, among other things, our art and our old nobility; and by dint of native persistence they get into places that you and I could never succeed in penetrating, unless we devoted all the energies of a long and blameless life to securing an invitation.

Persis hadn't been to the Wilcoxes with Lady Maclure, however. The Maclures were too really great to know such people as the Wilcoxes, who were something tremendous in the City, but didn't buy pictures; and Academicians, you know, don't care to cultivate City people—unless they're customers. ("Patrons," the Academicians more usually call them; but I prefer the simple business word myself, as being a deal less patronizing.) So Persis had accepted an invitation from Mrs. Duncan Harrison, the wife of the well-known member for the Hackness Division of Elmetshire, to take a seat in her carriage to and from the Wilcoxes. Mrs. Harrison knew the habits and manners of American heiresses too well to offer to chaperon Persis; and indeed, Persis, as a free-born American citizen, was quite as well able to take care of herself, the wide world over, as any three ordinary married Englishwomen.

Now, Mrs. Harrison had a brother, an Irish baronet, Sir Justin O'Byrne, late of the Eighth Hussars, who had been with them to the Wilcoxes, and who accompanied them home to Hampstead on the back seat of the carriage. Sir Justin was one of those charming, ineffective, elusive Irishmen whom everybody likes and everybody disapproves of. He had been everywhere, and done everything—except to earn an honest livelihood. The total absence of rents during the sixties and seventies had never prevented his father, old Sir Terence O'Byrne, who sat so long for Connemara in the unreformed Parliament, from sending his son Justin in state to Eton, and afterwards to a fashionable college at Oxford. "He gave me the education of a gentleman," Sir Justin was wont regretfully to observe; "but he omitted to give me also the income to keep it up with."

Nevertheless, society felt O'Byrne was the sort of man who must be kept afloat somehow; and it kept him afloat accordingly in those mysterious ways that only society understands, and that you and I, who are not society, could never get to the bottom of if we tried for a century. Sir Justin himself had essayed Parliament, too, where he sat for a while behind the great Parnell without for a moment forfeiting society's regard even in those earlier days when it was held as a prime article of faith by the world that no gentleman could possibly call himself a Home-Ruler. 'Twas only one of O'Byrne's wild Irish tricks, society said, complacently, with that singular indulgence it always extends to its special favourites, and which is, in fact, the correlative of that unsparing cruelty it shows in turn to those who happen to offend against its unwritten precepts. If Sir Justin had blown up a Czar or two in a fit of political exuberance, society would only have regarded the escapade as "one of O'Byrne's eccentricities." He had also held a commission for a while in a cavalry regiment, which he left, it was understood, owing

to a difference of opinion about a lady with the colonel; and he was now a gentleman-at-large on London society, supposed by those who know more about everyone than one knows about oneself, to be on the look-out for a nice girl with a little money.

Sir Justin had paid Persis a great deal of attention that particular evening; in point of fact, he had paid her a great deal of attention from the very first, whenever he met her; and on the way home from the dance he had kept his eyes fixed on Persis's face to an extent that was almost embarrassing. The pretty Californian leaned back in her place in the carriage and surveyed him languidly. She was looking her level best that night, in her pale pink dress, with the famous Remanet rubies in a cascade of red light setting off that snowy neck of hers. 'Twas a neck for a painter. Sir Justin let his eyes fall regretfully more than once on the glittering rubies. He liked and admired Persis, oh! quite immensely. Your society man who has been through seven or eight London seasons could hardly be expected to go quite so far as falling in love with any woman; his habit is rather to look about him critically among all the nice girls trotted out by their mammas for his lordly inspection, and to reflect with a faint smile that this, that, or the other one might perhaps really suit him—if it were not for—and there comes in the inevitable *But* of all human commendation. Still, Sir Justin admitted with a sigh to himself that he liked Persis ever so much; she was so fresh and original! and she talked so cleverly! As for Persis, she would have given her eyes (like every other American girl) to be made "my lady"; and she had seen no man yet, with that auxiliary title in his gift, whom she liked half so well as this delightful wild Irishman.

"SIR JUSTIN HAD PAID PERSIS A GREAT DEAL OF ATTENTION."

At the Maclures' door the carriage stopped. Sir Justin jumped out and gave his hand to Persis. You know the house well, of course; Sir Everard Maclure's; it's one of those large new artistic mansions, in red brick and old oak, on the top of the hill; and it stands a little way back from the road, discreetly retired, with a big wooden porch, very convenient for leave-taking. Sir Justin ran up the steps with Persis to ring the bell for her; he had too much of the irrepressible Irish blood in his veins to leave that pleasant task to his sister's footman. But he didn't ring it at once; at the risk of keeping Mrs. Harrison waiting outside for nothing, he stopped and talked a minute or so with the pretty American. "You looked charming to-night, Miss Remanet," he said, as she threw back her light opera wrap for a moment in the porch and displayed a single flash of that snowy neck with the famous rubies; "those stones become you so."

Persis looked at him and smiled. "You think so?" she said, a little tremulous, for even your American heiress, after all, is a woman. "Well, I'm glad you do. But it's good-bye to-night, Sir Justin, for I go next week to Paris."

Even in the gloom of the porch, just lighted by an artistic red and blue lantern in wrought iron, she could see a shade of disappointment pass quickly over his handsome face as he answered, with a little gulp, "No! you don't mean that? Oh, Miss Remanet, I'm so sorry!" Then he paused and drew back: "And yet . . . . after all," he

continued, "perhaps——," and there he checked himself.

Persis looked up at him hastily. "Yet, after all, what?" she asked, with evident interest.

The young man drew an almost inaudible sigh. "Yet, after all—nothing," he answered, evasively.

"That might do for an Englishwoman," Persis put in, with American frankness, "but it won't do for me. You must tell me what you mean by it." For she reflected sagely that the happiness of two lives might depend upon those two minutes; and how foolish to throw away the chance of a man you really like (with a my-ladyship to boot), all for the sake of a pure convention!

Sir Justin leaned against the woodwork of that retiring porch. She was a beautiful girl. He had hot Irish blood. . . . Well, yes; just for once—he would say the plain truth to her.

"Miss Remanet," he began, leaning forward, and bringing his face close to hers, "Miss Remanet—Persis—shall I tell you the reason why? Because I like you so much. I almost think I love you!"

Persis felt the blood quiver in her tingling cheeks. How handsome he was—and a baronet!

"And yet you're not altogether sorry," she said, reproachfully, "that I'm going to Paris!"

"No, not altogether sorry," he answered, sticking to it; "and I'll tell you why, too, Miss Remanet. I like you very much, and I think you like me. For a week or two, I've been saying to myself, 'I really believe I *must* ask her to marry me.' The temptation's been so strong I could hardly resist it."

"And why do you want to resist it?" Persis asked, all tremulous.

"SIR JUSTIN HESITATED A SECOND."

Sir Justin hesitated a second; then with a perfectly natural and instinctive movement (though only a gentleman would have ventured to make it) he lifted his hand and just touched with the tips of his fingers the ruby pendants on her necklet. "*This* is why," he answered simply, and with manly frankness. "Persis, you're so rich! I never dare ask you."

"Perhaps you don't know what my answer would be," Persis murmured very low, just to preserve her own dignity.

"Oh, yes; I think I do," the young man replied, gazing deeply into her dark eyes. "It isn't that; if it were only that, I wouldn't so much mind it. But I think you'd take me." There was moisture in her eye. He went on more boldly: "I know you'd take me, Persis, and that's why I don't ask you. You're a great deal too rich, and *these* make it impossible."

"Sir Justin," Persis answered, removing his hand gently, but with the moisture growing thicker, for she really liked him, "it's most unkind of you to say so; either you oughtn't to have told me at all, or else—if you did ——" She stopped short. Womanly shame overcame her.

The man leaned forward and spoke earnestly. "Oh, don't say that!" he cried, from his heart. "I couldn't bear to offend you. But I couldn't bear, either, to let you go away—well—without having ever told you. In that case you might have thought I didn't care at all for you, and was only flirting with you. But, Persis, I've cared a great deal for you—a great, great deal—and had hard work many times to prevent myself from asking you. And I'll tell you the plain reason why I haven't asked you. I'm a man about town, not much good, I'm afraid, for anybody or

anything; and everybody says I'm on the look-out for an heiress—which happens not to be true; and if I married you, everybody'd say, 'Ah, there! I told you so!' Now, I wouldn't mind that for myself; I'm a man, and I could snap my fingers at them; but I'd mind it for *you*, Persis, for I'm enough in love with you to be very, very jealous, indeed, for your honour. I couldn't bear to think people should say, 'There's that pretty American girl, Persis Remanet that was, you know; she's thrown herself away upon that good-for-nothing Irishman, Justin O'Byrne, a regular fortune-hunter, who's married her for her money.' So for your sake, Persis, I'd rather not ask you; I'd rather leave you for some better man to marry."

"But *I* wouldn't," Persis cried aloud. "Oh, Sir Justin, you must believe me. You must remember——"

At that precise point, Mrs. Harrison put her head out of the carriage window and called out rather loudly:—

"Why, Justin, what's keeping you? The horses'll catch their deaths of cold; and they were clipped this morning. Come back at once, my dear boy. Besides, you know, *les convenances!*"

"All right, Nora," her brother answered; "I won't be a minute. We can't get them to answer this precious bell. I believe it don't ring! But I'll try again, anyhow." And half forgetting that his own words weren't strictly true, for he hadn't yet tried, he pressed the knob with a vengeance.

"Is that your room with the light burning, Miss Remanet?" he went on, in a fairly loud official voice, as the servant came to answer. "The one with the balcony, I mean? Quite Venetian, isn't it? Reminds one of Romeo and Juliet. But most convenient for a burglary, too! Such nice low rails! Mind you take good care of the Remanet rubies!"

"I don't want to take care of them," Persis answered, wiping her dim eyes hastily with her lace pocket-handkerchief, "if they make you feel as you say, Sir Justin. I don't mind if they go. Let the burglar take them!"

And even as she spoke, the Maclure footman, immutable, sphinx-like, opened the door for her.

II.

PERSIS sat long in her own room that night before she began undressing. Her head was full of Sir Justin and these mysterious hints of his. At last, however, she took her rubies off, and her pretty silk bodice. "I don't care for them at all," she thought, with a gulp, "if they keep from me the love of the man I'd like to marry."

It was late before she fell asleep; and when she did, her rest was troubled. She dreamt a great deal; in her dreams, Sir Justin, and dance music, and the rubies, and burglars were incongruously mingled. To make up for it, she slept late next morning; and Lady Maclure let her sleep on, thinking she was probably wearied out with much dancing the previous evening—as though any amount of excitement could ever weary a pretty American! About ten o'clock she woke with a start. A vague feeling oppressed her that somebody had come in during the night and stolen her rubies. She rose hastily and went to her dressing-table to look for them. The case was there all right; she opened it and looked at it. Oh, prophetic soul! the rubies were gone, and the box was empty!

Now, Persis had honestly said the night before the burglar might take her rubies if he chose, and she wouldn't mind the loss of them. But that was last night, and the rubies hadn't then as yet been taken. This morning, somehow, things seemed quite different. It would be rough on us all (especially on politicians) if we must always be bound by what we said yesterday. Persis was an American, and no American is insensible to the charms of precious stones; 'tis a savage taste which the European immigrants seem to have inherited obliquely from their Red Indian predecessors. She rushed over to the bell and rang it with feminine violence. Lady Maclure's maid answered the summons, as usual. She was a clever, demure-looking girl, this maid of Lady Maclure's; and when Persis cried to her wildly, "Send for the police at once, and tell Sir Everard my jewels are stolen!" she answered "Yes, miss," with such sober acquiescence that Persis, who was American, and therefore a bundle of nerves, turned round and stared at her as an incomprehensible mystery. No Mahatma could have been more unmoved. She seemed quite to expect those rubies would be stolen, and to take no more notice of the incident than if Persis had told her she wanted hot water.

Lady Maclure, indeed, greatly prided herself on this cultivated imperturbability of Bertha's; she regarded it as the fine flower of English domestic service. But Persis was American, and saw things otherwise; to her, the calm repose with which Bertha answered, "Yes, miss; certainly, miss; I'll go and tell Sir Everard," seemed nothing short of exasperating.

Bertha went off with the news, closing the door quite softly; and a few minutes later Lady Maclure herself appeared in the Californian's room, to console her visitor under this severe domestic affliction. She found Persis sitting up in bed, in her pretty French dressing jacket (pale blue with *revers* of fawn colour), reading a book of verses. "Why, my dear!" Lady Maclure exclaimed, "then you've found them again, I suppose? Bertha told us you'd lost your lovely rubies!"

"So I have, dear Lady Maclure," Persis answered, wiping her eyes; "they're gone. They've been stolen. I forgot to lock my door when I came home last night, and the window was open; somebody must have come in, this way or that, and taken them. But whenever I'm in trouble, I try a dose of Browning. He's splendid for the nerves. He's so consoling, you know; he brings one to anchor."

"LADY MACLURE WAS STARTLED."

She breakfasted in bed; she wouldn't leave the room, she declared, till the police arrived. After breakfast she rose and put on her dainty Parisian morning wrap—Americans have always such pretty bedroom things for these informal receptions—and sat up in state to await the police officer. Sir Everard himself, much disturbed that such a mishap should have happened in his house, went round in person to fetch the official. While he was gone, Lady Maclure made a thorough search of the room, but couldn't find a trace of the missing rubies.

"Are you sure you put them in the case, dear?" she asked, for the honour of the household.

And Persis answered: "Quite confident, Lady Maclure; I always put them there the moment I take them off; and when I came to look for them this morning, the case was empty."

"They were *very* valuable, I believe?" Lady Maclure said, inquiringly.

"Six thousand pounds was the figure in your money, I guess," Persis answered, ruefully. "I don't know if you call that a lot of money in England, but we do in America."

There was a moment's pause, and then Persis spoke again:—

"Lady Maclure," she said, abruptly, "do you consider that maid of yours a Christian woman?"

Lady Maclure was startled. That was hardly the light in which she was accustomed to regard the lower classes.

"Well, I don't know about that," she said, slowly; "that's a great deal, you know, dear, to assert about *anybody*, especially one's maid. But I should think she was honest, quite decidedly honest."

"Well, that's the same thing, about, isn't it?" Persis answered, much relieved. "I'm glad you think that's so; for I was almost half afraid of her. She's too quiet for my taste, somehow; so silent, you know, and inscrutable."

"Oh, my dear," her hostess cried, "don't blame her for silence; that's just what I like about her. It's exactly what I chose her for. Such a nice, noiseless girl; moves about the room like a cat on tiptoe; knows her proper place, and never dreams of speaking unless she's spoken to."

"Well, you may like them that way in Europe," Persis responded, frankly; "but in America, we prefer them a little bit human."

Twenty minutes later the police officer arrived. He wasn't in uniform. The inspector,

feeling at once the gravity of the case, and recognising that this was a Big Thing, in which there was glory to be won, and perhaps promotion, sent a detective at once, and advised that if possible nothing should be said to the household on the subject for the present, till the detective had taken a good look round the premises. That was useless, Sir Everard feared, for the lady's-maid knew; and the lady's-maid would be sure to go down, all agog with the news, to the servants' hall immediately. However, they might try; no harm in trying; and the sooner the detective got round to the house, of course, the better.

The detective accompanied him back—a keen-faced, close-shaven, irreproachable-looking man, like a vulgarized copy of Mr. John Morley. He was curt and business-like. His first question was, "Have the servants been told of this?"

Lady Maclure looked inquiringly across at Bertha. She herself had been sitting all the time with the bereaved Persis, to console her (with Browning) under this heavy affliction.

"No, my lady," Bertha answered, ever calm (invaluable servant, Bertha!), "I didn't mention it to anybody downstairs on purpose, thinking perhaps it might be decided to search the servants' boxes."

The detective pricked up his ears. He was engaged already in glancing casually round the room. He moved about it now, like a conjurer, with quiet steps and slow. "He doesn't get on one's nerves," Persis remarked, approvingly, in an undertone to her friend; then she added, aloud: "What's your name, please, Mr. Officer?"

The detective was lifting a lace handkerchief on the dressing-table at the side. He turned round softly. "Gregory, madam," he answered, hardly glancing at the girl, and going on with his occupation.

"The same as the powders!" Persis interposed, with a shudder. "I used to take them when I was a child. I never could bear them."

"We're useful, as remedies," the detective replied, with a quiet smile; "but nobody likes us." And he relapsed contentedly into his work once more, searching round the apartment.

"The first thing we have to do," he said, with a calm air of superiority, standing now by the window, with one hand in his pocket, "is to satisfy ourselves whether or not there has really, at all, been a robbery. We must look through the room well, and see you haven't left the rubies lying about loose somewhere. Such things often happen. We're constantly called in to investigate a case, when it's only a matter of a lady's carelessness."

At that Persis flared up. A daughter of the great republic isn't accustomed to be doubted like a mere European woman. "I'm quite sure I took them off," she said, "and put them back in the jewel case. Of that I'm just confident. There isn't a doubt possible."

Mr. Gregory redoubled his search in all likely and unlikely places. "I should say that settles the matter," he answered, blandly. "Our experience is that whenever a lady's perfectly certain, beyond the possibility of doubt, she put a thing away safely, it's absolutely sure to turn up where she says she didn't put it."

Persis answered him never a word. Her manners had not that repose that stamps the caste of Vere de Vere; so, to prevent an outbreak, she took refuge in Browning.

Mr. Gregory, nothing abashed, searched the room thoroughly, up and down, without the faintest regard to Persis's feelings; he was a detective, he said, and his business was first of all to unmask crime, irrespective of circumstances. Lady Maclure stood by, meanwhile, with the imperturbable Bertha. Mr. Gregory investigated every hole and cranny, like a man who wishes to let the world see for itself he performs a disagreeable duty with unflinching thoroughness. When he had finished, he turned to Lady Maclure. "And now, if you please," he said, blandly, "we'll proceed to investigate the servants' boxes."

Lady Maclure looked at her maid. "Bertha," she said, "go downstairs, and see that none of the other servants come up, meanwhile, to their bedrooms." Lady Maclure was not quite to the manner born, and had never acquired the hateful aristocratic habit of calling women servants by their surnames only.

But the detective interposed. "No, no," he said, sharply. "This young woman had better stop here with Miss Remanet—strictly under her eye—till I've searched the boxes. For if I find nothing there, it may perhaps be my disagreeable duty, by-and-by, to call in a female detective to search her."

It was Lady Maclure's turn to flare up now. "Why, this is my own maid," she said, in a chilly tone, "and I've every confidence in her."

"Very sorry for that, my lady," Mr. Gregory responded, in a most official voice; "but our experience teaches us that if there's a person in the case whom nobody ever

"THE DETECTIVE WAS LIFTING A LACE HANDKERCHIEF.

dreams of suspecting, that person's the one who has committed the robbery."

"Why, you'll be suspecting myself next!" Lady Maclure cried, with some disgust.

"Your ladyship's just the last person in the world I should think of suspecting," the detective answered, with a deferential bow—which, after his previous speech, was to say the least of it equivocal.

Persis began to get annoyed. She didn't half like the look of that girl Bertha, herself; but still, she was there as Lady Maclure's guest, and she couldn't expose her hostess to discomfort on her account.

"The girl shall *not* be searched," she put in, growing hot. "I don't care a cent whether I lose the wretched stones or not. Compared to human dignity, what are they worth? Not five minutes' consideration."

"They're worth just seven years," Mr. Gregory answered, with professional definiteness. "And as to searching, why, that's out of your hands now. This is a criminal case. I'm here to discharge a public duty."

"I don't in the least mind being searched," Bertha put in obligingly, with an air of indifference. "You can search me if you like—when you've got a warrant for it."

The detective looked up sharply; so also did Persis. This ready acquaintance with the liberty of the subject in criminal cases impressed her unfavourably. "Ah! we'll see about that," Mr. Gregory answered, with a cool smile. "Meanwhile, Lady Maclure, I'll have a look at the boxes."

III.

THE search (strictly illegal) brought out nothing. Mr. Gregory returned to Persis's bedroom, disconsolate. "You can leave the room," he said to Bertha; and Bertha glided out. "I've set another man outside to keep a constant eye on her," he added in explanation.

By this time Persis had almost made her mind up as to who was the culprit; but she said nothing overt, for Lady Maclure's sake, to the detective. As for that immovable official, he began asking questions—some of them, Persis thought, almost bordering on the personal. Where had she been last night? Was she sure she had really worn the rubies? How did she come home? Was she certain she took them off? Did the maid help her undress? Who came back with her in the carriage?

To all these questions, rapidly fired off with cross-examining acuteness, Persis answered in the direct American fashion. She was sure she had the rubies on when she came home to Hampstead, because Sir Justin O'Byrne, who came back with her in his sister's carriage, had noticed them the last thing, and had told her to take care of them.

At mention of that name the detective smiled meaningly. (A meaning smile is stock-in-trade to a detective.) "Oh, Sir Justin O'Byrne!" he repeated, with quiet self-constraint. "*He* came back with you in the carriage, then? And did he sit the same side with you?"

Lady Maclure grew indignant (that was Mr. Gregory's cue). "Really, sir," she said, angrily, "if you're going to suspect gentlemen in Sir Justin's position, we shall none of us be safe from you."

"The law," Mr. Gregory replied, with an

air of profound deference, "is no respecter of persons."

"But it ought to be of characters," Lady Maclure cried, warmly. "What's the good of having a blameless character, I should like to know, if—if——"

"If it doesn't allow you to commit a robbery with impunity?" the detective interposed, finishing her sentence his own way. "Well, well, that's true. That's per-fectly true—but Sir Justin's character, you see, can hardly be called blameless."

"He's a gentleman," Persis cried, with flashing eyes, turning round upon the officer; "and he's quite incapable of such a mean and despicable crime as you dare to suspect him of."

"Oh, I see," the officer answered, like one to whom a welcome ray of light breaks suddenly through a great darkness. "Sir Justin's a friend of yours! Did he come into the porch with you?"

"He did," Persis answered, flushing crimson; "and if you have the insolence to bring a charge against him——"

"Calm yourself, madam," the detective replied, coolly. "I do nothing of the sort—at this stage of the proceedings. It's possible there may have been no robbery in the case at all. We must keep our minds open for the present to every possible alternative. It's—it's a delicate matter to hint at; but before we go any further—do you think, perhaps, Sir Justin may have carried the rubies away by mistake, entangled in his clothes?—say, for example, his coat-sleeve?"

It was a loophole of escape; but Persis didn't jump at it.

"He had never the opportunity," she answered, with a flash. "And I know quite well they were there on my neck when he left me, for the last thing he said to me was, looking up at this very window: 'That balcony's awfully convenient for a burglary. Mind you take good care of the Remanet rubies.' And I remembered what he'd said when I took them off last night; and that's what makes me so sure I really had them."

"*And* you slept with the window open!" the detective went on, still smiling to himself. "Well, here we have all the materials, to be sure, for a first-class mystery!"

IV.

For some days more, nothing further turned up of importance about the Great Ruby Robbery. It got into the papers, of course, as everything does nowadays, and all London was talking of it. Persis found herself quite famous as the American lady who had lost her jewels. People pointed her out in the park; people stared at her hard through their opera-glasses at the theatre. Indeed, the possession of the celebrated Remanet rubies had never made her half so conspicuous in the world as the loss of them made her. It was almost worth while losing them, Persis thought, to be so much made of as she was in society in consequence. All the world knows a young lady must be somebody when she can offer a reward of five hundred pounds for the recovery of gewgaws valued at six thousand.

Sir Justin met her in the Row one day. "Then you don't go to Paris for awhile yet—until you get them back?" he inquired very low.

And Persis answered, blushing, "No, Sir Justin; not yet; and—I'm almost glad of it."

"No, you don't mean that!" the young man cried, with perfect boyish ardour. "Well, I confess, Miss Remanet, the first thing I thought myself when I read it in *The Times* was just the very same: 'Then, after all, she won't go yet to Paris!'"

Persis looked up at him from her pony with American frankness. "And I," she, said, quivering, "I found anchor in Browning. For what do you think I read?

> 'And learn to rate a true man's heart
> Far above rubies.'

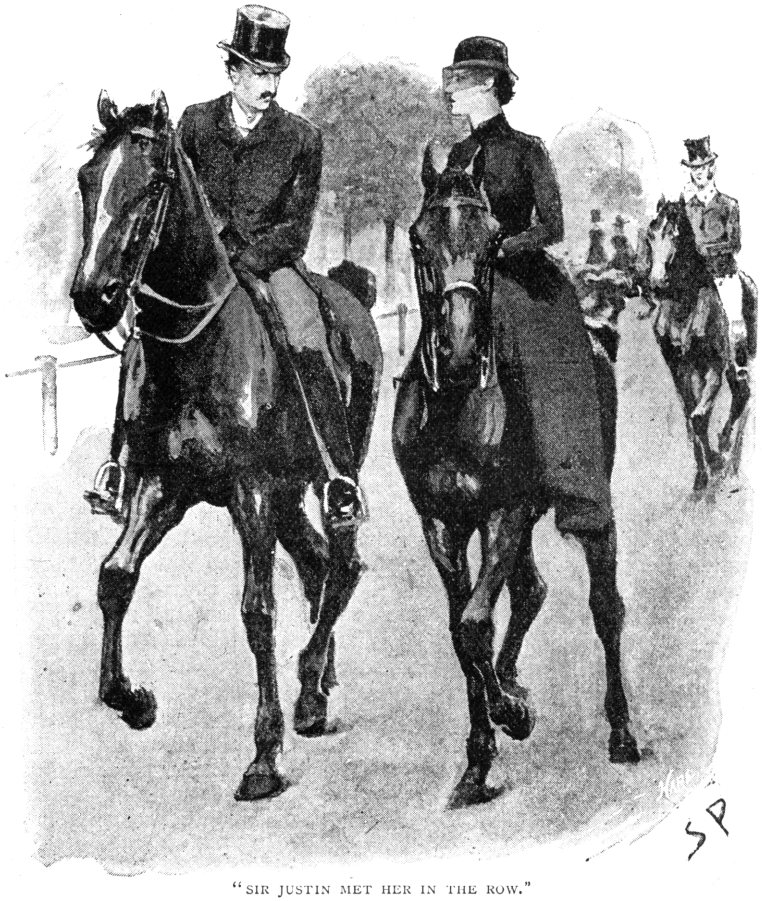
The book opened at the very place; and *there* I found anchor!"

But when Sir Justin went round to his rooms that same evening his servant said to him, "A gentleman was inquiring for you here this afternoon, sir. A close-shaven gentleman. Not very prepossessin'. And it seemed to me somehow, sir, as if he was trying to pump me."

Sir Justin's face was grave. He went to his bedroom at once. He knew what that man wanted; and he turned straight to his wardrobe, looking hard at the dress coat he had worn on the eventful evening. Things may cling to a sleeve, don't you know—or be entangled in a cuff—or get casually into a pocket! Or someone may put them there.

V.

For the next ten days or so Mr. Gregory was busy, constantly busy. Without doubt, he was the most active and energetic of detectives. He carried out so fully his own official principle of suspecting everybody, from China to Peru, that at last poor Persis got fairly mazed with his web of possibilities. Nobody was safe from his cultivated and highly-trained suspicion—not Sir Everard in his studio, nor



"SIR JUSTIN MET HER IN THE ROW."

Lady Maclure in her boudoir, nor the butler in his pantry, nor Sir Justin O'Byrne in his rooms in St. James's. Mr. Gregory kept an open mind against everybody and everything. He even doubted the parrot, and had views as to the intervention of rats and terriers. Persis got rather tired at last of his perverse ingenuity; especially as she had a very shrewd idea herself who had stolen the rubies. When he suggested various doubts, however, which seemed remotely to implicate Sir Justin's honesty, the sensitive American girl "felt it go on her nerves," and refused to listen to him, though Mr. Gregory never ceased to enforce upon her, by precept and example, his own pet doctrine that the last person on earth one would be likely to suspect is always the one who turns out to have done it.

A morning or two later, Persis looked out of her window as she was dressing her hair. She dressed it herself now, though she was an American heiress, and, therefore, of course, the laziest of her kind; for she had taken an unaccountable dislike, somehow, to that quiet girl Bertha. On this particular morning, however, when Persis looked out, she saw Bertha engaged in close, and apparently very intimate, conversation with the Hampstead postman. This sight disturbed the unstable equilibrium of her equanimity not a little. Why should Bertha go to the door to the postman at all? Surely it was no part of the duty of Lady Maclure's maid to take in the letters! And why should she want to go prying into the question of who wrote to Miss Remanet? For Persis, intensely conscious herself that a note from Sir Justin lay on top of the postman's bundle—she recognised it at once, even at that distance below, by the peculiar shape of the broad rough envelope—jumped to the natural feminine conclusion that Bertha must needs be influenced by some abstruse motive of which she herself, Persis, was, to say the very least, a component element. 'Tis a human fallacy. We're all of us prone to see everything from a personal standpoint; indeed, the one quality which makes a man or woman into a possible novelist, good, bad, or indifferent, is just that special power of throwing himself or herself into a great many people's personalities alternately. And this is a power possessed on an average by not one in a thousand men or not one in ten thousand women.

Persis rang the bell violently. Bertha came up, all smiles: "Did you want anything, miss?" Persis could have choked her. "Yes," she answered, plainly, taking the bull by the horns; "I want to know what you

were doing down there, prying into other people's letters with the postman?"

Bertha looked up at her, ever bland; she answered at once, without a second's hesitation: "The postman's my young man, miss; and we hope before very long now to get married."

"Odious thing!" Persis thought. "A glib lie always ready on the tip of her tongue for every emergency."

But Bertha's full heart was beating violently. Beating with love and hope and deferred anxiety.

A little later in the day Persis mentioned the incident casually to Lady Maclure—mainly in order to satisfy herself that the girl had been lying. Lady Maclure, however, gave a qualified assent:—

"I *believe* she's engaged to the postman," she said. "I *think* I've heard so; though I make it a rule, you see, my dear, to know as little as I can of these people's love affairs. They're so very uninteresting. But Bertha certainly told me she wouldn't leave me to get married for an indefinite period. That was only ten days ago. She said her young man wasn't just yet in a position to make a home for her."

"Perhaps," Persis suggested, grimly, "something has occurred meanwhile to better her position. Such strange things crop up. She may have come into a fortune!"

"Perhaps so," Lady Maclure replied, languidly. The subject bored her. "Though, if so, it must really have been very sudden; for I think it was the morning before you lost your jewels she told me so."

Persis thought that odd, but she made no comment.

Before dinner that evening she burst suddenly into Lady Maclure's room for a minute. Bertha was dressing her lady's hair. Friends were coming to dine—among them Sir Justin. "How do these pearls go with my complexion, Lady Maclure?" Persis asked rather anxiously; for she specially wished to look her best that evening, for one of the party.

"Oh, charming!" her hostess answered, with her society smile. "Never saw anything suit you better, Persis."

"Except my poor rubies!" Persis cried rather ruefully, for coloured gewgaws are dear to the savage and the woman. "I wish I could get them back! I wonder that man Gregory hasn't succeeded in finding them."

"Oh! my dear," Lady Maclure drawled out, "you may be sure by this time they're safe at Amsterdam. That's the only place in Europe now to look for them."

"Why to Amsterdam, my lady?" Bertha interposed suddenly, with a quick side-glance at Persis.

Lady Maclure threw her head back in surprise at so unwonted an intrusion. "What do you want to know that for, child?" she asked, somewhat curtly. "Why, to be cut, of course. All the diamond-cutters in the world are concentrated in Amsterdam; and the first thing a thief does when he steals big jewels is to send them across, and have them cut in new shapes so that they can't be identified."

"I shouldn't have thought," Bertha put in, calmly, "they'd have known who to send them to."

Lady Maclure turned to her sharply. "Why, these things," she said, with a calm air of knowledge, "are always done by experienced thieves, who know the ropes well, and are in league with receivers the whole world over. But Gregory has his eye on Amsterdam, I'm sure, and we'll soon hear something."

"Yes, my lady," Bertha answered, in her acquiescent tone, and relapsed into silence.

VI.

FOUR days later, about nine at night, that hard-worked man, the posty on the beat, stood loitering outside Sir Everard Maclure's house, openly defying the rules of the department, in close conference with Bertha.

"Well, any news?" Bertha asked, trembling over with excitement, for she was a very different person outside with her lover from the demure and imperturbable model maid who waited on my lady.

"Why, yes," the posty answered, with a low laugh of triumph. "A letter from Amsterdam! And I think we've fixed it!"

Bertha almost flung herself upon him. "Oh, Harry!" she cried, all eagerness, "this is too good to be true! Then in just one other month we can really get married!"

There was a minute's pause, inarticulately filled up by sounds unrepresentable through the art of the type-founder. Then Harry spoke again. "It's an awful lot of money!" he said, musing. "A regular fortune! And what's more, Bertha, if it hadn't been for your cleverness we never should have got it!"

Bertha pressed his hand affectionately. Even ladies'-maids are human.

"Well, if I hadn't been so much in love with you," she answered, frankly, "I don't think I could ever have had the wit to manage

it. But, oh! Harry, love makes one do or try anything!"

If Persis had heard those singular words, she would have felt no doubt was any longer possible.

VII.

NEXT morning, at ten o'clock, a policeman came round, post haste, to Sir Everard's. He asked to see Miss Remanet. When Persis came down, in her morning wrap, he had but a brief message from head quarters to give her: "Your jewels are found, Miss. Will you step round and identify them?"

Persis drove back with him, all trembling. Lady Maclure accompanied her. At the police-station they left their cab, and entered the ante-room.

A little group had assembled there. The first person Persis distinctly made out in it was Sir Justin. A great terror seized her. Gregory had so poisoned her mind by this time with suspicion of everybody and everything she came across, that she was afraid of her own shadow. But next moment she saw clearly he wasn't there as prisoner, or even as witness; merely as spectator. She acknowledged him with a hasty bow, and cast her eye round again. The next person she definitely distinguished was Bertha, as calm and cool as ever, but in the very centre of the group, occupying as it were the place of honour which naturally belongs to the prisoner on all similar occasions. Persis was not surprised at that; she had known it all along; she glanced meaningly at Gregory, who stood a little behind, looking by no means triumphant. Persis found his dejection odd; but he was a proud detective, and perhaps someone else had effected the capture!

"These are your jewels, I believe," the inspector said, holding them up; and Persis admitted it.

"This is a painful case," the inspector went on. "A very painful case. We grieve to have discovered such a clue against one of our own men; but as he owns to it himself, and intends to throw himself on the mercy of the Court, it's no use talking about it. He won't attempt to defend it; indeed, with such evidence, I think he's doing what's best and wisest."

"LOVE MAKES ONE DO OR TRY ANYTHING."

Persis stood there, all dazed. "I—I don't understand," she cried, with a swimming brain. "Who on earth are you talking about?"

The inspector pointed mutely with one hand at Gregory; and then for the first time Persis saw he was guarded. She clapped her hand to her head. In a moment it all broke in upon her. When she had called in the police, the rubies had never been stolen at all. It was Gregory who stole them!

She understood it now, at once. The real facts came back to her. She had taken her necklet off at night, laid it carelessly down on the dressing-table (too full of Sir Justin), covered it accidentally with her lace pocket-handkerchief, and straightway forgotten all about it. Next day she missed it, and jumped at conclusions. When Gregory came, he spied the rubies askance under the corner of the handkerchief—of course, being a woman, she had naturally looked everywhere except in the place where she laid them—and knowing it was a safe case he had quietly pocketed them before her very eyes, all unsuspected. He felt sure nobody could accuse him of a robbery which was committed before he came, and which he had himself been called in to investigate.

"The worst of it is," the inspector went on, "he had woven a very ingenious case against Sir Justin O'Byrne, whom we were on the very point of arresting to-day, if this young woman hadn't come in at the eleventh hour, in the very nick of time, and earned the reward by giving us the clue that led to the discovery and recovery of the jewels. They were brought over this morning by an Amsterdam detective."

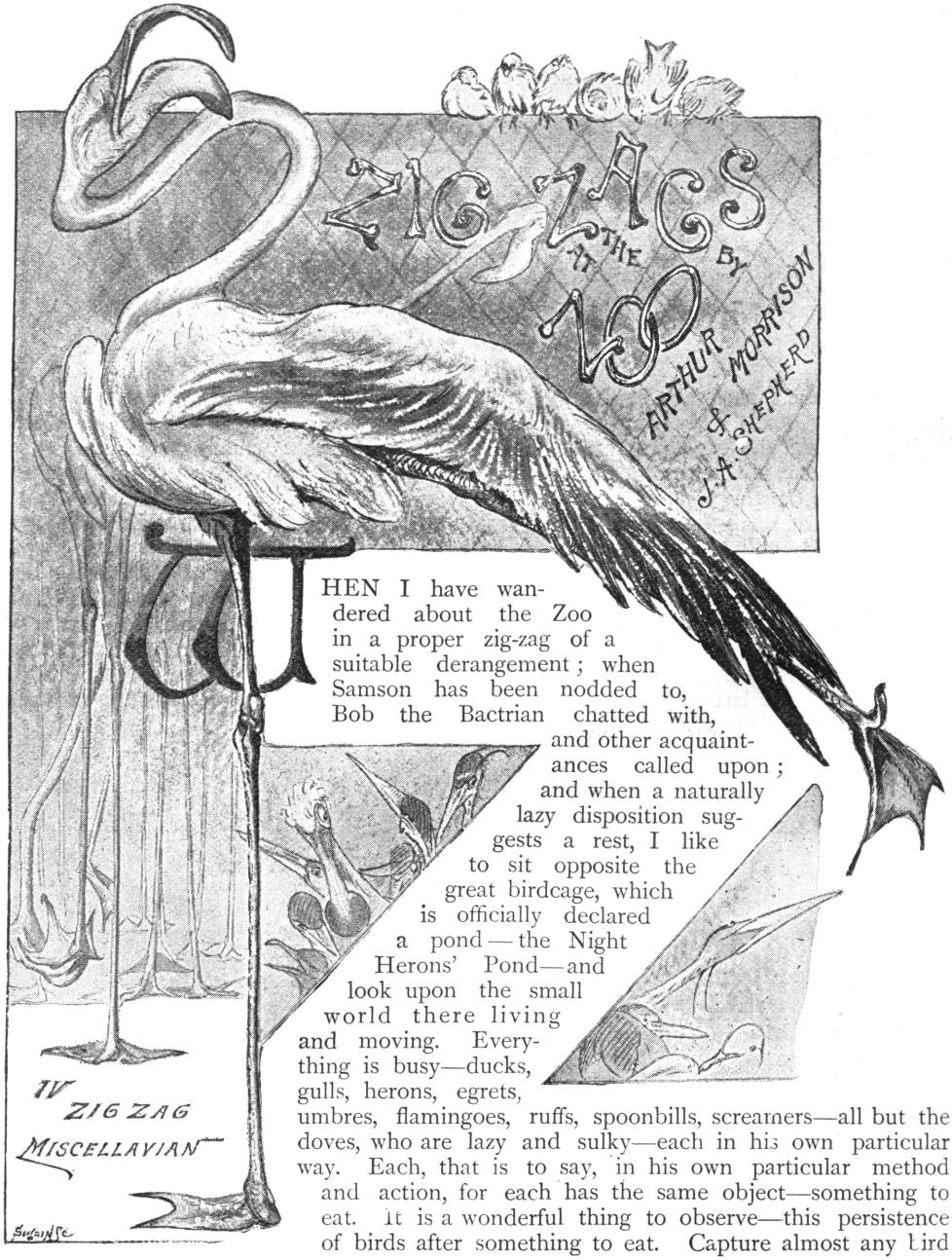
"THESE ARE YOUR JEWELS, I BELIEVE."

Persis looked hard at Bertha. Bertha answered her look. "My young man was the postman, miss," she explained, quite simply; "and after what my lady said, I put him up to watch Mr. Gregory's delivery for a letter from Amsterdam. I'd suspected him from the very first; and when the letter came, we had him arrested at once, and found out from it who were the people at Amsterdam who had the rubies."

Persis gasped with astonishment. Her brain was reeling. But Gregory in the background put in one last word:—

"Well, I was right, after all," he said, with professional pride. "I told you the very last person you'd dream of suspecting was sure to be the one that actually did it."

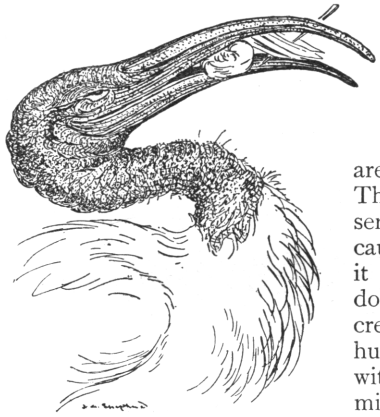
Lady O'Byrne's rubies were very much admired at Monte Carlo last season. Mr. Gregory has found permanent employment for the next seven years at Her Majesty's quarries on the Isle of Portland. Bertha and her postman have retired to Canada with five hundred pounds to buy a farm. And everybody says Sir Justin O'Byrne has beaten the record, after all, even for Irish baronets, by making a marriage at once of money and affection.



WHEN I have wandered about the Zoo in a proper zig-zag of a suitable derangement; when Samson has been nodded to, Bob the Bactrian chatted with, and other acquaintances called upon; and when a naturally lazy disposition suggests a rest, I like to sit opposite the great birdcage, which is officially declared a pond—the Night Herons' Pond—and look upon the small world there living and moving. Everything is busy—ducks, gulls, herons, egrets, umbres, flamingoes, ruffs, spoonbills, screamers—all but the doves, who are lazy and sulky—each in his own particular way. Each, that is to say, in his own particular method and action, for each has the same object—something to eat. It is a wonderful thing to observe—this persistence of birds after something to eat. Capture almost any bird

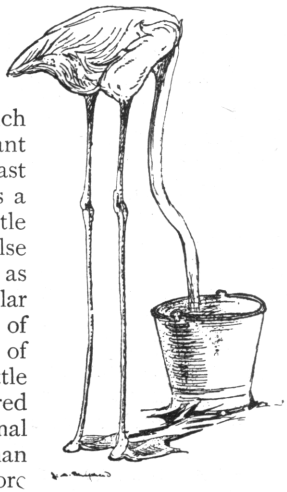
you please, fill him with somewhere about double his own bulk of food, and let him go again. In two minutes you shall find that bird gravely prospecting about and making all sorts of experimental borings—for something to eat. And birds show the most extraordinary conviction of the edibility of the world in general. Most birds will extract nourishment somehow from a brick, an old nail, or a broken bottle; those who can't will try. And when a certain tract has been searched through, pebble by pebble, and found to be absolutely barren, then they will begin on it again, on the off-chance of a thrown brick or the passing of some human creature in the meantime having left behind it something to eat.

VEGETARIANS.

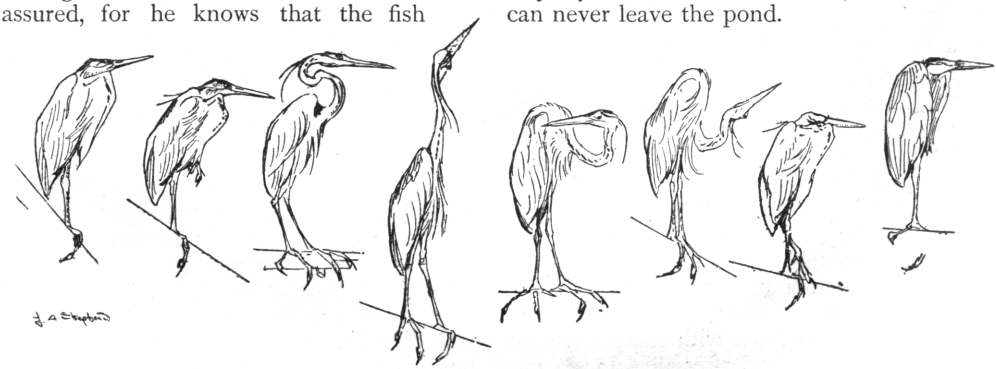


THE GOOD-HUMOURED IBIS.

Here most of the birds are omnivorous—certainly none are vegetarians but the doves. The doves, as vegetarians, represent the brotherhood, or the cause, or the belief, or whatever it is, rather unfavourably. The dove can never do anything much credit, being rather an insignificant humbug itself. Here, in contrast with the rest, you observe it as a miserably inactive and sulky little bird, who won't join anything else in a hopeless food-hunt, but is as greedy as all the rest together when the keeper brings a regular meal. Also it growls and fumes angrily at the friendly approach of any other bird—a bird probably who would make little trouble of eating it at a sitting, beak and all. And sitting in fluffy little groups of two or three, it grunts pharisaically at the good-humoured ibis below, as he tosses his long beak and swallows whatever animal food it may have found him. The dove takes life more easily than any of the other birds in the place, and still goes about (or, more ordinarily, sits still) grumbling, peevish, and spiteful.

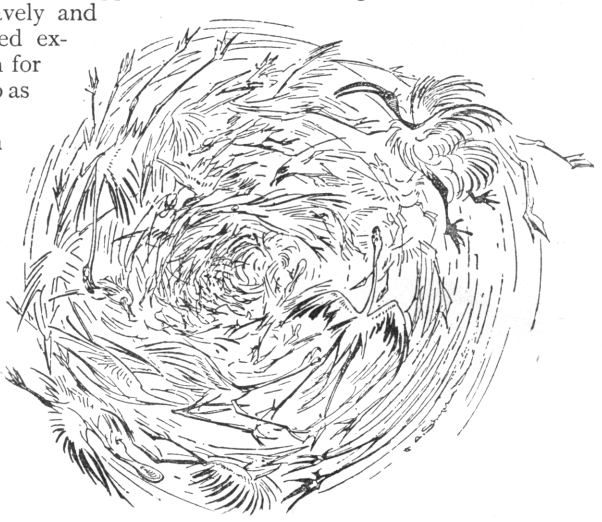


The flamingoes forming the upper ten (as well as four can) in this little world, insist on being served from a lordly pail, from which, their heads being inverted, their upper beaks scoop. The heron, although no inferior searcher of the ground, will never trouble unnecessarily about provisions already in a safe place. No provisions are in a safe place here among so many birds; but Jerry, the solitary purple heron in the cage just behind us, has a tiny pond to himself. Throw a little fish therein, soon after Jerry's dinner. Jerry, without leaving his perch, will inspect it narrowly—from above, to see if it be alive; from the side, to judge of its plumpness; and from each other direction, for purposes which any other intelligent heron will at once understand. Then Jerry will return to his siesta, his next snack assured, for he knows that the fish can never leave the pond.



A NARROW INSPECTION.

A bird will never sacrifice an ounce of dignity if it may be saved. Observe a little crowd of the smaller birds here swoop upon a handful of biscuit-crumbs—ruffs, gulls, and maybe a little oyster-catcher; see then a larger bird approach. All these dignified little birds at once raise their beaks and stalk gravely and deliberately off, with an unconcerned expression of having had quite enough for themselves, so that the big bird may do as he likes with the remainder.



A SWIRL.

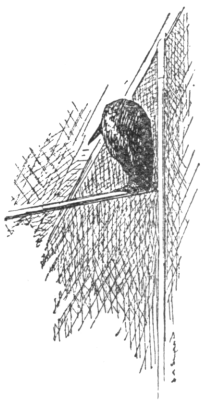
The sudden appearance of a man in the inclosure may cause what seems to be a temporary upset of the general dignity—that of all the birds, big or little. All join in a tempestuous swirl, filling the air with flappings and small shrieks. But, the shock over, the swirl becomes nothing but the collective fly round, by way of exercise, which is a regular part of the day's enjoyment at the Night Herons' Pond. Though the man stay, the swirl will soon settle, and the swirlers join in a stately walk-off—away from the man, however—a sort of quaintly regular parade—a church parade, let us say, for its decorum. The most imposing parader is the horned screamer, who is a sort of pageant by himself. He stands upright, spreads his wings wide, throws his head back, and lifts his extensive feet much before him—a very beadle, a very drum-major among birds.

Wherever so many animals as this, of any sort, be gathered together, there will be found some comedy characters. The African hammer-head (or, more politely, the tufted umbre) is a comedy character, when he is on foot. His comic head labels him at once; and he plays up to his comic head. He doesn't join in the swirl when a man comes in—on the contrary, he runs towards him, and, cocking his sharp eye, looks out for—something to eat. Then, as the man moves off, the hammer-head trots zealously after his heels, looking for that something to eat in the boot tracks. A human being, in the belief of the hammer-head, is a moving thing which exudes everywhere something

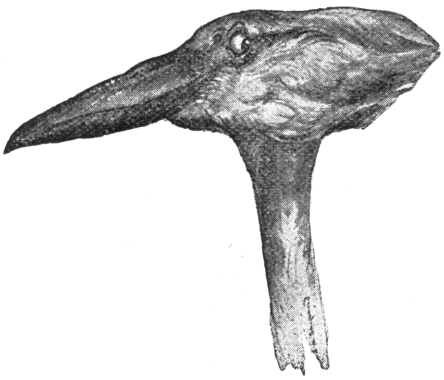
CHURCH PARADE.

to eat. Wherefore, in whatsoever place a human being may have been, and upon or near whatsoever thing he may have touched, the hammer-head expects to find refreshments. He rushes immediately to that place and hunts assiduously. If he find nothing, his first expression is one of unbounded surprise. The laws of Nature, it would seem, are being defied. So he looks again, to make quite sure. But there is really nothing. He thinks for a second, and then glares with sharp suspicion in the direction of the retreating creature. It can't be a human being, after all. It is a mere fraud; some conceited thing trying to look

like one. Else, why isn't there something to eat? And he turns off with contempt. But when the hammer-head takes to flying, the low comedy goes, and, with his broad brown wings and swooping flight, he is rather a professional beauty than otherwise. Nothing but the flap of the hammer-head's wings will disturb the sulky heron—the solitary misanthrope whose place is the right-hand upper corner of the great cage, and whom nothing will tempt down.



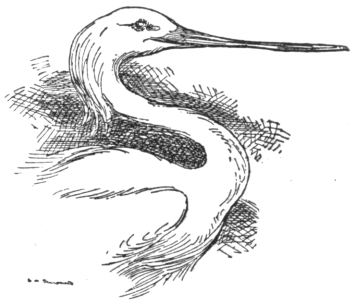
SULKY.



THE HAMMER-HEAD.

The spoonbill might be a professional beauty himself, if he could always be looked at sideways—a white, graceful, slim-beaked beauty; but he will turn his head about (looking for something to eat), and then that fearful, bibulous nose upsets the picture completely.

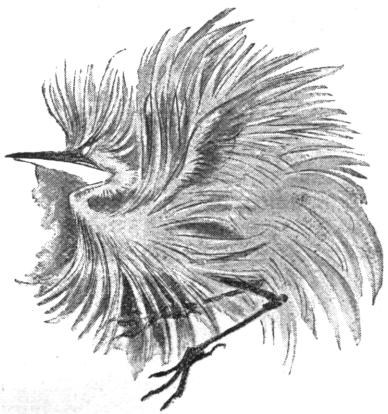
Even the snowy egret provides a little fun at times, although he doesn't mean it. He is very much in earnest, is the snowy egret, and objects, with long claws and a very sharp beak, to the earthly existence of all other living things. He has given up chasing the other birds about the inclosure, because he couldn't always catch the little ones, and sometimes the big ones caught him. So he sits on a convenient tree and waits for anything assailable to come within two yards. Then every fine feather on his body stands up electrically, and —well, go and see him, if you like a picture of fury. It isn't always easy to express your egret—this last being a sentence wherein one might build a laborious pun were the laws of ordinary decency in abeyance.



SIDE.

FRONT.

But the great bird here is the flamingo. I like the flamingo. He runs a deal to neck and legs, but his heart is in the right place. It really can't help it. You can't imagine a startled flamingo's heart jumping into his mouth—the way is too long and bendy; while as to its sinking into his boots, even if he had any—just look at his legs! When first I arrive at this inclosure I always whistle for Sam, the big flamingo. Sam immediately lifts his head and takes a long sideways look to assure himself that it is an acquaintance, and not an impertinent stranger; then he says "Kra-a-ak!" and goes on looking for something to eat. I reply cheerily. He lifts his head again, and approaching the wires and standing at his full height, with outstretched wings, says "Kra-a-ak"—not at all the same word, observe, although of the same spelling; the tone and meaning being more confidential. Thereafter he keeps nearer, and we conduct a mutually improving conversation of whistles and kra-a-aks.



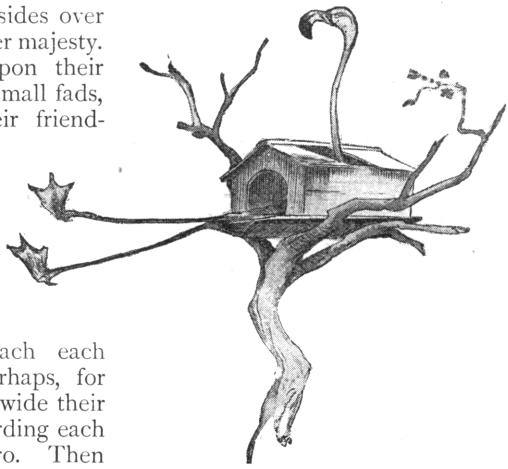
THE SNOWY EGRET

Sam is the acknowledged monarch of this inclosure. He is a gentle and considerate monarch,

"KRA-A-AK!"

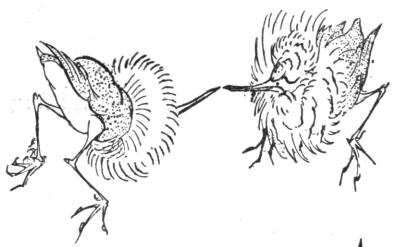
but won't stand any nonsense. He has been observed to inspect the small dove-cots fixed upon the trees in the inclosure, as considering it ill-fitting that the subject should enjoy a roofed habitation and the king none; but considering the habitation itself equally ill-fitting—except regarded as a waistcoat—appears not yet to have attempted to take possession.

Sam, stately bird, presides over his subjects with a proper majesty. He looks from aloft upon their little weaknesses, their small fads, their quarrels and their friendships, and is amused, in a lofty and superior sort of way, just as you and I are, my friend. He looks from above with indifferent interest on the ruffs, for instance. The ruffs are small, but there is character about them. See two approach each other from opposite directions—looking, perhaps, for something to eat. They meet, stop, straddle wide their legs, and blow up their neck-feathers. Regarding each other fixedly, they rock solemnly to and fro. Then they let fall their collars and go off, each on his way, as though nothing had happened. It is a rude courtesy—a sort of ruff etiquette, in fact. Sometimes, however, this putting on of frills—as the same thing will do in other places—leads to fights. And over all reigns the majestic Sam—over the fluffy-necked little ruff, the perky hammer-head, the dissipated spoonbill, the jolly ibis, the sedate screamer, and the excitable egret. Nothing can disturb Sam's serenity—nothing, at any rate, which can happen in this aviary. One thing might do it—a thing I hope never to see happen. An ill-natured keeper might bring in a common goose, and introduce him. Now, I believe that this would cut Sam's feelings sorely, because the flamingo, after all (although here it is treason to say so), is really only a kind of goose, in the classification of the spiteful naturalist; and publicly to bring him face to face with his vulgar and ungraceful poor relation



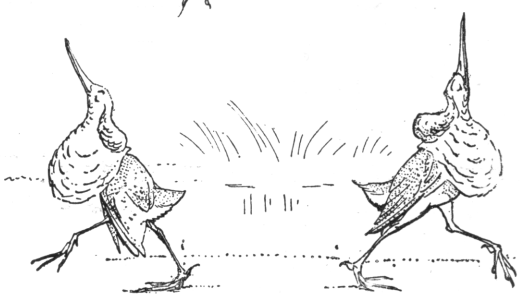
ILL-FITTING.

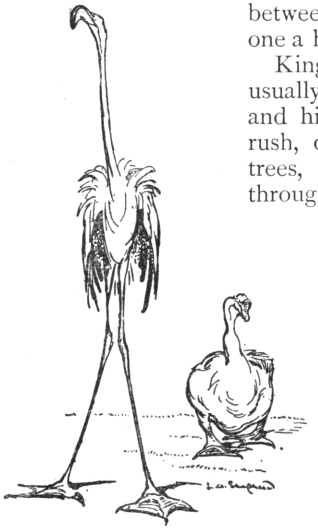
RUFF AMENITIES.



would give Sam away cruelly among his subjects. The poor relation is a mere low caricature of Sam in neck and legs; and a thing which, in its own ridiculous way, makes a preposterous showing off and posing of its burlesque neck.

Which reflection leads us to another—that the birds in this inclosure may be classified into two sorts: those who are proud of their necks—as the ruffs and flamingoes; and those who are ashamed of them—as the herons, who bury them



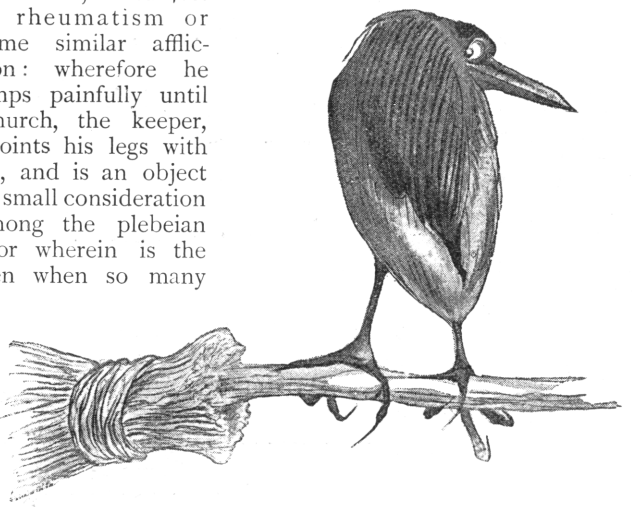


A VULGAR RELATION.

between their shoulders, until, from the back, you shall judge one a humpbacked old witch and a thing of evil.

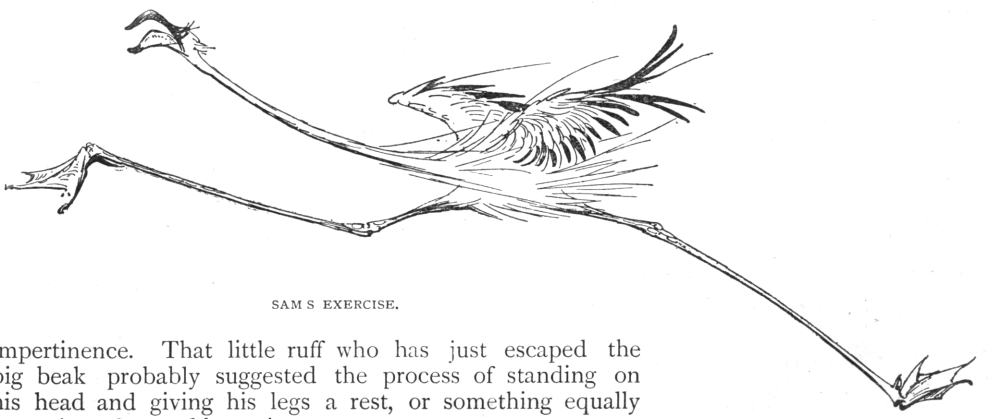
King Sam, with all his majesty, must take exercise sometimes—usually after the royal bath. Whereat all other birds avoid his path, and hide in unconsidered corners. Sam's exercise is a devastating rush, comprehending all this inclosure, without consideration for trees, or shrubs, or birds, or rocks, or water. He merely sweeps through all, in strides of many yards, with outstretched neck, and wings a-spread and gorgeous in black and scarlet. This for some five stormy minutes, and with again and again a "Kra-a-ak."

One only among the flamingo nobility retains, in this climate, a pink flush over all his outer feathers; and he, good soul, is subject to rheumatism or some similar affliction: wherefore he limps painfully until Church, the keeper, anoints his legs with oil, and is an object of small consideration among the plebeian gulls and ducks about him; for wherein is the grandeur of rheumatic legs, even when so many times as long as thick?



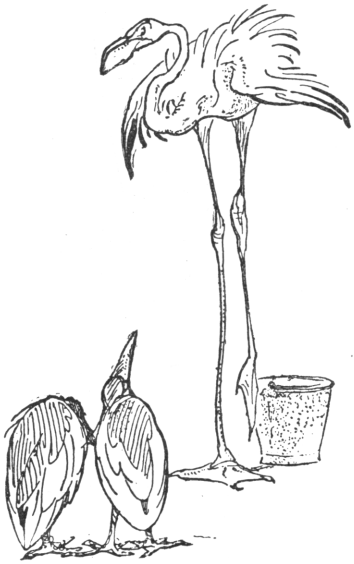
A THING OF EVIL.

And so, in a quiet corner, he stands, with a special pail of refreshment within beak-reach, and nurses his affliction. And smaller birds, with a certain timorous impudence—for he has still a fearsome beak, which will reach a long way—trot up and pretend to sympathize with him. You have only to look at them to read all they are saying. They suggest all sorts of treatment, just as people do to human rheumatics. They begin by suggesting reasonable remedies, and, growing bolder by reason of impunity and the titters of their friends, venture upon impertinence. That little ruff who has just escaped the big beak probably suggested the process of standing on his head and giving his legs a rest, or something equally savouring of errand-boy wit.



SAM S EXERCISE.

There are two wicked old herons who offer advice with ulterior designs. They assume a sympathetic and soothing demeanour and approach together. They inquire anxiously for



I.—SYMPATHY.

any improvement. There is none. Then number one engages the invalid's attention while number two sidles round behind in the direction of the refreshment-pail. I know what number one is saying as well as if I could hear it—"Now, there was an aunt of mine," says number one, "who suffered terribly. She had all the best doctors and tried everything. All the specialists gave her up—quite incurable Well, one day, who should come in but an old neighbour of hers—one of the Kingfishers. 'Haven't you tried French polish?' says he. 'No,' says my aunt, 'and don't intend.' 'Oh, but you should try French polish,' says he. And so, after a lot of persuasion, she tried it; and I assure you——" etc., etc. In course of which number two's head is hidden in the refreshment-pail. Presently the head reappears, and number two, springing suddenly into notice, says: "Now, I once had a grandfather who was a sad victim. He had all the best doctors—— dear me, but that leg must really be very painful. I can't help noticing it—such a really noble leg too! Really I *am* sorry. Well, as I was saying, my grandfather was a sad victim. Tried all the doctors, you know—all the famous specialists; cost him a fearful amount. Nothing seemed to do him any good. Indeed *I* always said he only got worse and worse. Really we quite began to despair of my poor grandfather. Well,

III.—MORE OF IT.

II.—ADVICE.

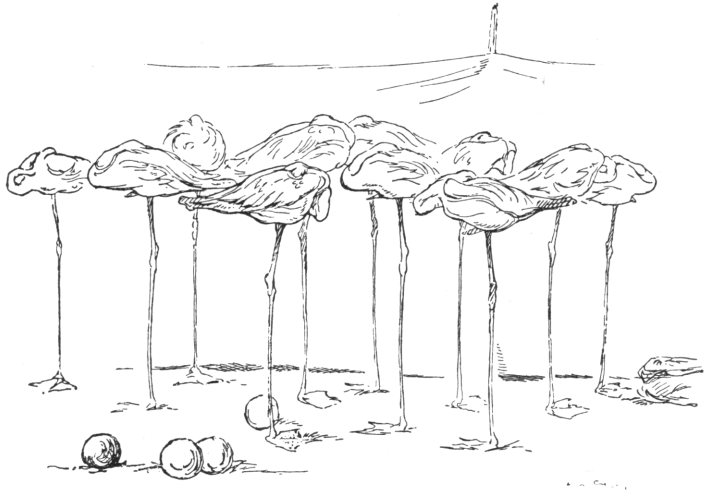
IV.—PERFIDY.

A POSSIBILITY.

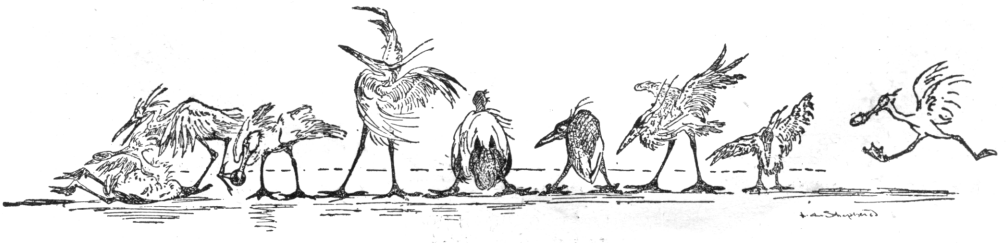
one day—just as it might be to day, you know—in drops an old friend—bittern—just as it might be me. 'Dear me,' says the bittern—just as I might say to you—'why don't you try dynamite——,'" and so on, and so on; while number one fades off towards the pail. It is a sad world, wherein even herons' friendship is false.

I rather dread the winter for this invalid. Church may pull him round now with much oil, but the winter will assuredly call for crutches and a foot sling. Or will they swathe his legs in great folds of straw and matting as they do a tropical plant or a barnstormer brigand, leaving him to stand the winter through in a warm corner, and watch his merry cage-mates at their winter sport? I should like to see—to see their winter sport—their winter sport—see their winter sport. Yes. . . . . Snow-balls, no doubt, and sliding on the pond . . . . . on the pond . . . . . But it's warm now. Yes . . . . The present sport is a sort of cocoanut-shy business, with trussed poultry for prizes. Is it really the flamingoes, standing on one leg apiece? Flamingoes—red wings—flaming goes about the cage. That's a joke; funny . . . . . Roll, bowl, or pitch. . . . . See that rat? He's going to climb one of the sticks. Rats always expect to find something to eat—top of a stick. Part of their system. Poultry at top opens out and unfolds another stick—leg. Why, it's Sam. That's funny! Rat bolts—he'd better. Not quite sure I shouldn't bolt myself if Sam were after me with that beak. And eyes, too; seem bigger than usual; and closer. Sam's

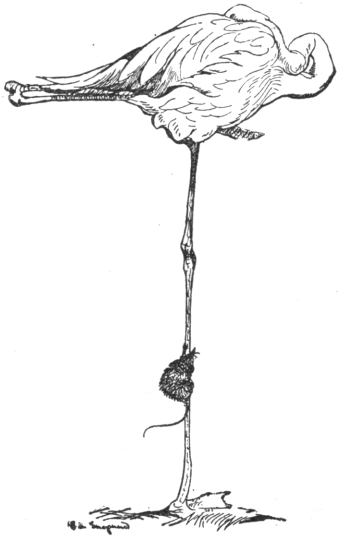
ANOTHER.



ROLL, BOWL, OR PITCH.



WINTER SPORT.



a shocking monster. Rat bolts up stage. It is a stage, of course. Rock scenery R., tropical vegetation L.U.E. and back. Chorus of herons and ibis—ibises—ibiseses. Sam is M. le Brun, and M. le Brun is *première danseuse.* Wriggles down centre of stage on toes, *secundum artem.* That's Latin. Don't remember the ballet—or is it pantomime? Herons in front look at me and grin fiendishly. Also ducks; very good masks. Sam pirouettes, kicks twice, and smiles. Wonder what he'll do when he wants to kiss his hand. Must think it over. Why, here come the others, invalid and all. He's all right; he can kick higher than any of them. They all range up behind Sam and begin a furious *pas de quatre.* It is very fine, and not in the least

PAS SEUL.

surprising. The herons seem to be growing a great deal larger, and stare horribly. The *pas de quatre* goes faster than ever. It is getting extravagant, not to say ridiculous. If the County Council ——"Good after noon, sir! Do you see we've bred another pair of Mandarin ducks?"

The keeper really has a most startling voice. Now, if I had fallen asleep in the sunshine——

Professor Morgan's Romance.

By Kate Lee.

"AN ISOLATED HOUSE AND AN ISOLATED LIFE."

PROFESSOR MORGAN was an antiquarian and archæologist. He loved things that were old and things that had been long dead, and passed all his days among bones and stones and ponderous books. Nothing fresh and living played any part in his life, and he persistently withdrew himself from intercourse with his fellows. His prematurely bald head, his large bumpy forehead, and the studious stoop of his shoulders made him appear much older than he really was, and superficial observers imagined him to be as hard and as incapable of emotion as one of his own fossils. It was a rare thing for anyone to get a look from the grey eyes half hidden under the prominent brows. To those who by chance did obtain a full, direct glance from them, and who had the wit to read them aright, they were a revelation of the man. They were eyes that spoke, and the intensity of expression concentrated in them gave the lie to his otherwise emotionless aspect. The Professor was, in fact, no fossil. His heart could beat warm and quick, and a romance lay hidden under his outer husk of hardness and reserve.

Ten years ago Hugh Morgan, solitary, unknown, embittered in spirit and broken of heart, had come from abroad and taken up his residence in a lonely house fronting the sea on the outskirts of a Welsh sea-coast village. It seemed an abode as congenial as could possibly be found. The neighbourhood for many miles round abounded in antiquarian remains, and the house itself had looked out on the Atlantic for three centuries or more. An isolated house and an isolated life. A house with a story to tell could it but speak, a human life with a hidden untold past. Those were the parallels Hugh Morgan drew between himself and his chosen home, feeling a dreary sort of kinship with it, and half imagining sometimes that it possessed a human soul, a soul that was as sad in its loneliness as he in his. Here year after year he lived in solitude, devoted apparently to science alone, the man to all outward appearances merged in the antiquarian. His tall figure, surmounted by a broad-brimmed hat drawn low over his capacious brow, became well known to all the inhabitants of the village and the neighbourhood around. Now and then it would be missed for six months or more at a time, when "The Professor," as he came to be

called, long before the title was his in reality, had found occasion to return abroad for scientific purposes. But, as a rule, it was to be met with every day, either pacing thoughtfully beside the wide sea, or passing rapidly across the green waste behind the straggling village, on the way to the mountains beyond.

The years went by. Professor Morgan became a shining light in the world of archæological science; but each year as it passed seemed to bind him down more and more irrevocably to solitude of heart. The shunning of all companionship, which at first had been but the instinct of a wounded and sensitive spirit, became at length a fixed habit, which he was too shy and reserved to break through. Each year increased the stoop of the Professor's shoulders, the baldness of his head, and the terrific development of his forehead. Each year the sad, shy eyes grew sadder and shyer, and were more and more rarely lifted to meet the undiscerning, unperceptive eyes of others. Little did anyone divine what bitter hours of heart loneliness the misanthropic, unsocial Professor passed in the grim, museum-like study of his lonely house, or what painful thoughts, quite unconnected with barrows and cromlechs and Druid circles, were his daily companions.

One August day the Professor made a journey miles away among the mountains for the purpose of taking fresh observations of a famous cromlech. He had been for two years at work upon a history of cromlechs, and was at this time gathering material for a chapter on the differences between British cromlechs and those of the nations of Germanic descent. The journey took him all the morning, and when he came within sight of the village on his return the afternoon sun was blazing at its hottest. About a mile and a half from the village the road passed through a rough field, in the midst of which, on a slight elevation, stood the ruins of an ancient British house. To any but an antiquary the house had the appearance of being nothing more than a shapeless heap of stones. The Professor had a theory of his own concerning its origin and history; and intended one day writing a magazine article about it by way of recreation from his laborious and exhaustive work on the cromlechs.

As he drew near the ruin to-day he saw coming towards it, from the direction of the village, in the hot glare of the sun, two tiny figures in black dresses and white sun-bonnets. Between them they bore a hamper, from which a yellow cat raised its head and gazed around with inquiring eyes. The little faces beneath the sun-bonnets were crimson with heat and haste, and, as

"TWO TINY FIGURES IN BLACK DRESSES."

soon as they reached the foot of the mound on which the ruin stood, the two little travellers put down their burden, and sank beside it, panting with fatigue. The Professor's interest was transferred from the ruin to the charming picture made by the children and their cat. It was long since he had rested his eyes upon objects so young and fresh, and full of life. His fancy was pleasantly struck with the contrast presented by the ancient ruin and the picture of young life to which it formed a background. His heart stirred, and he stepped nearer to the children, who had been so absorbed in the labour of getting along with their burden that they had not perceived the Professor. Now, as they heard his approaching footsteps, they raised blue, startled eyes towards him, and threw protecting arms across their hamper. The Professor felt irresistibly drawn towards them, and, contrary to his usual custom, spoke.

"I won't hurt your cat," he said.

His voice was gentle, and so were his great grey eyes, which were not too shy to meet the innocent blue ones. His broad-brimmed hat was like their father's, the stoop of his shoulders reminded them of their father too, and his manner invited confidence, so the children accepted his friendly overture and took him at his word.

"Come and look!" cried the younger of the two. She jumped to her feet, and, tripping up to the tall Professor, took his hand.

At the contact of the little soft confiding fingers a thrill shot through the Professor. He looked down at the child, and catching the sweet look of the innocent round face, it was most strangely borne in upon him that that sweetness of expression, that heavenly blue of the eyes, and that soft fluffiness of the brown hair on the fair forehead were not unfamiliar. As the child's hand drew him along he held it with a gentle pressure, and a musing expression crept into his sad eyes.

The elder child lifted the yellow cat from the hamper.

"HUGGING THE YELLOW CAT."

"There!" she said, "those are Amber's dear little kittens. We brought them here to save their lives, because Gwennie said they would all have to be drowned!"

The Professor bent his back, and peered into the hamper, where a family of blind, groping, three-days-old kittens lay. The Professor did not find them so charming or so interesting as the children. He looked from the kittens to the child hugging the yellow cat, her blue eyes sparkling under her sun-bonnet. Who could these blue-eyed children be? Why should he fancy that they bore a resemblance to a blue-eyed girl whose life had been closely entwined with his own in the hidden past? The Professor put out his disengaged hand, keeping gentle hold of the clinging child with the other, and absently stroked Amber's yellow head. Amber purred approval, and the children's hearts were completely won. They invited the Professor to sit down on the grass with them, and, inwardly amazed and amused at his own unusual proceedings, the Professor did so. The children babbled about their kittens, and he, listening with a rather abstracted smile, turned his eyes ever from one child to the other.

"What is your name, little one?" he asked abruptly, after a while. The question was addressed to the younger child, who still kept his hand and was leaning confidingly against his arm, looking up with curiosity at the bumps on his broad forehead. She was wondering if they had been caused by a tumble downstairs.

"My name is Phyllis," she said, in answer to his question.

The Professor started as if an electric shock had passed through him, and his face burned suddenly red. From Phyllis's face his eyes travelled to her black crape-trimmed dress.

"Why do you wear this?" he asked, touching it very softly.

"Because mother has gone away from us," said the child, her lips quivering a little. "She has gone to Heaven, and we shall not see her again until we go there too."

The Professor said no more. He sat silent, looking out with dim eyes across the sunny land. He did not see the fields stretching hot and parched down to the village; he did not see the grand mountains fading away right and left of him into mist. He saw neither the calm sea shimmering out there beyond the village, nor the exquisite sky of turquoise blue smiling like embodied joy above it. He saw a girl named Phyllis whom in the past he had loved with the intensity of a reserved and yet passionate nature. She had seemed to return his love, and to understand him as few understood the sensitive, reticent student. Assured of her love, convinced by many a token that he was the elect out of many suitors, he had left her one year to join an exploration party in Palestine.

"PHYLLIS."

Thither, after a few months' absence, he was followed by news which turned him outwardly to stone, and made his inner life an agony of bitterness and grief. The news was conveyed in a cutting from the London *Times*, sent to him anonymously. It contained the announcement of Phyllis Wynne's marriage with a Colonel Llewellyn, who had at one time appeared to be a favoured rival for her love, but who had long since ceased to press his suit. A letter in Phyllis's handwriting followed the announcement, but Hugh Morgan tore it to atoms, unread. A second and a third letter shared the same fate. Then the letters ceased. Hugh Morgan remained abroad for a year or two, and on his return buried himself in the obscure corner of Wales in which he had now lived for ten years.

The unmistakable likeness in the faces of these two children, and the fact of one of them bearing the name of his faithless love, set both memory and imagination at work in the mind of the Professor. These were without doubt Phyllis's children. And Phyllis was dead! It was a strange chance that had brought him and Phyllis's children together; strange and sad that from the lips of Phyllis's child he should hear of Phyllis's death.

So out there in the August sunshine, at the foot of the old ruin, the Professor read, as he thought, the last page of the romance of his life. But he was mistaken. There was yet another page to be turned.

Unnoticed by the dreaming Professor or by the children, who, seeing their companion's abstraction, had quietly busied themselves plucking the yellow poppies which grew among the grass, there had come along the road from the village a lady in a black dress. She was close upon them before the children perceived her. With outstretched arms and affectionate outcries they flew to meet her. She caught them to her, and bending down kissed the little uplifted faces with great tenderness.

"My little Kitty and Phyllie!" she cried, "how you have frightened us! Why did you leave Gwennie? Why did you come all this distance alone?"

The Professor, hearing the voice, rose suddenly to his feet. How strangely he was haunted to-day! Surely that was the voice of Phyllis Wynne! And yet Phyllis was dead! His wondering, startled eyes devoured the face of the new-comer, and he held his breath. He saw a woman past her first youth, a woman with blue, sweet eyes, and with brown hair touched too early with grey. In spite of the difference the years had made, in spite of the paleness which had taken the place of the peach-bloom of old, and the smoothness of the hair which once had curled so softly about the brow, Hugh Morgan could not but recognise her. This was certainly Phyllis. And yet the children had said she was dead!

"Phyllis!" he cried aloud, unable to contain himself, and his voice broke as he spoke the name which had not passed his lips for more than ten years.

At the sound of that name, spoken by that voice, the lady started as the Professor had

"THE PROFESSOR ROSE SUDDENLY."

started when the child Phyllie had pronounced it, and a crimson tide of colour rushed over her pale face. She loosened the clinging arms of the children, and, taking a step towards the Professor, stood with strained eyes staring at him.

"Hugh!" she cried.

Bluntly and confusedly he stammered: "But the child said you were dead!"

The immobility of his face was all broken up with the strength of the conflicting emotions that possessed him, his grey eyes glowed under the prominent brows, and his strong hands trembled. Phyllis was scarcely less moved herself, but, woman-like, seeing his excessive and almost over-mastering agitation, she came to the rescue by controlling herself into calmness of voice and manner.

"The children's mother is dead," she said, gently.

"They are not *your* children?" said the Professor, passing a hand over his brow, as if to sweep away the mist of bewilderment that obscured his understanding.

"They are my brother's children," said Phyllis Wynne. "He has just been appointed minister at a Presbyterian church at C——." She named a large town some miles distant. "I have taken care of the children since their mother died a few months ago, and we have come here for a holiday."

"And you—you are widowed, then?" blundered on the Professor.

Phyllis Wynne looked at him strangely.

"I have never been married," she said, simply, and the crimson colour again dyed her delicate face.

The Professor stared at her a moment in horrified amazement, scarcely able to seize the import of her words. Then he broke out in a passionate way, his voice loud and stern:—

"Then what fiend sent me that false notice of your marriage—your marriage with Colonel Llewellyn?"

"Oh, Hugh! Hugh!" cried Phyllis Wynne swiftly, her voice sharp with pain. Through her quick woman's mind there had flashed the explanation of all that had been so incomprehensible, the realization of all that Hugh as well as she herself had suffered, and with it a contrasting vision of what might have been. "Oh, Hugh! What an awful mistake! My cousin of the same name, Phyllis Wynne, married Colonel Llewellyn!"

"My God!" cried the Professor, "what a fool I was! what a fool!"

A dead silence fell between them. No detailed explanation was necessary just then. Each understood that either through the mistake of some officious meddler, or through the deliberate villainy of some rival of Hugh Morgan's, they had been kept apart through the best years of life, each embittered by the thought of the other's faithlessness. They stood side by side, looking gravely out at the gleaming sea. Their hearts were beating with the same momentous thought, but neither yet dared to give expression to it. The children, gathering their yellow poppies and twining them about their hamper, looked up curiously now and again at their aunt and their new friend, and wondered why their faces were so serious and yet so excited, and why, after talking so earnestly, they had now fallen into complete silence.

The silence could not long be maintained unbroken. It grew too pregnant with strong, struggling emotion. The Professor suddenly turned to the woman by his side.

"Have we met again too late, Phyllis?" he cried. "Is it too late?"

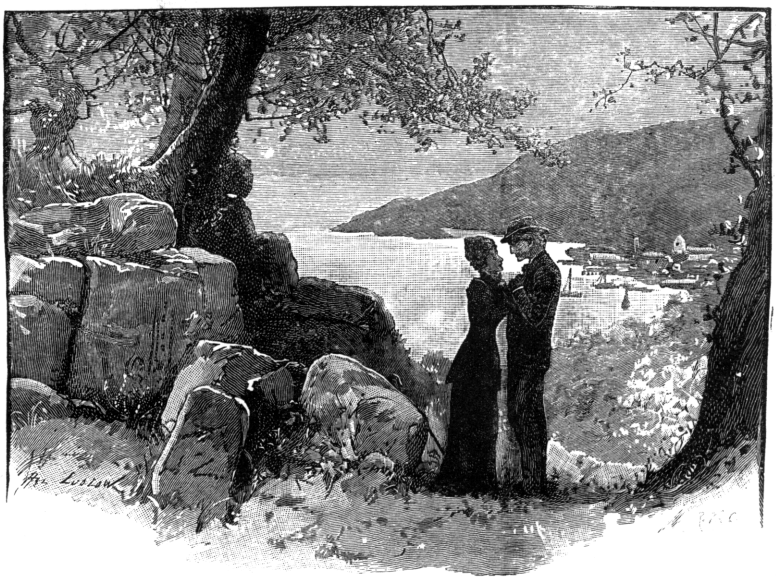
As the question passed his lips, his face grew very white, and his grey eyes filled with an intense and painful eagerness. Phyllis kept him in no suspense. Her answer came at once, in a broken cry of love.

"Oh, Hugh! it is not too late!—it could never have been too late!" And, her blue

eyes shining through tears, she stretched out her hands to him.

The wondering children, pausing in their work, saw their Aunt Phyllis gathered to their new friend's heart. She was held there closely, while soft whispered words passed from lip to lip, and a radiance of unspeakable happiness dawned over both faces. The years of suffering and separation seemed compensated for in that one moment of exquisite and perfect joy.

The stones of the old ruin blazing in the August sunshine gazed at the Professor in amazed reproach. But he paid no heed. The archæologist was lost in the lover.



Types of English Beauty.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALEX. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.

LADY COLERIDGE.

LADY CAREW.

MISS E. LANE-FOX.

MISS LEVSON. MRS. SLATER LADY BROOKE.

MISS HELEN CONWAY.

MISS A. MOORE.

MISS A. LLOYD.

Shafts from an Eastern Quiver.

IV.—DARAK, THE SCORN OF THE AFGHANS.

By Charles J. Mansford, B.A.

I.

"HE seems to be making for our tent, Frank," I exclaimed to Denviers, as we stood gazing over the waste of sand which lay between us and the town of Ghuzni, which towered before us on a rock three hundred feet above the surrounding plain.

"The fellow runs magnificently," answered my companion, in a tone of admiration; "but for all that I am inclined to think his efforts are being made in vain. Look at that Afghan behind him; he is almost within striking distance of the fugitive!"

Fleeing across the plain was a man whose aquiline nose, intense black eyes, and swarthy complexion disclosed the characteristics of the Hebrew race from which the crowd of Afghans, who hotly pursued him, claimed their descent. On they came, rushing like a horde of barbarians, while they wildly flourished their sabres and daggers, or whatever weapons they had been able to hastily snatch up.

"FLEEING ACROSS THE PLAIN."

The man's body, although slender, was well proportioned, and in spite of the evident danger in which he was in I could not help noticing as he gradually neared us the picturesque effect of the garb which he wore. Round his loins was passed a many-coloured scarf, which drew close to his form an embroidered garment which formed a loose covering for the upper part of his body, leaving his bronzed chest partly exposed, and then hung down covering him as far as the knees. A sash, made of the same material as the scarf, bound his head like a turban, the end of it fluttering behind him, its hue contrasting forcibly with the Afghan's heavy eyebrows and black beard. By his side hung a curved scimitar, shaped like that which Persians usually wear, but which he made no attempt to use, for, against the fierce howling mob which followed him, he knew that it would be worse than useless for him to endeavour to make a stand.

"Hassan!" shouted Denviers to our guide, who was within the tent preparing some food for us, "what is the cause of this?"

The Arab came to where we were standing, and after watching the strange spectacle for a moment, he replied :—

"I can scarcely tell, sahib, unless he belongs to a different tribe to those pursuing him ; if he is fleeing for shelter to the tent, the Englishmen will have good need of stout hearts during the next few minutes. Cowardly and treacherous as are those who follow him, in the frenzy of their fanaticism they will face the utmost perils unflinchingly once they are thoroughly aroused."

Denviers turned to the Arab, and said in the quiet tone which he invariably adopted when danger confronted him :—

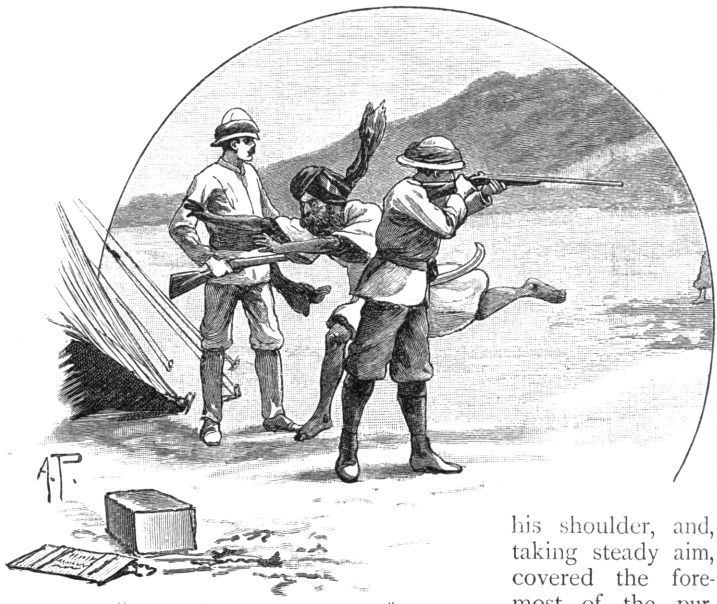
"Bring out our rifles, Hassan." The Arab obeyed, and, as we took the weapons from him, he ventured to utter a few words of caution, which sounded strangely upon our ears :—

"Save the man, sahibs, if you can ; but if possible avoid injuring one of the tribe of the Saduzai, for such indeed they are. The eyes of Hassan are keen, and see the flashing glances of dislike which are daily turned upon the Englishmen as they traverse this country. There is a tradition, indeed, that between Afghan and Feringhee one day war to the death will be proclaimed, when the former ally themselves with the white bear of the frozen north, which seeks to hug to its shaggy breast the border town which is the key to the golden plain of the sacred Ganges. To slay the Englishmen would be deemed by them a deed of glory, and their women's dark eyes would light up with a fierce joy when they returned home with the captured English sabres adorning Saduzai sashes !"

Yet, in spite of his vague words, Hassan prepared himself to help us if necessary, for on glancing into the tent for a moment, I saw him carefully feeling the keen edge of the weapon which he usually carried.

"Darak, the scapegoat !" "Darak, the nation's scorn !" "Death to Darak !" were some of the cries which we distinguished from the babel of sounds which arose from the lips of those who were following the fugitive. He was now within thirty yards of the tent, and we stepped forward and excitedly cheered him on.

"Refuge !" was the one solitary and appealing cry which burst from his lips as he ran towards us at a tremendous speed before the horde, which seemed fully bent on his destruction. When he was only a few yards distant from us, Denviers raised his rifle to his shoulder, and, taking steady aim, covered the foremost of the pursuers, while the fugitive darted past us, and, with an inarticulate cry, threw himself, utterly exhausted, upon the cushions of the tent. The howling mob halted and held a hurried conference for a moment, then one of them attempted to advance, as if for the purpose of holding a conversation with us. Denviers was however resolute ; he knew too well the treacherous character of the race, and feared lest, in an unguarded moment, the Afghan's sword might be stealthily thrust into the man whom we had for the present saved from his foes. He raised his rifle again to his shoulder—a silent message which the man rightly understood ; for, after a further discussion with the others, they all uttered a wild cry of baffled rage and ran swiftly back towards Ghuzni to rouse, as we conjectured, its inhabitants to join them in an attack upon us.



"THE FUGITIVE DARTED PAST US."

"We shall have some sort of a respite," said Denviers, as we entered the tent ; "but I expect that the fugitive will bring us into conflict with these Afghans. It will be best

for us to change our position as soon as possible—it is too unprotected at present." The man lying upon the cushions now dragged his weary body to our feet as he faltered out, brokenly :—

"Allah reward the Englishmen, for Darak, the outcast, can never do so." Hassan attended to his wants, and when the fugitive had recovered himself somewhat we endeavoured to learn from him the cause of his seeking refuge with us. It was some time, however, before we could understand him at all, for he spoke a kind of hybrid Pushto, a language of which we had little knowledge. Hassan, however, acted as interpreter, and through him we learnt that the man had ventured into Ghuzni in spite of the fact that he had been prohibited from entering an Afghan town, and thus he had aroused the fierce fanaticism of his nation. He had seen our tent from the overhanging town, and had fled to us, this being his sole opportunity of escaping his foes.

After passing through the plain of Khorassan, where we had met with our strange experience in the tomb of On, we spent several days both at Meshed and Nishapoor; for we found that these beautiful Persian cities had not been over-estimated by our somewhat imaginative guide. Thence, after a long journey, we had passed into Afghanistan, and having stayed for some time at Herat, a city which interested us considerably, we journeyed along the beautiful river valley almost as far as Kabul; then turning southward, found ourselves encamped outside Ghuzni, where our present adventure was taking place.

Hassan, who knew the district well, suggested that we should strike the tent and climb the mountain which rose to our left, as it seemed probable that we could defend ourselves there, if pursued. This, too, was Denviers' opinion, before expressed, while the Afghan added some words in support of it, and accordingly we did so. After we had journeyed up the slope of the mountain for a considerable time, the Afghan led the way, and conducted us by a narrow path which wound between two mountains. At last we halted, and, feeling that we were now secure, Denviers summoned Hassan to his side and bade him endeavour to get the Afghan to narrate to us the reason of his exiled fate.

The man was at first disinclined to do so, but eventually gave way, and, sheltering ourselves under a projecting rock from the rays of the sun, we listened to his narrative, which Hassan turned into his own mode of expression as he interpreted it. From time to time we looked wonderingly at him, especially as he neared the conclusion of the story, for so strange it seemed to us that we more than once thought Hassan was embellishing it with some ideas of his own.

Our Arab guide, however, seemed to be surprised himself as the story proceeded, and occasionally interrupted the Afghan to ask some searching question, which always appeared to us to be answered satisfactorily, to judge from Hassan's countenance. Forbidden to hold intercourse with any of his own nation, the Afghan eventually seemed glad of the opportunity to converse with Hassan, for there was much in common between them, since both the Afghan and the Arab were Sunnees, and felt the influence of the common bond which united them.

The contrast between the grave, mild features of our guide and the fierce look upon the face of the Afghan, which all the dangers through which he had passed could not subdue, seemed to add to the effectiveness of the scene before us, and, watching them as they sat opposite to each other, I felt almost sorry when the narrative was concluded. Hassan, as well as he could, made the account continuous, while Denviers and I, reclining in the little group which the party unitedly made, listened to the following interpretation.

II.

'WITHIN yonder city of Ghuzni stands a palace, the roof whereof is beaten gold; and, inlaid with many a gem, pillars of ivory support it. Upon its walls are engraven the deeds of the mighty Mahmaud, what time he overthrew the haughty monarch upon whose banners were emblazoned the Lion and the Sun. Before its sculptured porticoes fountains throw high their crystal waters, and cool the burning winds that blow over the parched lands which lie beyond the Helmund and the shimmering waters of Istada.

"Yet I, Darak, prince of this palace and its treasures, was unhappy, since never for me had love shone in the eyes of an Afghan maiden, and, save for the countless slaves who came obedient to my call, my home was desolate. So, leaving it in charge of one of the Saduzai race, I set forth to visit strange lands and to find a bride fitting to share with me the inheritance which had come to me through the long line from which I sprang.

"Wandering in Eastern lands I came at last to Egypt, and even to Cairo, the city of mosques and minarets, for my eyes would fain behold the spot where the sacred head

"IN THE STREETS OF CAIRO."

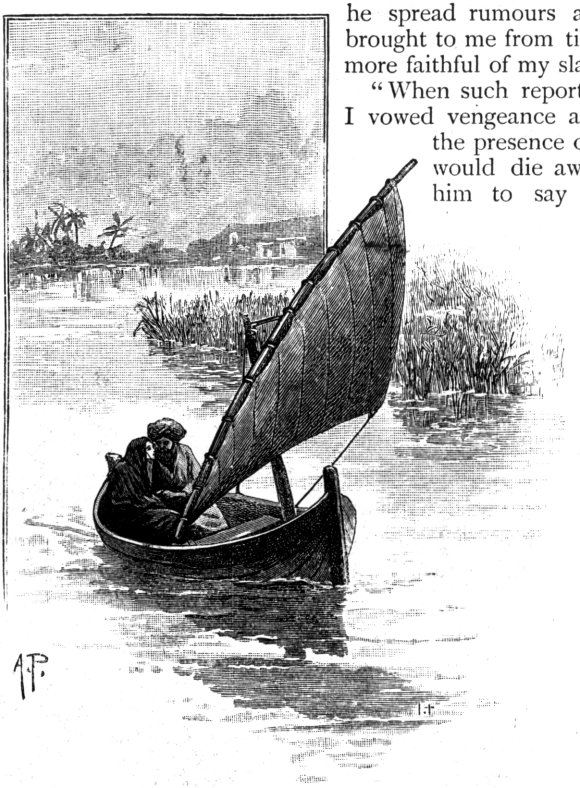
of Hoseyn was buried—he who was descended from the great Prophet. Then arose a rumour within the city that a prince had come to honour it, and, at times in the streets of Cairo, I saw the veil of an Egyptian maiden slightly moved aside that her eyes might rest upon the jewels of the sword which I wore. I had heard that the women were like the black-eyed virgins of Paradise, and it seemed to me that the saying was true. I became enchanted with this maiden, and watched many a weary hour that one glance from her liquid orbs might be to me a reward for the long journey which I had taken.

"I ventured to follow her through the narrow streets, and my eyes rested upon the abode wherein she dwelt, and, as I gazed up at the lattice-work above the corbels, it seemed to me that behind it the maiden lingered. Each day she wandered forth, and our eyes spoke the love which we dared not utter, lest it might bring death unto her. One memorable day she came not forth, and on the morrow, too, I missed her glances. I was in despair, and wandered aimlessly through the city, wondering what fate had overtaken her. Then there passed me a maiden carrying a water-pitcher upon her head, and she thrust into my hand a piece of papyrus whereon was engraven a message to me. Few were the words, yet they were sad indeed, for the queen of the harem had observed the maiden watching me from the lattice, and so she was commanded to stay in an apartment wherefrom she could not see me, nor was she to be allowed to traverse again the streets of Cairo.

"Despair at first seized upon me, then I began to wonder if in some way I could not possess me of the maiden and bear her away to my own land. Keeping at a certain distance from the harem, I closely observed those who passed in and out, and then a strange idea presented itself to me. Every morning there issued from the courtyard a woman of the harem; and I, taking into my confidence the keeper of a bazaar, paid him handsomely to narrowly mark her attire. Next morning when she had emerged I went to the harem and, disguised in an exact counterpart of her clothing, I walked boldly up into the women's apartment."

I looked at Hassan eagerly, for such a plan seemed to me unfeasible, but he, accustomed to Oriental stratagems, did not interrupt the narrative.

"Save for my eyes, my face was closely veiled, and, sauntering amid the crowd of beautiful women, my eyes fell upon the apartment wherein, from the papyrus, I knew that my adored one was confined. I opened the door carelessly and, imitating a woman's tone, bade her come forth and follow me into the presence of her lord. She recognised me in a moment, and faltered forth some words of surprise at my daring, which the rest of the women thought were expressions of fear at the fate which might be hers. We reached the lower floor and, passing through the guest chamber, were soon in the court adjacent. No one attempted to bar our way, for my plan was entirely unsuspected, and before it was discovered we were happily beyond pursuit!



"DOWN THE WINDING RIVER WE FLOATED."

"With my lovely bride, Hestra, I journeyed down the peaceful waters of the Nile, and viewed with delighted eyes the green fields of waving corn and the grey ridges of lime-stone rock that at times extended to the river's brink. Down the winding river we floated, until before us lay the cataract where the waters tumbled amid snowy foam, and the red felspar crystals glittered a warmer hue beneath the sun shining in the cloudless blue sky above. Then we ventured to return, and passing through Sinai, crossed into Arabia, whence by slow degrees I brought home the peerless Hestra to the palace from which I had set forth long before.

"So long had my absence been that the one to whom the charge of my palace had been intrusted thought I had perished in lands afar, and so he occupied my place and adorned him with the apparel which befitted me alone as a prince in the land. When at last I arrived at Ghuzni, and he was removed from the position which he had wrongfully assumed, there arose in his breast a feeling of jealousy, and henceforth he sought in many ways to bring sorrow to me or even to encompass me with death. Knowing that I was sprung from the tribe of the Barukzai, he sought to turn against me the enmity of the more powerful Saduzai, and in order to accomplish his purpose he spread rumours abroad which were brought to me from time to time by the more faithful of my slaves.

"When such reports reached my ears I vowed vengeance against him, yet in the presence of Hestra my anger would die away, and so I left him to say what he would, knowing that his words were false. Despite his crooked talk he often entered the palace and listened while I recounted one of my adventures when journeying to Egypt, and then Hestra, my beloved, following the maxim of the great Prophet, busied herself the while with her distaff, stopping occasionally to glance at me with her starlight eyes.

"Now hearken, that I may tell ye the full depths of a man's duplicity. It chanced that he fell ill, and when men inquired of him wherefore, he summoned them to the couch on which he lay and whispered that Hestra, my princess, had the gift of the evil eye, and that his sickness was caused by her! Nay, he even dared to say that I, Prince Darak, was held fast beneath her subtle spells, and that dire evil would surely fall upon the city if she were suffered to live! When the terrible report was brought to me I stood aghast at the depths of the man's baseness, and resolved that no whisper of the rumour should reach the ears of the princess. When in the streets of Ghuzni I chanced to

walk, men turned darkly aside lest they should be contaminated by my presence; for they said that surely my heart was evil to seek after a bride from a strange land, and to thus bring desolation upon them. They dared at last to storm the gates of my palace, and to demand that Hestra should be delivered unto them, that from the lofty rock she might be cast down into the plain below.

"I listened in sullen silence to the blows of their weapons as they smote heavily upon the gates of bronze, and I heard in disdain the wild cries with which they summoned me forth to answer their demand. Then Hestra, learning the dreadful truth, begged that I would yield her unto them lest evil might befall me, for she loved Darak better than her life. Not for a moment did I hearken unto her, for well I knew that mine enemy had inspired the frenzied throng with his malicious words that the fair palace and its treasures might be his.

"When the sheltering night drew dark her mantle round the city, I stole away from the palace with my bride and, crossing the plain over which ye have seen me hunted like a beast, I traversed this mountain pass, even whereon our feet have recently trodden. High above the spot where now we rest I knew that deep in the mountain side was a cave, and thither I bore the princess and placed her safely within it. But our flight was soon discovered, and up the narrow way the enemy swooped, like the screaming vultures that scent their prey from afar.

"I drew my shining blade and, one man against a host, prepared to hold the pass. On they came, even as to-day ye saw them, and raised a derisive laugh when I stood forth, the sole barrier between them and the bride whom the cowards yearned to slay. Yet I was undaunted; for, coming from the cave, behind me stood Hestra, and to fall fighting for her would leave no seal of shame upon my brow.

"Beneath the stars that shone on the snow-clad peak above I stood, and the ringing clash of steel against steel re-echoed from

'NO MORTAL MAN COULD FRONT US SO!'

crag to crag, until, exhausted, my right arm fell nerveless to my side. I grasped the falling sword in my left hand and still faced the foe, who pressed on over the bodies of their fallen comrades.

"'He is under the influence of the evil eye!' they hoarsely murmured: 'No mortal man could front us so!'

"With knitted brows and teeth fast locked together I hewed my assailants down. Suddenly a cry of distress rose behind me, and for a moment the din of our clashing weapons was unheard.

"One of their number, despairing of his comrades winning the pass, had scaled the overhanging mountain, and climbing down dared to touch with his hands the veil which covered Hestra's face! But the outstretched hands seemed frozen as he did so, and, uttering a wild shriek of terror, he dashed past me, and with excited cries called upon his comrades to follow him, and they fled headlong down the pathway. My senses reeled, and I fell upon the ground in a swoon, and when at daybreak consciousness returned to me, I saw to my astonishment that round my bride had formed a mighty rock of crystal, and then I knew that never again would the hand of man lay sacrilegious touch upon her veil! Never since that night have they ventured to molest me on the mountain, for from Ghuzni's height they yet can behold the top of Hestra's rock glittering in the sun. From the city my presence is banished, and at times when upon me comes the desire to gaze once again upon my palace within which my foe triumphant dwells, and I venture into the city, then am I driven thence. Yet they once used to bow lowly down when my shadow fell upon them, and to fawningly murmur: 'Great is Darak, for he is become a power in the land, and its mighty ruler honours him!'

"Such then was he who now lies an outcast at your feet; but by the Koran, one day my indignities shall be atoned for, and, if I live not once again beneath the roof of my palace, the glare of a torch shall make a yet ruddier glow, and the roof of beaten gold shall flow in a molten stream down the slope of Ghuzni's steep side!"

III.

As he finished his narrative the Afghan started to his feet; his hands were clenched and a fierce light shone in his dark eyes. Then he seemed to remember that we were present, and, hastily recovering himself, he added:—

"But Hestra awaits me, I must pass on. May the Prophet bless the Englishmen!" and before we could hinder him, even if we had so desired, he hurried past us, and we saw him threading the mountain path before us.

"Shall we follow him, Frank?" I asked Denviers, as I glanced at him to observe what effect the strange story had upon him, to which we had listened.

"Not now," he answered. "With the recollection of the wrongs which have so deeply stirred him so recently, he might forget the service which we have done him, and I certainly have no desire to try conclusions with him in the pass, as the treacherous Zaduzai did!"

"Wisdom lies in the sahib's words," said Hassan. "This wondrous rock of which he speaks must be easy to find in the pass above us; the Afghan is weary and will seek rest in the cave; and, while yet he sleeps, we may pass in safety and see this strange marvel." We waited until about two hours had passed, then we rose, and, led by Hassan, we toiled up the path which grew narrower as we proceeded, until after passing through some strangely scarred rocks we saw Hassan stop at last, and hold up his hand warningly to us. Then he cautiously moved back to us, and said in a low tone:—

"Sahibs, the Afghan's cave is just in front. Move lightly, for the ears of those of Eastern nations are quick, even in their sleep." We moved forward almost noiselessly, and in a moment more stood before the orifice of the cave and peered in. Upon a low couch made of the skins of animals the Afghan outcast lay sunk in a restful sleep. The fierce look upon his face seemed to be less noticeable, and from the few broken words which came in a soft, passionate tone from his lips, we concluded that in his dreams he was again living beneath the roof of his princely palace. His head rested upon one arm, while the other lay still upon his breast.

Above the dust-stained garb which the Afghan wore we saw, fastened to the rough granite-like side of the cave, a disused sword the handle of which was studded with jewels, while its steel blade, dinted and bent in the conflict of which we had heard, was imbued with a dull red stain. Adorned with this weapon he had doubtless wandered through the streets of Cairo when first the eyes of Hestra met his, and, grasping this sword, he had stood upon the spot from which we were now gazing upon him, while in her defence he had beaten back the relentless foes. Looking at him as he lay there we seemed to

understand the depths of his fallen fortune, and turned uneasily away.

"Hassan," I whispered to our guide, "pass on; we would see the rock before he awakes." The Arab noiselessly advanced, and, with a feeling of suppressed excitement, we followed him. We had only gone a few yards when suddenly we stopped, for before our astonished gaze rose a scene which was difficult for us to realize.

Far in the distance the sun was setting in a sky which seemed to turn the snow upon the mountain peaks into crimson. Thousands of feet below us a miniature village lay, and, standing out rugged and grand, before us was the rock of Hestra. The base of it occupied the space between the two mountain ridges, and thence the rock rose with its jagged top upon which the sky's rich tone seemed to cast its reflection. We advanced slowly to the rock, and for a moment stared blankly at the sight upon which our eyes rested.

Within the transparent rock we saw the form of a woman attired in an Egyptian costume, whose lustrous black eyes seemed to glance lifelike at us from the partly-rent veil which covered her face, and which her hands seemed raised towards, as if to protect it.

"Frank," I cried, astonished, "is this a living being before us?" He did not reply immediately, but going quite close to the rock, touched it with his hand and then said:—

"Just place your hand upon the rock for a moment, Harold." I did so and drew it back immediately, for it touched a frozen surface! Round the rock lay scattered a number of large fragments of stone and, pointing to them, Denviers exclaimed:—

"There lies the explanation of what has happened. The man who scaled the mountain, he of whom Darak spoke, probably disturbed as he did so a boulder lying loose below the peak, and its fall was followed by a snowslip which doubtless enveloped the Afghan's bride. Its weight compressed the lower part of it into ice, and the rays of the sun falling upon the outer surface has gradually melted the snow, leaving the ice intact."

'WITHIN THE TRANSPARENT ROCK WE SAW THE FORM OF A WOMAN."

That this was the true explanation there could be no doubt. We drew back and gazed once more upon the wonderful scene before us—surely the most amazing that ever met men's eyes.

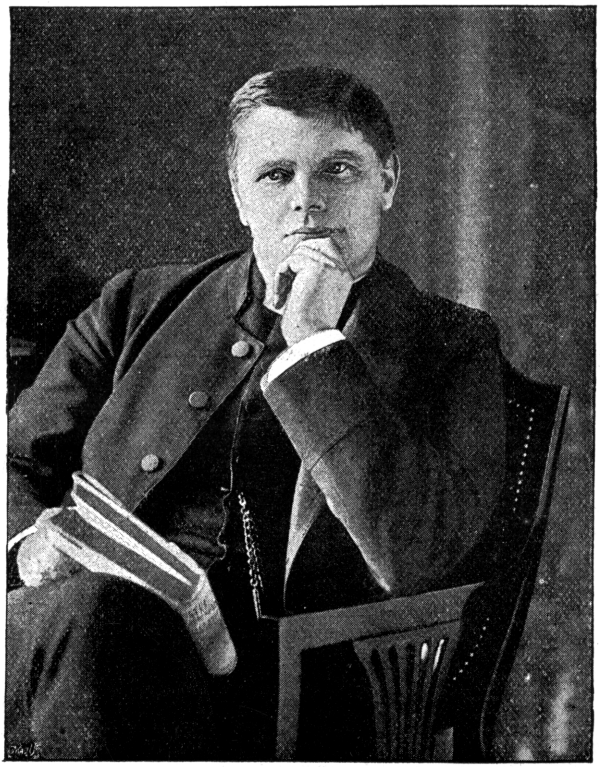
Then slowly we made our way past the cave where the Afghan was still sleeping. We hastened down the mountain path, but the descent was perilous, and night had long closed in before we reached the spot where we had secured our horses and tent previous to climbing the mountain path.

"Hassan," said Denviers, as the Arab stretched himself before the tent to seek repose, "we must be astir betimes in the morning."

"When the rising sun appears, Hassan will awake the Englishmen," he answered; and, faithful to his word, our guide roused us early that we might continue our wanderings.

Illustrated Interviews.

No. XVI.—THE REV. J. E. C. WELLDON (HEAD MASTER OF HARROW).



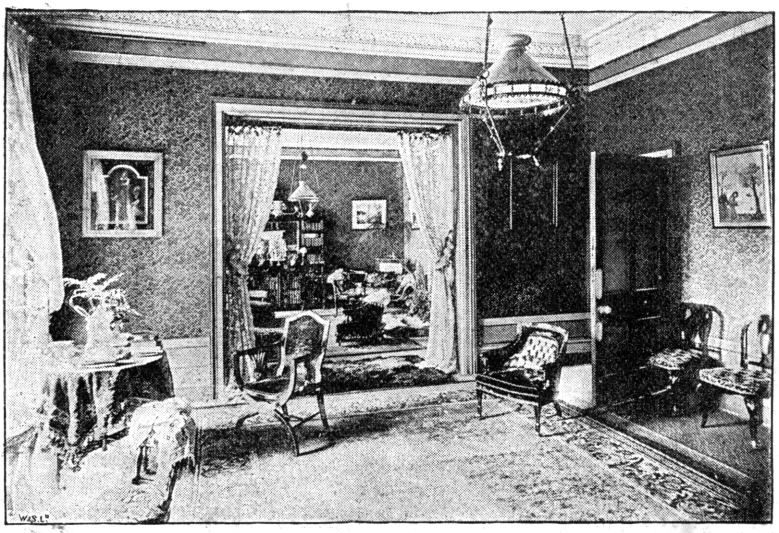
THE REV. J. E. C. WELLDON.
From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry.

IT was on the last Saturday of the term that I made my way to "the top of the Hill"—a Saturday as famous as welcome to every boy in Harrow—famous, for was not the last house match of the season to be played in the afternoon? whilst in the evening, as the bells chimed half-past six, were not the boys to gather in the speech-room and once again sing the dear old songs of Harrow? Welcome! Only a few more hours, and then for home and holidays. Yet there were one or two boys with sad and breaking hearts. It was their last Saturday at Harrow! Their faces told of their feelings within. I came across one handsome young fellow in the chapel—sitting silently in his accustomed seat. He was crying bitterly. He scarce knew why—why his eyes should fill—

> At the thought of the Hill,
> And the wild regret of the last good-bye.

"They sometimes scarcely know how to leave my study," said Mr. Welldon, in his kindly way, "when it comes to the last word of advice and a final grip of the hand."

The sight of these few boys who were leaving, wandering listlessly about the meadows and the school buildings, only substantiated what was to be read on Mr. Welldon's kind and open face. He is a model schoolmaster. He *knows* every boy in the school. He is a homely teacher. As a Public School-boy himself—for he is an old Etonian, and the only living link between Eton and Harrow—he seeks not only to pose as the teacher at the table, but as the pupil at the desk. Here lies the secret of scholastic sympathy, the carrying out of which realizes true teaching. Then Mr. Welldon loves fun. I would that you could hear the hearty laugh with which he accompanied the delightful stories he told me.



From a Photo. by] THE DRAWING-ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

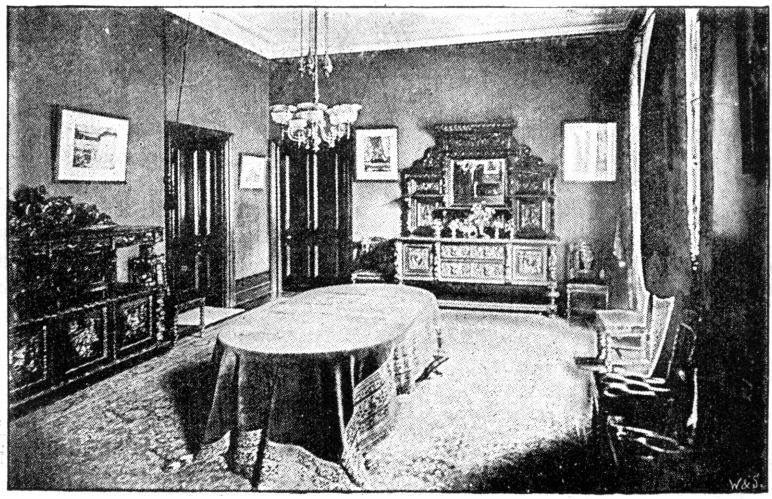
It echoed a "Don't-I-wish-I-was-there-now" sentiment that was unmistakable.

Before we settled down to talk we made the customary run through his rooms. Mr. Welldon is a bachelor, and his sister presides over his house. Miss Welldon's artistic taste is apparent in the arrangement of "Nature's decorations." You cannot enter a room without finding the freshest and sweetest of flowers. The fire-places in the drawing-room are just great fern banks relieved here and there by peeping blossoms; the tiny vases look as though the roses were growing out of them. The pictures in the drawing-room are principally of the Venetian and Florentine School, though here is an engraving of a portrait of Mr. Gladstone, and another of Holman Hunt's "Shadow of the Cross." Reminiscences of his many travels are also on the walls, as indeed they are everywhere about the house—in room and on staircase—photographs of Egypt and the Nile, the Yosemite Valley and Niagara, and many others. A dual statuette of Goethe and Schiller rests on a cabinet at the far end of the room.

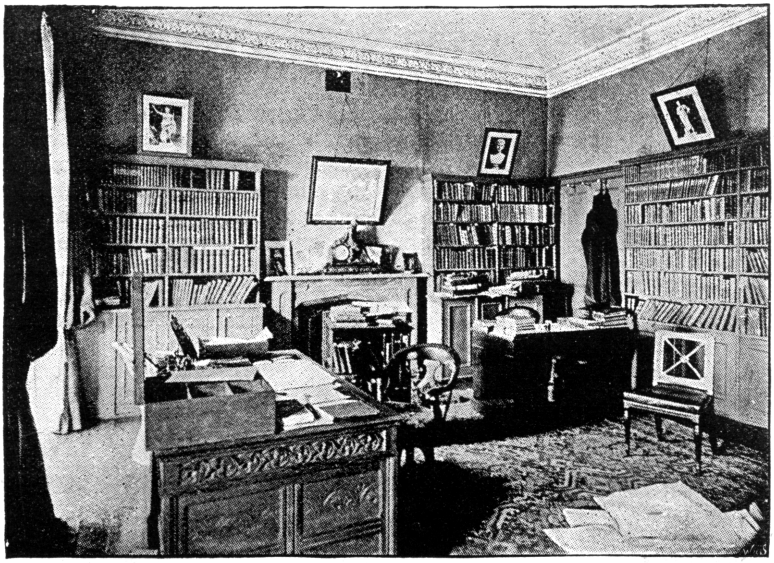
Yet another fern bank is found in the dining-room: a bright relief to the solemnly massive oak furniture.

The study of the Head Master of Harrow is necessarily a very interesting apartment. If it impresses the visitor, how much more does it affect the boy who timidly taps at the door and knows he is "in for it"! Yet, at the same time, the study is open to every lad in the school who would seek for advice, or who—a thing seldom needed—is desirous of lodging a complaint. There are two tables: one is the working table, on which are set out the varied papers associated with school life proper. Mr. Welldon assures me that "all the affairs of life go into six divisions"; hence the box of half-a-dozen pigeon-holes.

The other table is entirely devoted to Aristotle, of whom Mr. Welldon is a most ardent student. His "Translation of Aristotle's Politics" and "Rhetoric" are standard works, and he has just completed another treatise on the great philosopher. The



From a Photo. by] THE DINING-ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*



From a Photo. by] THE STUDY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

books in the study are those used in classical teaching; the two maps are those of Greece and Athens. Two photos. are noteworthy. One is that of Tennyson, on which the Laureate has written: "I prefer the Dirty Monk to the others of me"—a remark suggested by a possible resemblance to an untidy monk. The other is an autographed photo. of Mr. Gladstone.

The Rev. James Edward Cowell Welldon has the same birthday as Oliver Cromwell and John Keble—the 25th April. He was born at Tunbridge in 1854, was educated at Eton, and afterwards went to King's College, Cambridge, where he became Bell Scholar in 1874; Browne's Medallist in 1875 and 1876; Craven Scholar in the latter year, and Senior Classic and Senior Chancellor's Medallist in 1877.

"Then I went abroad," said Mr. Welldon, "and lived in five foreign homes. I was nearly starved abroad. That has made me careful with any of my boys who are going abroad to study languages. When I send them out before the end of the term, I take their tickets, have somebody I know to meet them at the other end, and, above all, see that the food is good. On my return from foreign lands I was appointed Lecturer, and subsequently Tutor, of King's College, Cambridge."

Mr. Welldon was only twenty-nine when he became Master of Dulwich College, and two years later, in 1883, he was made Head Master of Harrow School, succeeding Dr. Butler to that important and much-coveted post.

"Schoolmastering is a narrowing profession," he said; "you are always dealing with inferiors, telling people what to do—that is what makes schoolmasters so disagreeable in old age. When any of my teaching colleagues come here I always advise them to do something outside school-work—travel or write books. A good schoolmaster is a man who uses his holidays well. When Dr. Arnold was at Rugby it was difficult to get sufficient subjects to teach—now it is a hard matter to find time to teach them in. Educational subjects are increasing in number every day—they advance, whilst the capacity of the boy remains stationary. The only way to deal with the educational problem is to find out just what the boy loves and cares for, and let him learn it. I don't believe in cramming. Every subject requires teaching, and time to teach it in. Schoolmasters must learn to appreciate time as well as system. Are schoolmasters plentiful? Well, I have forty here, a splendidly energetic band—ask the boys—and with strong opinions of their own. Yet if the whole of my staff resigned to-day, I could fill up the vacancies to-morrow."

Then Mr. Welldon spoke very frankly on the subject of corporal punishment. He assured me that the only people in English society who do not object to having their boys flogged are the upper classes.

"Why," he said, merrily, "seeing that flogging is abolished in the Board schools and forbidden in the middle-class schools, soon we shall only be able to flog the son of a duke! Boys in their hearts like being kept in order—the masters they don't like are those who won't

punish. Still, I don't believe in corporal punishment—it may be useful, but I assure you it is not often necessary at Harrow. I have heard of some curious little stories on this subject. Lord Lawrence admitted that he was flogged once every day except one, when he was flogged twice in one day. Here are two remarkable examples that the birch does not ruin a boy's love for the master who administers it.

"When Dr. South, as a boy, went to Westminster, Busby said, 'I see wits in that ugly little boy; my cane shall bring them out'; and accompanied every stroke on the delinquent's body with such expressions as 'Now, be a man!' 'Be brave!' 'I'm so sorry!' And he meant it. The reason for his taking to birching the boys was an amusing one. He was humanity itself, and he got another master to do the thrashing. But the other master was even more humane than he, and in his pity for the boy laid across the form, would hit out so enthusiastically as only to birch the form and not the delinquent. Hence the head master held the birch afterwards.

From a Photo. by] HARROW SCHOOL—THE ENTRANCE. *[Elliott & Fry.*

it did. Yet when South was lying on his death-bed he expressed the wish to be buried next to Busby. They lie beside each other at Westminster. It is said that Dr. Keate at Eton flogged every day, and on one occasion kept at it all night. Yet Mr. Gladstone told me that the most enthusiastic reception he was ever at was Keate's farewell dinner given by his old pupils.

"A certain well-known head master of Harrow used to say to a boy after he had birched him, 'I forgive you!' and he

"When this same head master was appointed," said Mr. Welldon, "he caused a servant, who had been with his predecessor, to go through the house and take an inventory. The fanlight over the door had a huge hole in it, as though a stone had broken it. The servant did not include this in his list.

"'You missed this,' said the worthy 'head,' pointing to the broken fanlight.

"'Oh! that is always left with a hole in it, sir!' was the servant's significant reply.

"He had a way essentially his own of getting rid of little boys whom he invited to breakfast. You know, little boys have a peculiar habit of becoming inconveniently glued to a chair. The hospitable 'head' would quietly go up to the youngster—who was perhaps in the middle of another muffin—and say very gently, and with paternal kindness, 'And must you *really* go?' The little boy invariably went."

The name of Archbishop Longley is one to conjure with. Many a merry anecdote is associated with this estimable guide of youth.

There are no boys on earth more fond of a joke than Harrovians, and no lads more clannish. It seems two boys were out very late one night, and the worthy Longley was also enjoying a midnight ramble. The Harrow boys, by-the-bye, wear tail coats—*à la* the old English gentleman. Longley saw the two lads, and gave chase. He caught up one, and just got hold of one of his coat tails. The tail came off in the master's hands. "Ha! ha!" thought Longley, "I'll catch him to-morrow—he'll only have one tail to his coat." But he had reckoned without his host. In the morning every boy turned up with a single tail to his coat!

Longley's nickname at Harrow was Jacob. About this time a very popular game was played at the school called "Jack o'Lantern," but the neighbouring farmers complained that indulging in it injured their crops and field produce, as the boys must needs have a free run across country. It was therefore forbidden. A few lads, however, still managed to get out at night, and the boys in the Head Master's house—Longley's abode—used to let themselves down from a room on the first floor by a rope. One night, the boys had safely got inside, when Longley, in passing, caught sight of the suspended rope.

"I'll surprise them," thought he, and with commendable intention gave a pull at the cord. The boys evidently thought one of their number was still out, and began "hauling in." Up went Longley—higher and higher, until his face got level with the window. Then his stern countenance appeared.

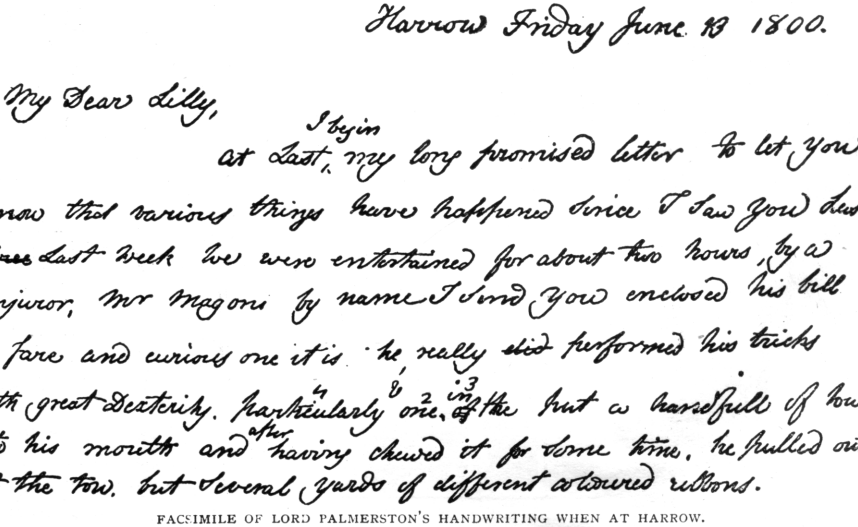
"Jacob, by Jingo," cried the boys, and the Head Master was dropped into his own laurel bush below. He never asked any questions!

Mr. Welldon, too, has experienced what may be aptly termed school "surprises."

Some time ago a not altogether comforting spectacle met his view. It seems the boys in a certain form pretended they wanted a window in the roof of their room shut. The obliging master had a ladder brought, mounted it, and endeavoured to shut the window. Some enterprising youth removed the ladder, and when the Head Master of Harrow entered there was the unfortunate master clinging for dear life to the frame-work.

Just as we were in the midst of happily enjoying these little reminiscences a servant brought in a letter.

"Excuse me one moment," said Mr. Welldon. But the next instant the letter was in my hands. It was a letter written by Lord Palmerston to the Honble. Elizabeth Temple, Hanover Square, when a schoolboy at Harrow; and sent now to the Head Master. Here are the contents:—


Harrow Friday June 13 1800.

My Dear Lilly,

I begin at Last, my long promised letter to let you know that various things have happened since I saw you last. Three Last week we were entertained for about two hours, by a conjuror, Mr Magoni by name I send you enclosed his bill of fare and curious one it is. he really did performed his tricks with great Dexterity. Particularly one, in the first a handfull of tow into his mouth and after having chewed it for some time, he pulled out not the tow, but several yards of different coloured ribbons.

FACSIMILE OF LORD PALMERSTON'S HANDWRITING WHEN AT HARROW.

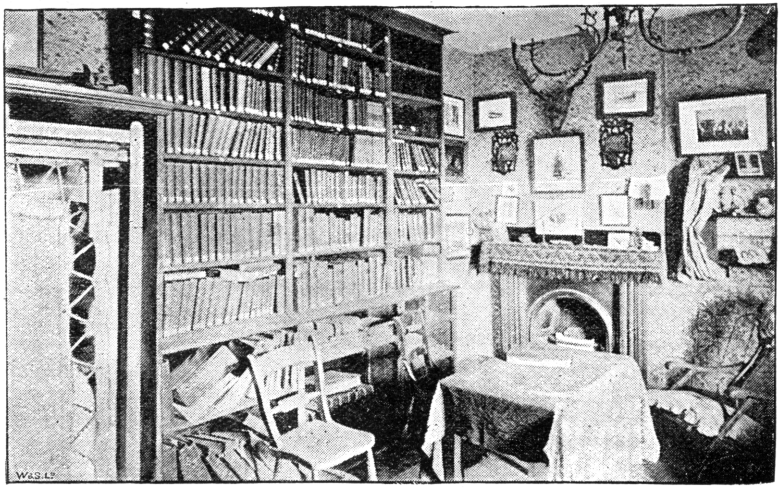
"Harrow, Friday, June 13, 1800.

"My Dear Lilly,—At Last I begin my long promised letter to let you know that various things have happened since I saw you Last. Last week we were entertained for about two hours by a conjuror, Mr. Magoni by name. I send you enclosed his bill of fare, and curious one it is. He really performed his tricks with great Dexterity, and one in particular. He put a handfull of tow into his mouth, and after having chewed it for some time he pulled out, not the tow, but several yards of different coloured ribbons.

"The Day before yesterday we had a Poney race, one poney belonged to Forster, the man who keeps the Inn, where we dined on the Speech Day, and the other was the property of a farmer's son in the neighbourhood. The race course was along the London road from the bottom of the hill to the House at the end of the Common, just one mile, for two guineas. The Farmer's Poney came down in good time, but Forster's, not liking the sport, set off from the Stable with his jockey on his back, and run down quite the contrary way from the race ground, came to a common where he Leaped over a ditch, threw his Jockey and dragged him a hundred yards, however, Luckily did not hurt him, though he kicked at him, and as soon as the boy was disengaged from his Stirrup he ran into a pond, where he was caught: and then he and his Jockey came very Quietly to the course. He ran very well half-way, but when he came to the avenue of Elms about a quarter of a mile from the house, which served instead of a winning post, he turned Sharp up it, and would not go on so that the other poney came in ten minutes before him. Forster, however, said he would run him back again for a guinea, which he lost also, his poney being compleatly distanced. I wish you would send to Dale's Musick Shop in Oxford Street for six or eight yards of catgut like the piece I enclose, and send it me as soon as you can. I will pay you when I see you. I do not believe it will be more than two shillings. I wish you would send to Mr. Watkin and Phipps for a box of the ointment he said I was to use for my eyes, as I have had two or three boxes, but have always squashed them in my pocket as soon as I bought them. I am glad to hear Betzy is better, and that everything is settled with Mrs. Rush who seems to be one of those unfortunate people, who do not know their own mind five minutes together. My Love to all, and believe me ever your most affectionate Brother,

"H. Temple."

Previous to starting out with Mr. Welldon for a walk round the school buildings, and a visit to the swimming bath and cricket field, I saw some of the boys' rooms in the Head Master's house. The head boy of the house has a library in his apartment. You can read the boys' inclinations in the decorations they have in their respective *sanctums*. One boy leans towards sport—look at the cups and athletic trophies; another is partial to cattle in general, and horses in particular. All of them have family portraits—the son of the Bishop of Ripon has his father's picture in a most prominent position — and many lads are evidently admirers of beautiful women.



From a Photo. by] THE HEAD BOY'S STUDY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

It was with a merry smile that Mr. Welldon told me of the only case of school love that had ever come under his notice.

"I was at Dulwich at the time," he said, "and a lady came to me with the request to punish her boy—only seventeen—who had proposed marriage to some charming young damsel in the neighbour-

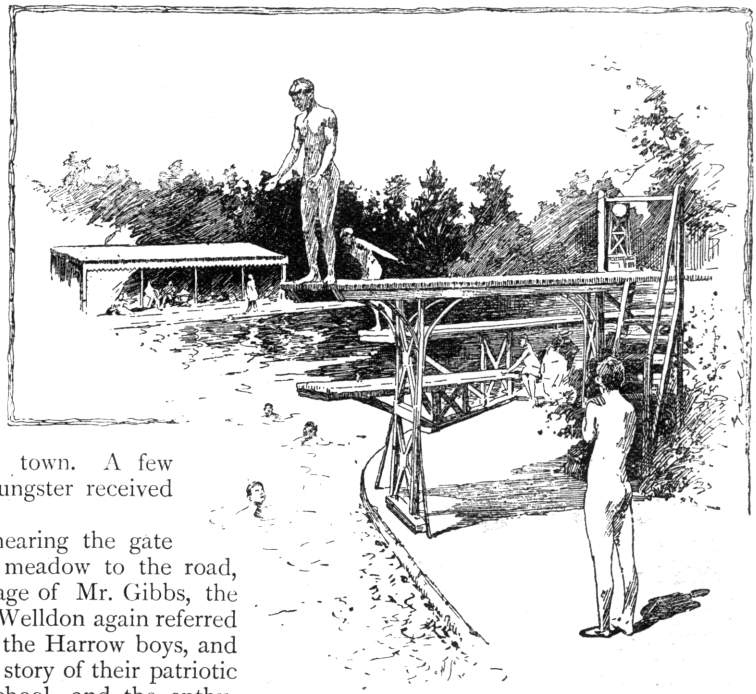
hood who had captured his heart. I was successful in breaking off the engagement!"

Then, as we walked across the fields together, followed by Scamp, a remarkably handsome collie, through the meadow path past the fine football field, towards the swimming bath, we discussed a number of matters, which it is to be hoped will prove interesting to the general reader, and particularly so to any Harrow boy—present or past—who may peruse this little paper.

Most boys have two shillings a week pocket-money, and the Harrow confectioners' shops—their name is legion—thrive on it. The shops live on the School. Mr. Welldon deliberately declared that confectioners were amongst his worst enemies. Sometimes a boy returns from his holidays with three or four sovereigns. It is gone in a fortnight. The sons of great bankers have been at Harrow, and, owing to the captivating confectioner, have not had sufficient money to pay their fare to London. No credit is allowed. If a shop is "put out of bounds" by the Head Master, the shopkeeper has to go—no boy dare patronize it. Still, your young Harrovian comes in for occasional pleasant presents from ill-advised people. A short time ago a Harrow boy showed a stranger round the town. A few days afterwards the youngster received a dozen of champagne.

Just as we were nearing the gate which leads from the meadow to the road, where stands the cottage of Mr. Gibbs, the swimming master, Mr. Welldon again referred to the clannishness of the Harrow boys, and told me a remarkable story of their patriotic feeling towards their school, and the enthusiasm with which they regarded everything that happened in connection with it.

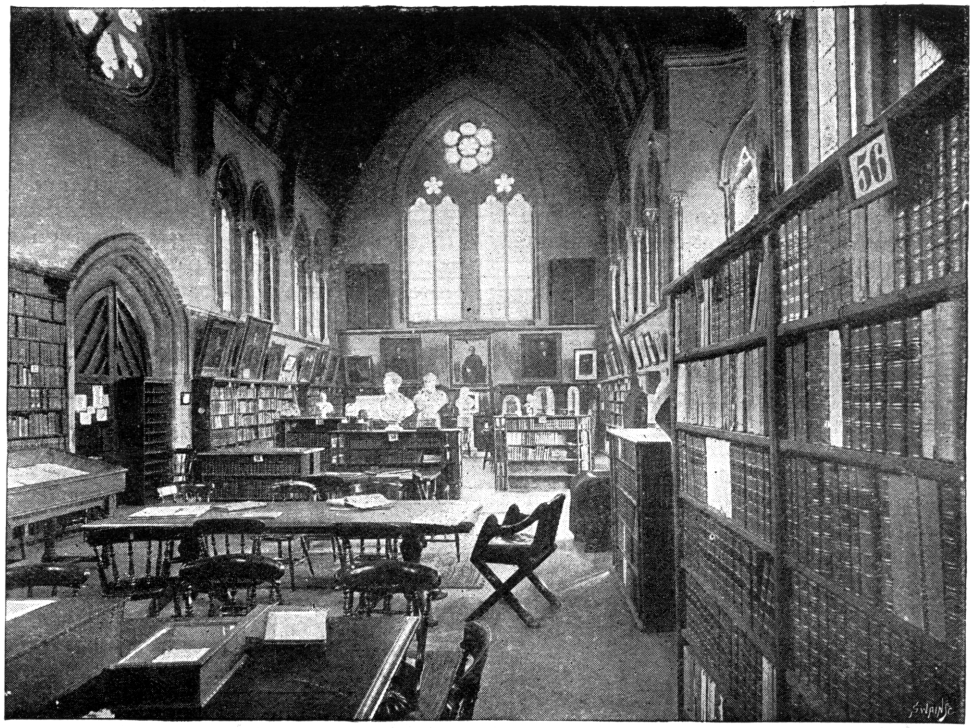
"You asked me just now if ever a Harrow boy had been expelled. After Dr. Wordsworth left only some sixty-eight boys remained—the school had gone down terribly, principally owing to a difference of opinion which existed between Wordsworth and Sir Robert Peel. This led, it is said, to the elder sons of Sir Robert alone being sent to Harrow, and the younger ones—including the present Speaker of the House of Commons—going to Eton. Dr. Heath was the last Etonian Head Master of Harrow previous to my appointment. The elder brother of the Duke of Wellington—the Marquis Wellesley, a boy of ten years of age—was at Harrow at the time, and he, with other boys, strongly resented this action. In token of their strong feelings on the matter they dragged the carriage of one of the governors down to Roxeth Common, near here, and broke it to pieces. One of the ringleaders was the Marquis Wellesley. He was brought up, rebuked, and asked to apologize. Instead of doing so, he pulled out a piece of wood which he had brought from the broken carriage and cried, 'Victory! Victory!' He was expelled. He was sent to Eton. Strange to tell, he became the most devoted Etonian, was always desirous



THE BATHING PLACE.

of being buried there, and his wishes were fulfilled. But for that occurrence Harrow could perhaps have numbered amongst its old boys a Duke of Wellington."

We talked very little about sermons, though Mr. Welldon is Chaplain to the Queen, and one of the finest preachers in the country. Mr. Welldon happily remarked that the last token of appreciation



From a Photo. by] THE VAUGHAN LIBRARY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

of his sermons was from one of his old boys, who had taken a book of his discourses out with him to South Africa.

"He wrote to say that he read one of my sermons every Sunday, as he was far away from all churches. He wanted to know if, after having done his duty—as he put it—by reading a sermon, he might shoot afterwards."

"And did you give him permission?" I asked.

"Certainly. I told him I thought he might," was the answer.

We had reached the swimming bath, and many of the boys were enjoying a plunge. It is certainly the finest open air bath in the kingdom, being 500ft. long, with a maximum width of 60ft. Its depth varies from 3ft. 8in. to 6ft. 1in. Three hundred and fifty thousand gallons of water come daily from the Harrow waterworks, covering almost three-quarters of an acre. The whole place is delightfully sheltered, and surrounded with trees and huge banks of shrubs and evergreens. Some of the best swimmers and divers amongst the Harrow boys willingly lent themselves to the camera.

On our return to Harrow there was much to see, previous to going to the cricket ground, and Mr. Welldon was most enthusiastic in pointing out the many objects of interest. The chapel is full of memorial tablets, and close by is the Vaughan Library, a very handsome erection. Immediately on entering are seen two fine marble busts of Lord Palmerston and Byron; many portraits of old Harrovians hang round the walls. Here "Young Harrow" can come and look upon many precious relics of those who sat on the forms before them. They can sit in the alcove by the window and look out upon the glorious landscape in front of them, the richness and beauty of which must tempt many a lad to dream and hope that one day his name may live "on the Hill." Byron's sword is here, and Lord Palmerston's inkstand. Just by the alcove is a crayon drawing of the late Cardinal Manning. I remembered how his eyes lit up when, some time before he died, I spoke to him about his Harrow days. In the letter which hangs framed beneath his picture—the last he wrote to Mr. Welldon—dated 21st June, 1889, the great prelate says: "As I grow older and older, the days of my boyhood seem brighter."

"I once took lunch with Cardinal Manning in the morning," said Mr. Welldon, "tea in the afternoon with Mr. Spurgeon; and dined

in the evening with the Bishop of Winchester!"

In a glass case is Byron's "Euripides' Hecuba"; some Latin exercises written by Sir Robert Peel when at Harrow in 1804, and letters from Wellington, Faraday, Landseer, and Sydney Smith. An archer's dress of white satin and silver lace worn at Harrow on the day of shooting for the silver arrow is preserved, together with a couple of the silver arrows competed for.

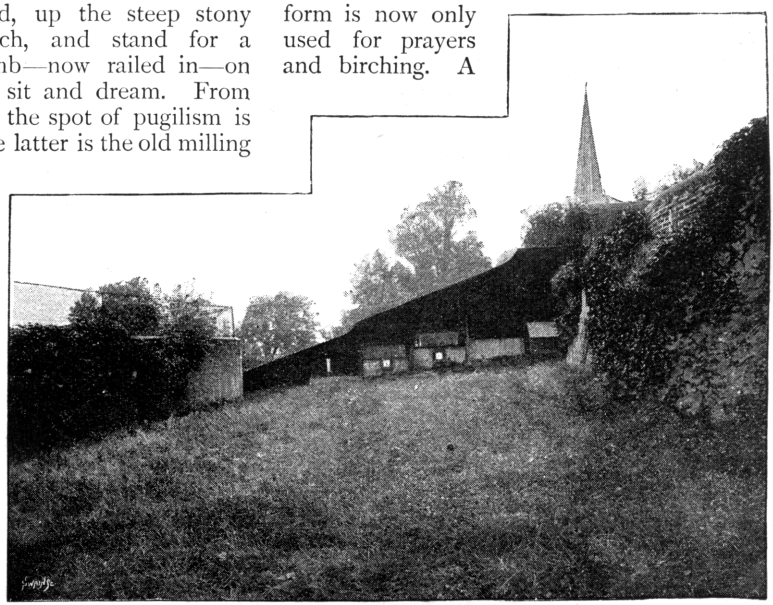
BYRON'S SEAT—TOMB IN HARROW CHURCHYARD.

We cross the road, up the steep stony incline to the church, and stand for a moment by the tomb—now railed in—on which Byron used to sit and dream. From the place of poetry to the spot of pugilism is but a few steps. The latter is the old milling ground where Byron fought his battles.

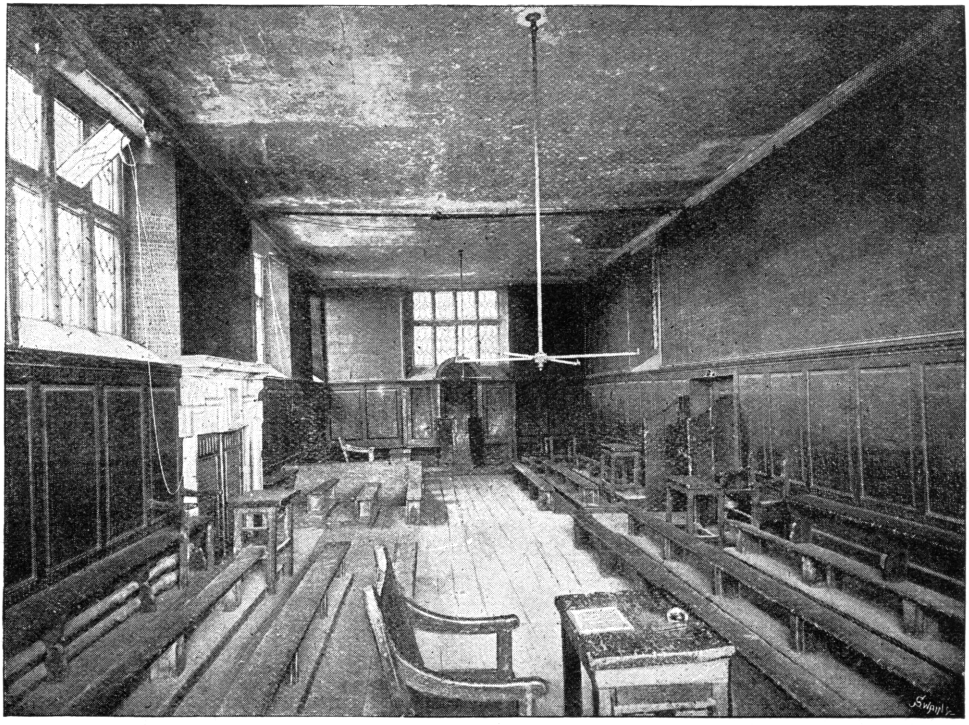
> The streams where we swam and the fields where we fought.

"At Harrow I fought my way very fairly. I think I lost but one battle out of seven," Byron wrote to a friend. But the place of milling is no more. The courtyard is no longer used as a grand stand by the boys; the masters no longer have to shut their eyes to a pugilistic encounter. The days of fights are o'er, and the patch of once famous land now grows very long grass and is used as a practice ground for the Morris tube.

All that remains of the old school stands here. Here is the old fourth form, with its oaken benches and panels, tiny windows, and huge Elizabethan mantelpiece—its quaint old desks and chairs. It forms the Harrow scroll of fame, for on the walls and benches, on the doors—aye, everywhere — the pen-knife of many a famous man has cut into the wood. Here is "Byron," and in the next panel to the poet is "H. Temple, 1800." "R. Peel" is in big letters near the Head Master's seat; "Haddo" (Lord Aberdeen), "R. B. Sheridan"—until very recently a direct descendant of Sheridan was in the school—and near the floor, in very small letters, "H. E. Manning, 1824." No walls were ever so famously decorated as these. The old fourth form is now only used for prayers and birching. A



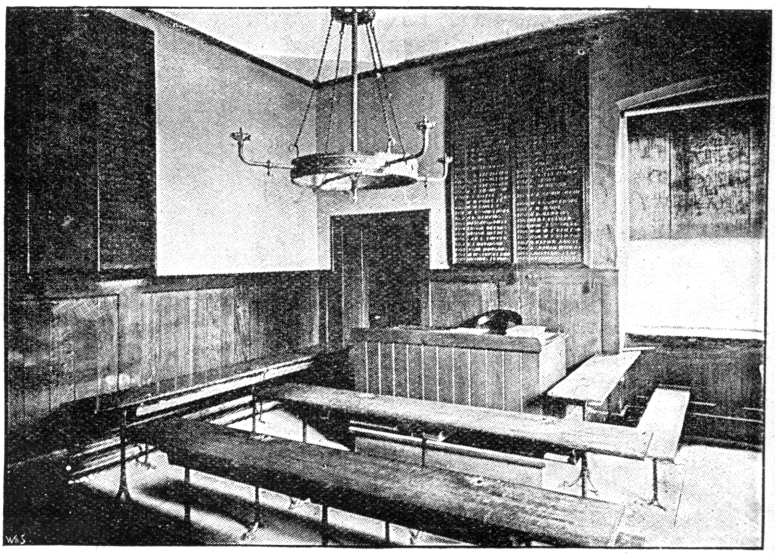
From a Photo. by] THE OLD MILLING GROUND. *[Elliott & Fry.*



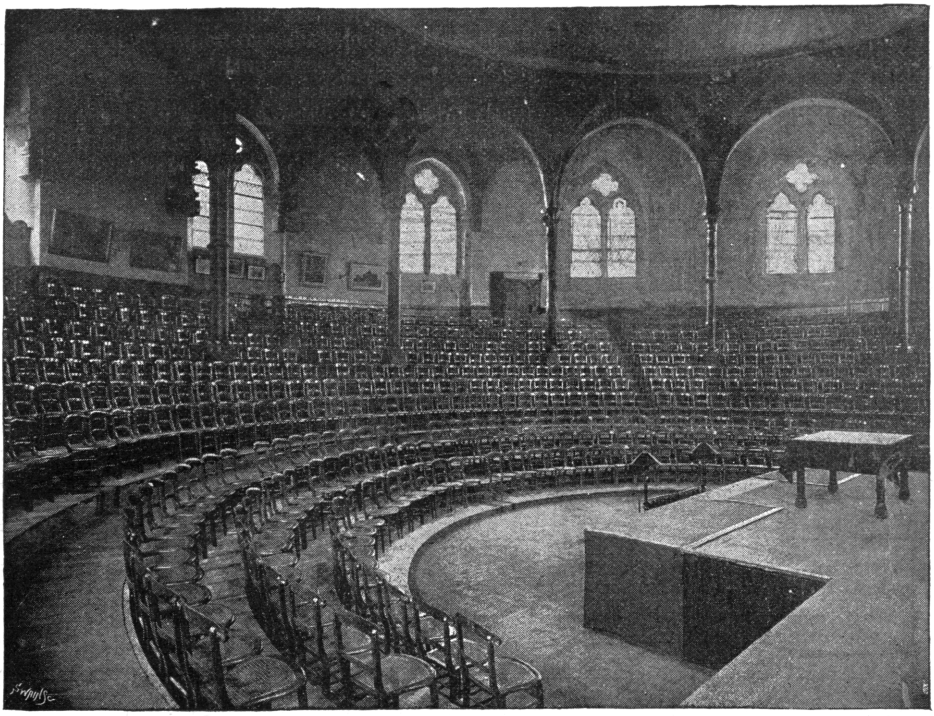
From a Photo. by] THE FOURTH FORM ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

little door is opened near the ancient desk where the Head Master once sat, and six birches rest against the wall in an impressive row. Passing upstairs — the doors and walls are covered with names— we reach the Head Master's class-room. It contains a number of tablets on which are printed in gold the names of Harrow prize-winners. It is a close, uncomfortable room, but tradition is strong at Harrow, and the boys would not leave it for the most perfectly ventilated and sumptuously furnished apartment in the land.

There is just time to look in at the speech-room, with its fine oak roof and numberless chairs ranged tier upon tier, before we hurry away down the Hill — the Hill upon which Lord Shaftesbury conceived his idea of philanthropy when seeing a funeral passing by. We are on our way to the cricket ground. What a sight it is! Seated on the grass and



From a Photo. by] HEAD MASTER'S CLASS-ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*



From a Photo. by] THE SPEECH-ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

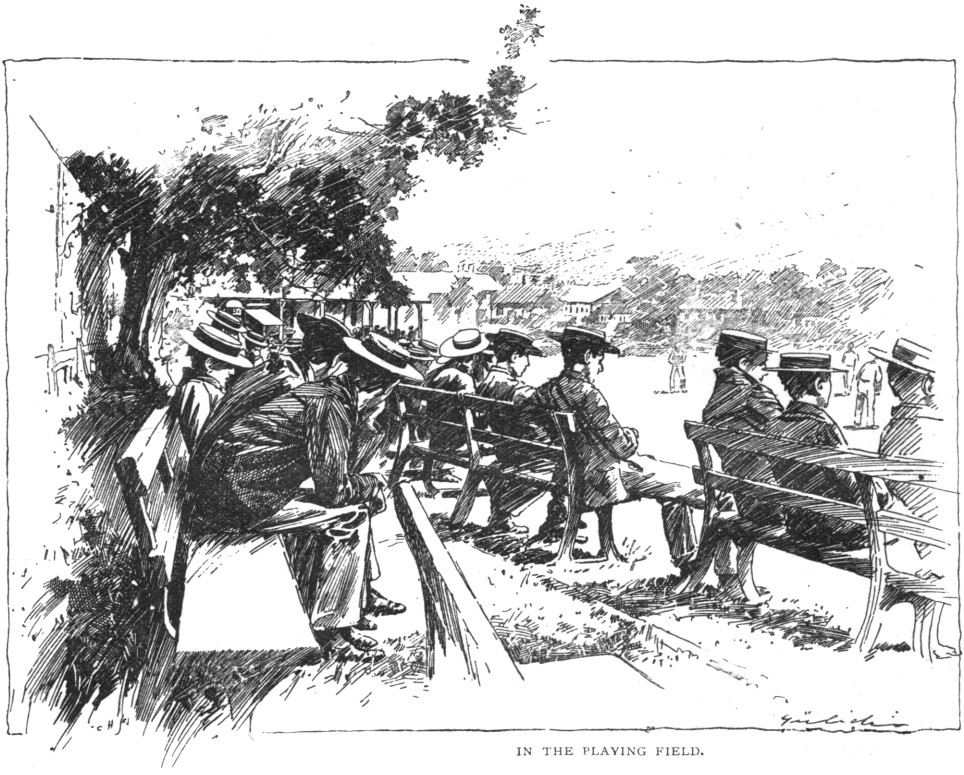
benches is young Harrow, eagerly watching and waiting for every ball that leaves the bowler's hand, and every hit that comes from the striker's bat. But go on a little farther and you reach the pavilion. Here sit the two houses who are fighting with bat and ball to-day. You can easily tell the supporters of the two sides. Let the bowler deliver a good ball, and fifty voices at the pavilion go up in one great shout; but let the batsman make a grand drive, and the same fifty voices are silent, while the other half-hundred take up the shout. If you want to hear a real, unadulterated English shout, ask a Harrow boy to cheer; if you want a practical definition of enthusiasm, go to a Saturday afternoon match at Harrow.

Mr. Welldon and I sat down on one of the seats, whilst Scamp lay at his master's feet.

"We have fifteen clubs here," said Mr. Welldon, "and in a couple of years' time I venture to prophesy a score. The cricket at Harrow is practically looked after by friends, though the masters play their part as well. Lord Bessborough has trained young Harrovians to bat for the last fifty years; the late Mr. Grimston was seldom absent from the field, and to-day Mr. I. D. Walker is most enthusiastic in his batting and bowling lessons. I often have requests from the parents of boys to 'let them play cricket to their hearts' content,' and when the House of Commons is sitting, the ground is alive with M.P.'s on a Saturday afternoon—probably to see if I am carrying out their instructions. The big match at Lord's is systematically trained for. I always make a point of keeping the boys in school till eight o'clock on the morning of the Eton and Harrow match. It steadies them. You have only to look at that pavilion to know what the Harrow boys love. Hark at them now! Well hit!—well hit!"

Mr. Welldon himself had caught the spirit of enthusiasm, and his sudden shout told that the Head Master's love ran in the same direction as the boys'.

"In the old days at Lord's, on the occasion of the annual battle between the two great schools," he said, after watching a good four run out, "there were no ropes round the pitch to keep it clear. Once, one of our youngsters got a ball in the face, and his nose began to bleed. His mother, who was on the ground, rushed from her seat to her boy. The captain, with the utmost gravity and courtesy, turned to the lady, saying, as he ordered her off the ground:



IN THE PLAYING FIELD.

'Are you not aware, madam, that every Harrow boy should be ready to shed his last drop of blood in the service of his school?'

"One of the most tragic deaths I ever heard of happened in this very cricket field," the Head Master said, very quietly. "A boy was umpiring. A ball was hit to short leg; he was unable to stop it, and it hit him behind the ear. There was just time to take him off the field before he died. It only wanted a fortnight to the match at Lord's, and he was to have played in the eleven. The captain of the eleven sent the cricket cap he would have worn to the poor boy's mother, and it was buried with him."

Being left alone for a few minutes, I met the captain of the school eleven—Mr. M. Y. Barlow. He was sketched at the telegraphic board. The figures stand for what he would like to see at Lord's. Mr. B. N. Bosworth-Smith, son of the biographer of Lord Lawrence, and the head boy of the School, also stood to the artist, and a group of Harrow boys willingly submitted. In this group is a Harrovian—a great favourite at the School—who should be peculiarly interesting to the readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE. In the white lining of his straw hat is a

THE CAPTAIN OF THE ELEVEN.

THE HEAD BOY OF THE SCHOOL.

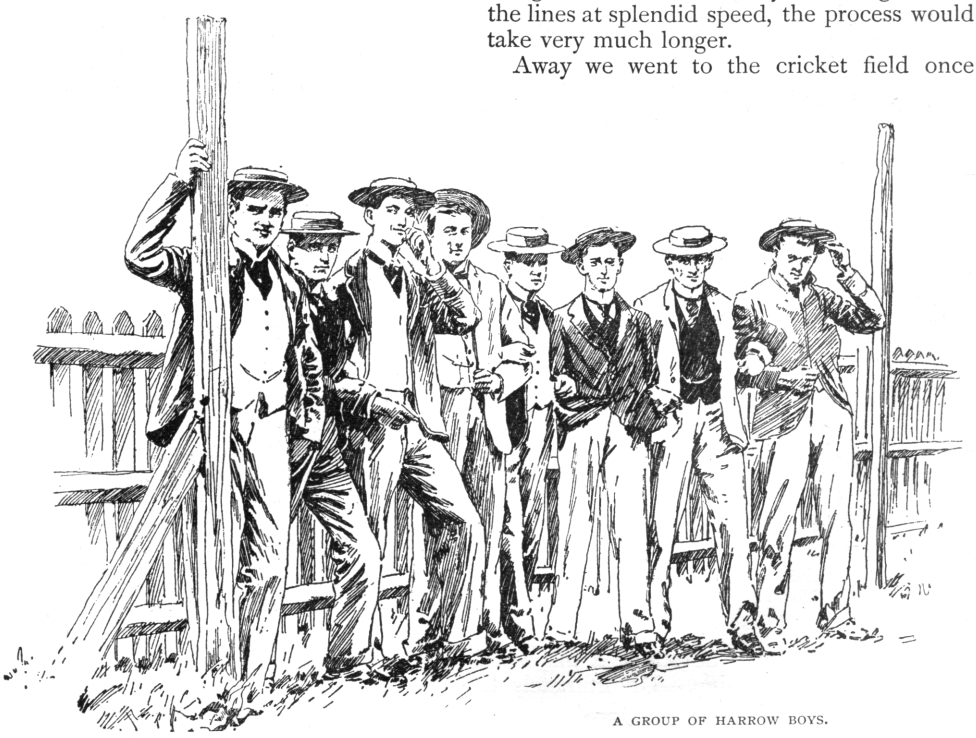
familiar name written in ink. It was put there by a companion owing to his remarkable resemblance to a very eminent detective. The name is—Sherlock Holmes!

Suddenly the batsmen throw down their bats, the boys leave the pavilion, and the seats are quickly emptied. They are all hurrying towards an adjoining meadow. Mr. Welldon has returned, and he invites me to come and see five hundred boys called over in a minute! I timed this very economical and time-saving process of seeing that every boy is in Harrow, and found that the whole thing was got through in fifty-eight seconds.

The lads are arranged in groups, each group presided over by a boy known as the shepherd. A bell rings, and Mr. Edward Bowen, whose idea it was, starts, with pencil and paper in hand, and pays a hurried visit to the first group.

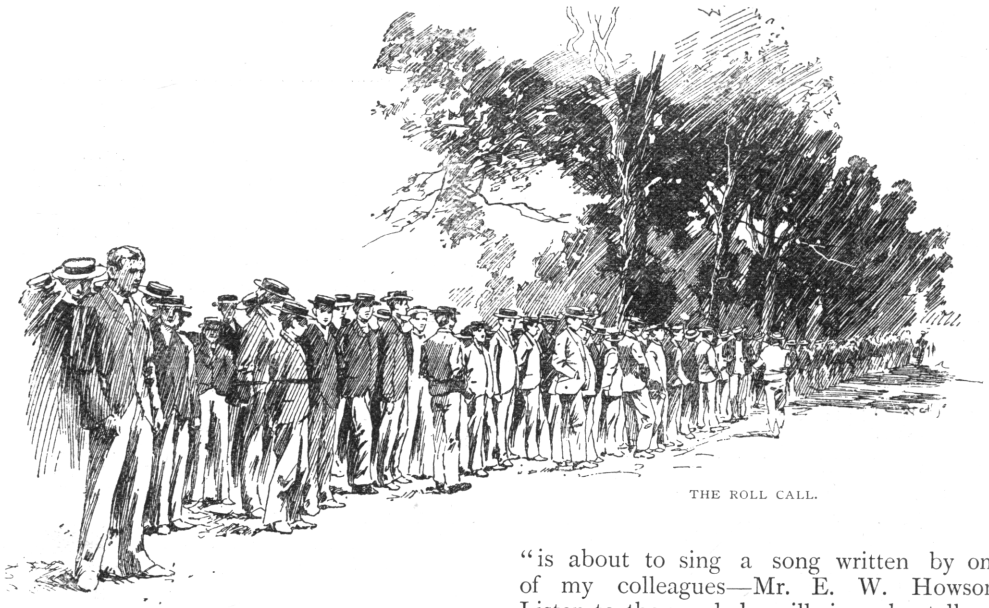
"Eight here—one absent," says the shepherd of the first division. Away goes Mr. Bowen to the next batch—and so on, until five hundred boys are similarly called. The shepherd of every group along the line cries out how many are present in his party, and how many are away. Possibly, were not Mr. Bowen an excellent pedestrian—did he not, thirty years ago, walk from Cambridge to Oxford in a day?—and get down the lines at splendid speed, the process would take very much longer.

Away we went to the cricket field once



A GROUP OF HARROW BOYS.

more, where a couple of hours soon went by. At length the match was over, and masters, boys, and friends were on their way to the speech-room. At half-past six the sweet voices of the school twelve would once again sing the ever-to-be-remembered songs of Harrow, while the whole school would "chorus," with lusty voices and hearts brimming over, so that you might hear the music at the bottom of the Hill. The speech-room presented a picture not to be forgotten—



THE ROLL CALL.

these Harrow boys singing with not a thought of the life that was before them. As they sang, many an old Harrovian sat there silent and listened earnestly, thinking of the days when their ages were the same as those who were merrily shouting :—

Lyon of Preston, yeoman John,
Many a year ago
Built on the Hill that I live on—
A school, that you all may know.

How well "The Niner"—a capital cricketing song, written by Mr. Bowen—was rattled through! It told of a champion of the field—

Of cricketers never a finer,
From Nottinghamshire to China,
But *he never could manage a niner!*

However, one day he struck a majestical blow, and ran the nine. Unfortunately he came to grief in the last verse :—

And just as the niner was done and entire
He threw himself down to rejoice (and perspire)—
"*One short*," said the fair and impartial umpire!
Boo-hoo!

So he gave up and went and ate ices,
Of various colours and sizes,
And died of pulmōnary phthīsis,
Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo!

Mr. Welldon turned to me.

"One of the youngest boys in the school," he said, as a little fellow came forward, "is about to sing a song written by one of my colleagues—Mr. E. W. Howson. Listen to the words he will sing—he tells of what is in his heart to-day, and the whole school will reply with what he may feel in the days to come."

And the little boy sang, and the school replied :—

Five hundred faces, and all so strange!
Life in front of me—home behind,
I felt like a waif before the wind
Tossed on an ocean of shock and change.

Chorus. Yet the time may come, as the years go by,
When your heart will thrill
At the thought of the Hill,
And the day that you came, so strange and shy.

A quarter to seven! there goes the bell!
The sleet is driving against the pane;
But woe to the sluggard who turns again
And sleeps not wisely but all too well!

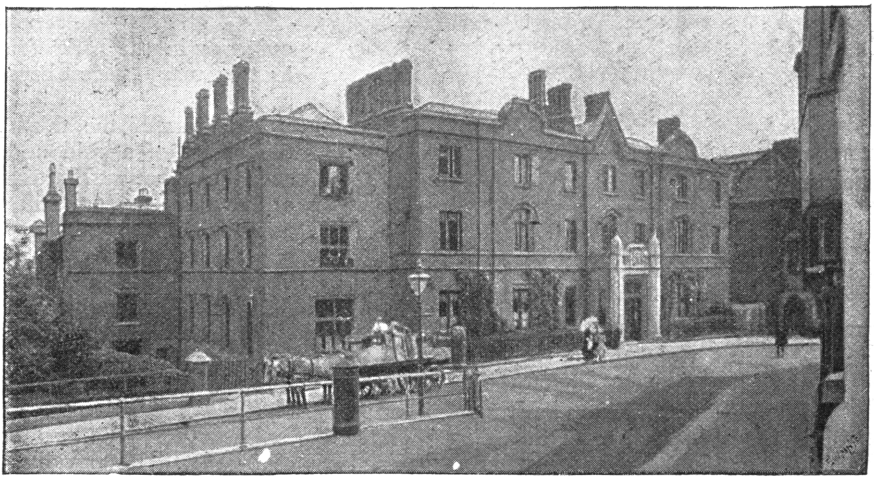
Chorus. Yet the time may come, as the years roll by,
When your heart will thrill
At the thought of the Hill,
And the pitiless bell, with its piercing cry.

Nothing but proses and reps and con !
O for the future when I'm a man,
With no more Virgil to learn and scan,
And no one to say to me, " Please, go on !"
Chorus. Yet the time may come, as the years go by,
When your heart will thrill
At the thought of the Hill,
And the proses so long and the con so dry.

" Raining in torrents again," they say :
The field is a slippery, miry marsh :
But duty is duty, though sometimes harsh,
And " footer " is " footer " whatever the day.
Chorus. Yet the time may come, as the years go by,
When your heart will thrill
At the thought of the Hill,
And the slippery fields and the raining sky.

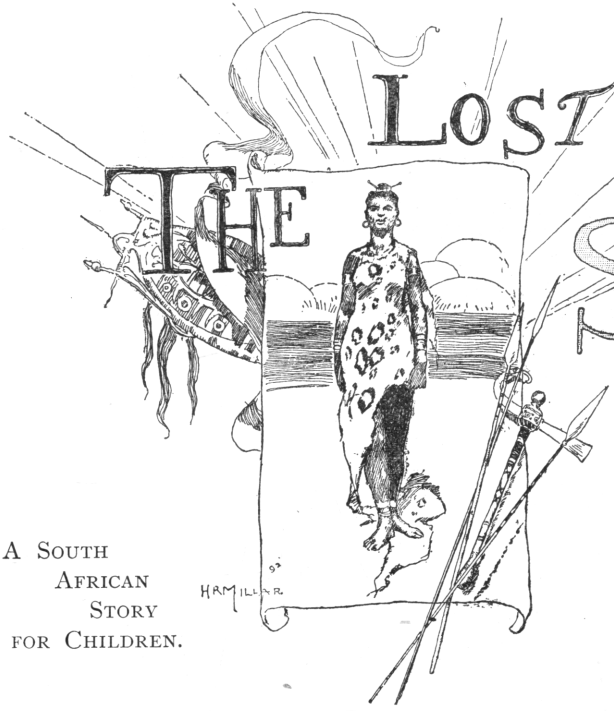
Five hundred faces alive with glee !
Trials are over ; the term is done,
With all its glory and toil and fun ;
And boyhood's a dream of the past for me !
Chorus. Yet the time may come, though you scarce know why,
When your eyes will fill
At the thought of the Hill,
And the wild regret of the last good-bye.

HARRY HOW.



THE HEAD MASTER'S HOUSE.

THE LOST SPEAR



A South African Story for Children.

ONCE upon a time, when the fairies were still in this land, and the black man had not been driven inland away from the sea-shore, a mighty King called all his chiefs together to witness a contest between the four strongest, bravest, and handsomest of the young men of all his subjects. The prize was the King's youngest daughter—the black-eyed Lala—and the one of these four who should throw the assegai the furthest should win her for his bride.

Many princes and chiefs and their followers assembled at the King's village by the sea, and many days went by in feasting and in choosing four from all that host, who were at the same time the strongest, bravest, and most handsome there.

At last these four were chosen. Three of them were sons of great chieftains, but the fourth was only a poor herdsman. Yet the Princess Lala, who stood at her father's hut, thought him the best of them all. A sandy plain that stretched between the mountains was chosen, and the four champions stood in a row ready to throw. The first threw his assegai so well that it fell upright into an ant-hill far, far away. The second assegai stood quivering in the bark of a young fir tree many paces beyond the ant-hill.

The spear of the third pierced the breast of a gold and green sugar-bird that was fluttering over a tall aloe blossom still further away. But the herdsman, who was fourth, threw his assegai so vigorously that it flew like a flash of lightning up into the heavens, and struck a hawk that was soaring there in search of prey.

Loud were the acclamations of the people, and they adjudged the fourth the winner. The Princess wept for joy, but the great King, who did not wish his daughter to wed a humble herdsman, said :—

"Let them throw again with spears that I shall give them. This man's weapon was surely bewitched."

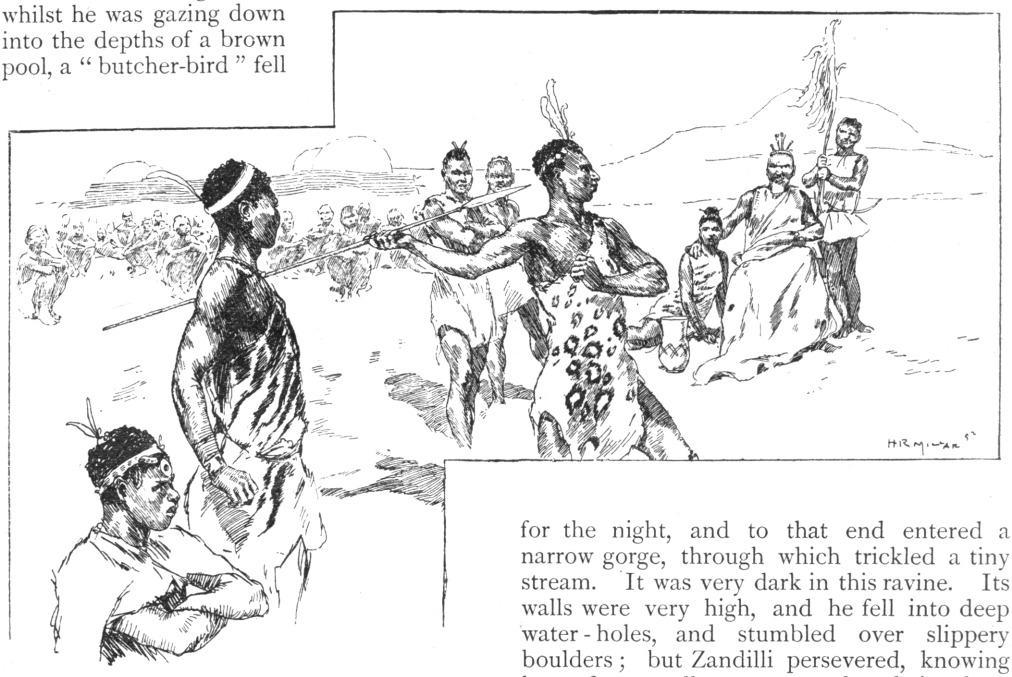
So on the morrow the King sent for fresh spears of gold. And to the princes were given splendid, equally-balanced ones; but the herdsman's was clumsy and untrue. Again they threw, and again the herdsman's assegai out-distanced those of the others. This time it flew into the clouds, and was lost to sight in their whiteness.

But the King was unjust, and said: "Not till you have found the spear, and bring it to my feet, shall you win my daughter, the beautiful Lala. Go!"

The Princess clung to her father and wept, saying she loved this gallant herdsman; but the King took her arms from round his neck, and bade her go. To disobey the King meant death, and the girl went.

Thus Zandilli, the herdsman, set out in search of the royal assegai. He wandered

some days among the mountains, for it was in the wind-clouds on their brows the spear had disappeared. It was on the fourth day of his wanderings that, whilst he was gazing down into the depths of a brown pool, a "butcher-bird" fell



THE HERDSMAN THREW HIS ASSEGAI.

at his feet, clutching in its talons a tiny green frog. The frog cried for help, and Zandilli succeeded in frightening the bird away.

The frog expressed its gratitude, and said: "If ever you are in trouble, and think I can help you, close your eyes and call to mind this brown pool, and I shall come to your assistance."

Zandilli thanked the kind frog, who then disappeared in the water.

A little further on he saw a large black and yellow butterfly impaled upon a thorn of prickly-pear. He released it, and the butterfly said:—

"I was thrust upon that thorn by a pair of tiny brown hands belonging to a little maid with large black eyes. She was cruel. You are kind, and I am grateful. If ever you are in difficulty or danger call me, and I shall be at your service."

Then the glorious insect spread its wings, and flew away to play with its mates among the crimson orchids.

Night was approaching on the fifth day, and still the lost spear had not been found. It was a warm summer's night, and the moon rose, a great ball of crimson fire, from out the fog in the east.

Zandilli was anxious to find some shelter for the night, and to that end entered a narrow gorge, through which trickled a tiny stream. It was very dark in this ravine. Its walls were very high, and he fell into deep water-holes, and stumbled over slippery boulders; but Zandilli persevered, knowing how often small caves are found in these ravines. And such a cave at last he came upon. The moon, now clear of the fog, had floated up into the heavens, and shone into the gorge, lighting up its western wall. Into a large cavity her light fell in a broad pathway of silver.

Zandilli entered boldly; he, who had lived among the mountains all his life, knew no fear. The light of the moon did not enter very far into the cave, and he was too tired to explore the darkness beyond, so he lay down to rest, with his spear close at hand.

He awoke to find the cave in total darkness, and a strange soft music greeted his ears. It was music sweeter than that of the turtle-dove calling to her mate, softer than the murmur of the wind among the grass-bells. Its sound thrilled the listener's heart, and made him long to look upon the being whose voice could discourse such sweet music. Zandilli arose, and crept with steps as noiseless as the leopard's towards the place whence the music came. Nearer and nearer it grew, and as he advanced the cave grew broader and higher, and a pale light seemed to flood the walls.

Louder grew the music at each step, loftier the walls, and more brilliant the light,

until suddenly such a sight burst upon his astonished eyes as never mortal had seen before.

A large lake spread its sapphire waters before him. The roof of the cave shone as the sun, and great pillars, which sparkled with the glitter of countless diamonds, raised themselves from the waters and were lost in the blazing glory of the dome. In the very centre of the lake a magnificent flight of glittering golden steps led to a throne, which sent forth flashes of green fire—being fashioned of a single emerald beautifully carved. The lake seemed boundless, for its shores were lost in darkness.

From out of the shadow from all directions, countless large rose-coloured lilies came floating, each bearing towards the throne a lovely fairy. It was from these lilies the lovely music floated, for each fairy sat singing as she combed her long golden hair. Never had Zandilli seen such beautiful forms. More delicate-looking were they than the soft wind-flowers that crown the precipices; more beautiful than the crimson orchids. Their hair that spread behind them was not less brilliant than the fiery tail of the great star which comes to warn the black man of approaching drought and famine; and it gleamed against their snowy breasts as does the golden tongue of the arum. Their forms were as graceful as that of the slender antelope; their arms were whiter than the spray which tips the waves. Their brows were crowned with white star-blossoms, and their voices excelled anything Zandilli had ever heard. The lily-boats floated from all sides, and seemed to be guided by some unseen power. As they touched the golden steps the fays stepped from the pink petals, and shaking their golden hair around their shoulders as a mantle, they joined the throngs of others as fair as themselves around the throne.

All this Zandilli gazed upon with eyes large with wonder. Only who it was that sat upon the throne he could not see, for a brilliancy of flashing light clothed the occupant as in a veil. The empty boats dotted the lake, as do the blue water-lilies the quiet reaches of the rivers, floating lazily backwards and forwards.

Suddenly the music ceased—his presence seemed to have become known to this strange people. There was much whispering among the throngs upon the steps of the throne. Then a broad pathway was opened among them, and a Being clothed in light stepped from the throne to the water's edge, and a silvery voice spoke:—

"Mortal, you are not unexpected. You are Zandilli, the herdsman. Your quest is not unknown to us. You seek a royal spear, and dare to aspire to win a royal bride. The moon has risen five times since you vanquished the three princes in throwing the spear. When she shall have shone yet twice upon land and sea your bride, unless you save her, will have wed another. Yet, have no fear, brave Zandilli, the royal spear is within your reach."

The silvery tones ceased, and Zandilli fell upon his face, and said:—

"Oh! great Being! whose light is as the sun's, whose wisdom is greater than that of our witch-doctors, help your servant to find that spear which you say is within his reach!"

A strange-shaped canoe of gold shot from the steps of the throne and rested at Zandilli's feet. He entered it fearlessly, and as quick as light he was carried across to the golden steps. The dazzling Being who stood there reached a hand to him as he stepped from the canoe. He raised his eyes, and saw before him a woman lovely as the morning. Countless rays of light streamed from a girdle and breast-plate of diamonds, and from the flowing robes of silver tissue that clothed her, leaving only the lily-white arms and throat bare. Her golden hair fell to her feet, and was crowned with a wreath of star-flowers.

"Welcome to the land of the Moon-Fairies!" she cried, as she took his hand and led him to a seat beside herself upon the throne. The crowd upon the steps bowed humbly before them as they passed through its midst.

Then Zandilli spoke: "Oh! great Queen! whiter than the wind-clouds, fairer than the dawn, tell your servant how best he can serve you and win the spear!"

She bent her eyes, blue as the lake, upon him, and said: "Would that I could say it is yours now—yours to take away; but there is an ancient law amongst us that forbids even the Queen to take from our treasure-trove *anything*.

"And this golden spear of Royalty, which fell at the mouth of this cavern, has been given a place among our treasures.

"It was prophesied in years remote, that a Mortal would come amongst us in quest of a weapon that would give the possessor great joy. When he should appear two tasks were to be set him. If he performed them the object of his search should be given him. You, Zandilli, the herdsman, are that Mortal, for do you not seek a spear that will give you a lovely bride? We will deliberate upon the tasks

to be set you. Meanwhile, you will be shown the beauties of our home by my maidens."

With these words the Queen rose and descended to a lily-boat, which bore her quickly away. Now three of the loveliest of the fairies stepped with Zandilli into the golden canoe—wonder after wonder unfolded itself to his astonished gaze. All was glitter and light. But there was one dark cavern, whose walls were lustreless and black as night. Yet Zandilli was impatient to win the spear, especially as the Queen had spoken of another who was to win the Princess Lala ere two moons had risen.

He therefore begged to be taken back to the Queen, who sat again upon her throne. She greeted him with a smile, and laid her lily-white hand upon his bronze arm. "We have decided," she said, "upon your first task. My councillors have made it no easy one. You have seen the black chamber? It is the one blot upon our home. If you can make it as beautiful as each of the others, half your task will be fulfilled. Before the moon has risen again this must be performed, or death will be your doom."

Zandilli was taken to the black chamber; and there he was left alone in the golden canoe, with despair at his heart, for he had no means of beautifying those hideous walls. He thought of the foam-flecked sea, which he should never see again; of the shy maiden who was to have been his bride. He thought of the flowers, the birds, the butterflies. At the thought that then came, he laughed. The butterfly he had saved! Could its help be of use to him? It seemed hopeless.

Zandilli sighed, and, overcome by fatigue, laid himself down to sleep.

"HE WAS LEFT ALONE IN THE GOLDEN CANOE."

The butterfly heard its saviour's scarce-formed cry for help. So at break of day it called together its brethren and its cousins, the fireflies. Then they all flew into the dark cavern. The sound of their fluttering wings awoke Zandilli. Great was his surprise to find the dull walls transformed into a fairy palace of gorgeous wings and tender pale-green gems. The butterflies and fireflies had spread themselves over the entire walls.

When the Queen and her followers came to see if the task had been performed, great surprise and joy did they express at the wonderful transformation the Mortal had worked. With one voice they cried:—

"He has won! He has won!"

All that day was spent in revelry; but the Queen was absent. She was with her wise men, discussing the second task.

At the close of the day, the Queen spoke thus to Zandilli: "You have completed your first task, and the spear is partly won. It has therefore been placed here upon the steps before my throne. See! This is to be your second task: My maidens' robes are woven from the wings of flies. Our looms are idle, for our store-rooms are empty. To you is

given the task of filling a hundred of our boats with the wings of flies." Then the Queen disappeared.

Zandilli lay down in the canoe, and gave way to despair. This task seemed far more hopeless than even the first had. Never more should he see the sun; never should he hunt the leopard again. Never should he see the tumbling streams and cool brown pools, nor see the great black eyes of his princess smile upon him. He fell asleep at last with these sad thoughts upon him.

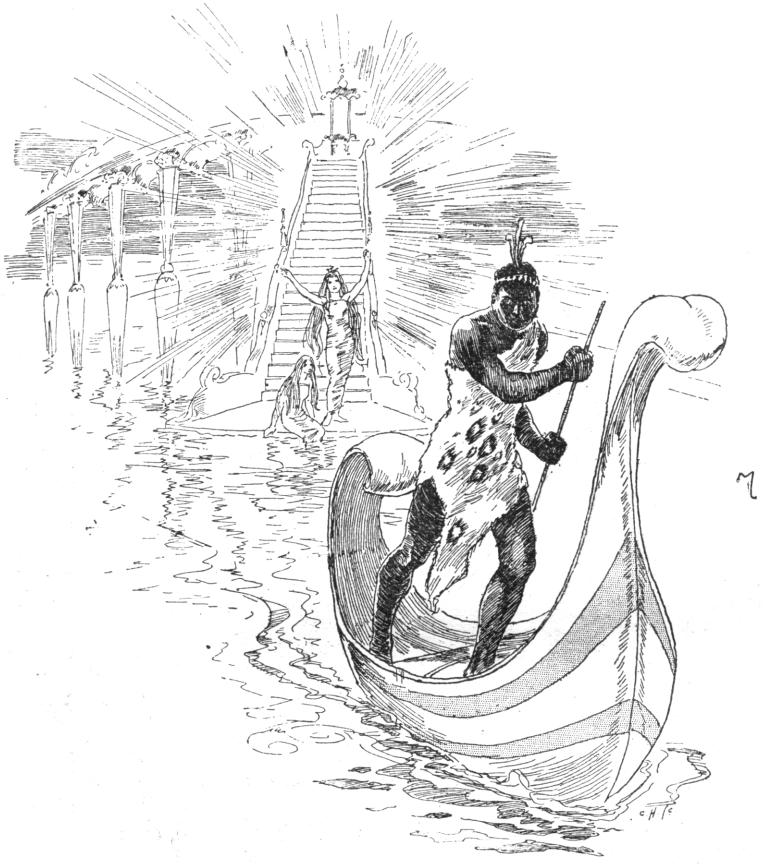
The frog heard his saviour's sigh for a sight of the brown pool, and called his brethren and his friends the lizards. Each came with their burden of flies, and soon filled the many boats.

Their busy croaking awoke Zandilli, who found his task performed; and when the Queen and her followers came again, they cried:—

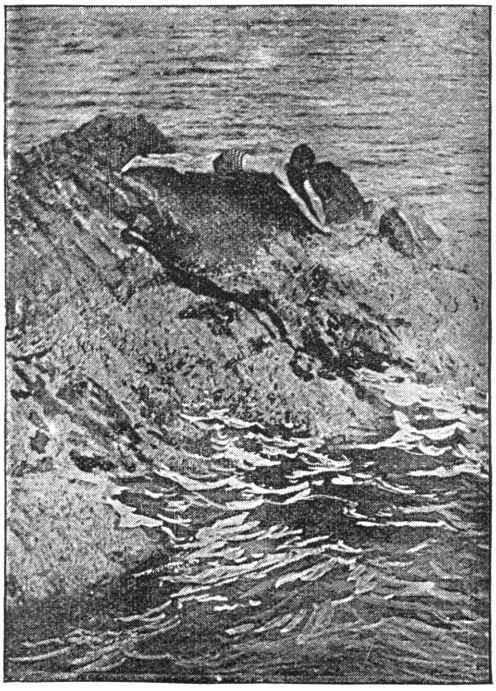
"He has won! The spear is his!"

Then Zandilli ascended the golden steps to take his well-earned prize. But the Queen was loth to let him go. She would have liked to have held this wonder-worker by her side for ever, and she tried to hold him back.

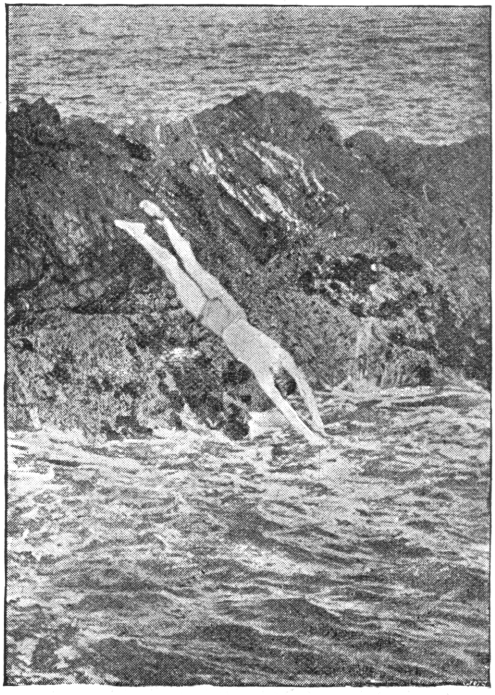
But Zandilli was impatient, and snatched his arm from her grasp. He seized the golden spear, and jumping into the canoe, propelled it with the spear to the edge of the lake, and bounded ashore. In a few short hours he had claimed his bride.



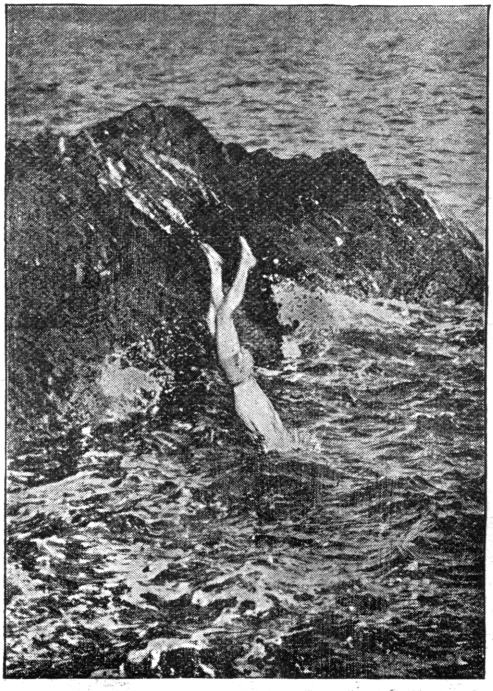
Find her Master & Mistress
BAL'S PUZZLE FACE.
FIND HIS THREE SONS
FIND ANOTHER DOG.



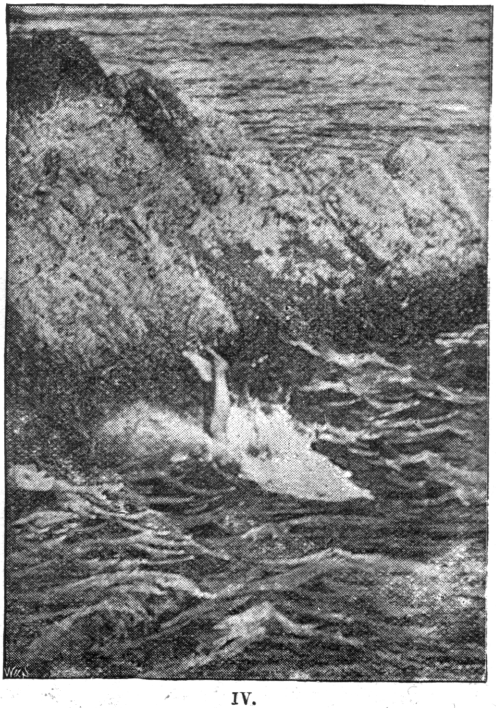
I.



II.



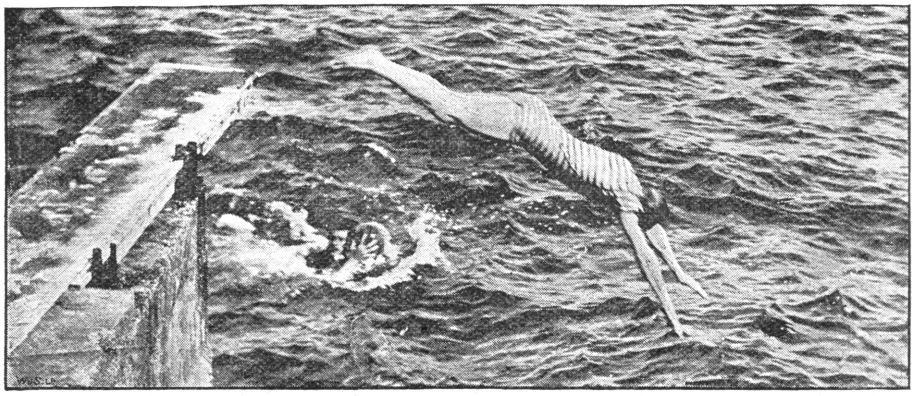
III.

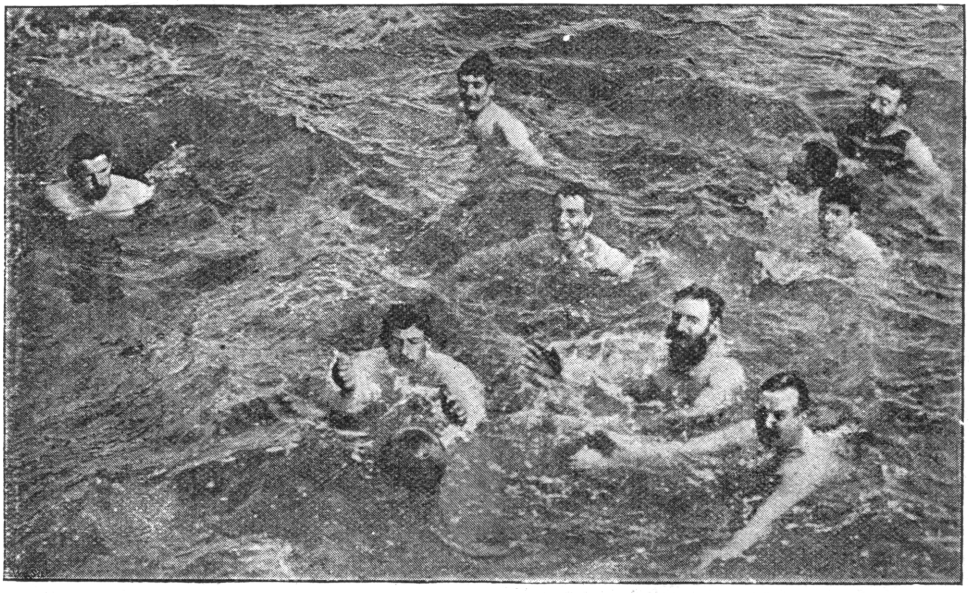


IV.

PICTURES OF A DIVER.

From Photographs by Charles W. Meldon.



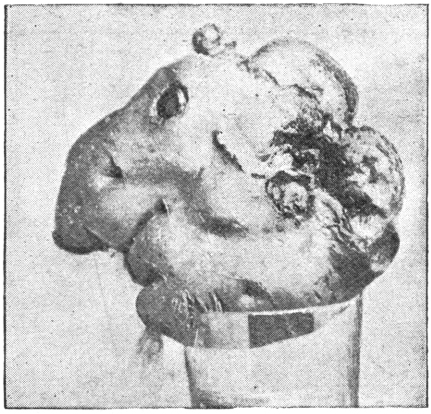


POLO IN THE WATER.

From Photographs by Charles W. Meldon.

SOLDIERS OF

A CENTURY
G.C.



A VEGETABLE ODDITY.

THIS POTATO, WHICH FORMS A FACE AS IT STANDS, AND ANOTHER IF TURNED UPSIDE DOWN, WAS GROWN BY MR. CHATT, OF FRIMLEY, IN 1889, AND WAS SENT TO US BY MR. WILLIAM SPURGE, OF TWICKENHAM, ITS PRESENT POSSESSOR.

FATHER: "WHAT! YOU HAVE TUMBLED INTO THE POND WITH YOUR NEW TROUSERS ON?"

SON: "PLEASE, FATHER, I HADN'T TIME TO TAKE THEM OFF!"

I.

II.

III.

IV.

THE COAL-HOLE, AND HOW TOMMY *DIDN'T* JUMP IT.